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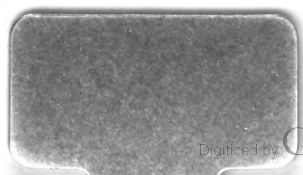
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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs



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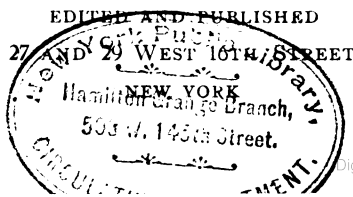
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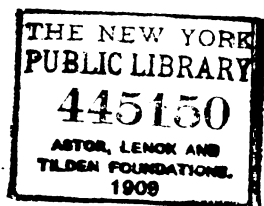
DEVOTED TO

The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,
Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs who
died there, to the American and other
Missions, past and present.

NINETEENTH YEAR. VOLUME XIX.

January-December, 1903





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OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 1.

A GREAT CEREMONY.

DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT PENETANGUISHENE, NEAR THE SITE OF THE JESUIT MISSIONS AMONG THE HURONS.

WE have to go back to the early Christians in Rome if we would look for heroism and fortitude that stand the test of historical comparison with the record of the French missionaries among the Huron Indians in the seventeenth century. In this comparison the extremes of Paganism are seen displayed, dominated, however, by the common chord of lust for cruelty that abides in Paganism in all its forms.

The distinguished Jesuit historian, Father Jones, of St. Mary's College, Montreal, in his address at the opening of the Memorial Church, Penetanguishene, on Thursday last, commented on the indifference of Ontario and Canadian Catholics to the possession of the many holy places consecrated by the blood of the early Jesuit martyrs.

For even longer ages were the Catacombs neglected.

As the early Christians, seeking for shelter from the blood-hungry Paganism of Rome buried themselves in the Catacombs, so did the Christian missionaries of Huronia find similar security from the savage Iroquois in the Catacombs of the primeval forest. The more we follow the parallel the more clearly do we discern the will of God repeating in the new world those glorious tests of fortitude and strength which were endured by the infant Church in the old.

But perhaps we cannot do better than refer to the record

itself, following the torture and death of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, where Father Jones laid it down. Rev. Father Paul Ragueneau, Superior of the Missions, is the narrator. His letter is found in the Cramoisy edition, and tells of the removal of the House of Sainte Marie to the Island of St. Joseph, to which was then given the name of "Christian Island," after the fearful onslaught of the Iroquois, under cover of darkness, had spent its fury :

"In consequence," he says, "of the bloody victories obtained by the Iroquois over our Hurons at the commencement of the Spring of last year, 1649, and of the more than inhuman acts of barbarity practised toward their prisoners of war and the cruel torments pitilessly inflicted on Father Jean de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lalemant, pastors of this truly suffering church, terror having fallen upon the neighboring villages, which were dreading a similar misfortune—all the inhabitants dispersed. These poor distressed people forsook their lands, houses and villages, and all that in the world was dearest to them, in order to escape the cruelty of an enemy whom they feared more than a thousand deaths and more than all that remained before their eyes, calculated as that was to strike terror into the hearts already wretched. Many, no longer expecting humanity from man, flung themselves into the deepest recesses of the forest, where, though it were filled with wild beasts, they might find peace. Others took refuge upon some frightful rocks that lay in the midst of a great lake, choosing rather to find death in the waters, or on the cliffs, than in the fires of the Iroquois. A goodly number having cast in their lot with the people of the neutral nation and with those living on the mountain heights, whom we call the Tobacco Nation, the most prominent of those who remained invited us to join them rather than flee so far away—trusting that God would espouse their cause when it should have become our own and would be mindful of their protection provided they took care to serve Him. With this in view they promised us that they would all become Christians and be true to the faith till the death came which they saw prepared on every side for their destruction. This was exactly what God was requiring of us—that in times

of dire distress we should flee with the fleeing, accompanying them everywhere, whithersoever their faith should direct them and that we should lose sight of none of these Christians, although it might be expedient to detain the bulk of our forces wherever the main body of the fugitives might decide to settle down. This was the conclusion we came to after having commended the matter to God.

“ We told off certain of our Fathers to make some itinerant missions—some in a small bark canoe, for voyaging along the coasts, and visiting the more distant islands of the great lake at sixty, eighty and a hundred leagues from us ; others to journey by land, making their way through forest depths and scaling the summits of mountains. Go which way we might God was our guide, our defence, our hope and our all, what was there to fear for us ? But on each of us lay the necessity of bidding farewell to our old home of Sainte Marie, to its structures, which, though plain, seemed to the eyes of our poor savages master works of art ; and to its cultivated lands which were promising us an abundant harvest. That spot must be forsaken, which I may call our second fatherland, our home of innocent delights, since it had been the cradle of the Christian Church, since it was the temple of God and the home of the servants of Jesus Christ. Moreover, for fear that our enemies, only too wicked, should profane the sacred place and derive from it an advantage we ourselves set fire to it and beheld burn before our eyes, in less than one hour, our work of nine or ten years.”

Such was the faith which the early Christians took with them into the Catacombs. Well were the principal forest Catacombs of Huronia in 1649 sought for in that island designated Christian Island ; and well have the priceless memories of that sanctuary been preserved. As the ages pass the lustre of those possessions will impress more and more the souls of living generations of Christians. Father Jones marvelled, not without cause, at contemporary indifference and neglect. Centuries have gone, and true it is that the faith which the missionaries lighted in Huronia has never been quenched. But the faith will shine far brighter in future years. The Iroquois

are now but a name. The work of the Church is no longer retarded by their savagery and violence. But the Church is to-day confronted by a more influential if less violent foe. The spirit of materialism must be shaken off by the Catholics of Canada before the heirs of Brébeuf and Lalemant can hope to rescue the holy places of Huronia from the darkness and isolation that have enshrouded them for centuries.—*The Catholic Register*.

PENETANGUISHENE, Dec. 11.—This day will be memorable in the future records of Canada. The centuries had left their mellowing touch on the page that holds the story of the Jesuit martyrs, Brébeuf and Lalemant, before any monument to their great faith was proposed, to mark the holy ground consecrated by their blood. The flight of time added increasing glory to the written relation of their death. The sculptor and the builder now stand forth to re-write the glorious page on enduring stone.

The Memorial Church in Penetanguishene, the first of these monuments, was blessed to-day, after sixteen years spent upon its construction. The corner-stone was laid in 1886. The walls were raised, but there were not means available for completing the interior. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has for some years been offered up in the basement of the structure, utilized as a church by the congregation.

The present Archbishop of Toronto took an interest in the unfinished task from the time of his first official visit to Penetanguishene, and it was due to him in a large measure that progress has been pushed on in a satisfactory manner latterly.

The Memorial Church as seen to-day is still without the tower included in the original designs of a stone building in French renaissance style with transepts. The external dimensions are 90 by 160 feet, the internal measurements 45 by 120 feet, affording accommodation for 900 people.

Mr. A. W. Holmes, the well-known church architect of Toronto, has had charge of the uncompleted portion of the undertaking, and has made the best use of time and money to get the building in readiness for the blessing which was performed by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, in the presence

of a representative assemblage of the bishops, clergy and laity of the Province of Ontario. The town of Penetanguishene made every preparation for the occasion. The leading citizens, with the Mayor, met the special train bringing the visitors in the morning from Toronto. The members of the C. M. B. A. and C. O. F. wearing badges, walked in processional order from the railway station.

The blessing of the building outside and within was performed by the Archbishop of Toronto before the doors were opened to the congregation. Then began the solemn celebration of the first Mass. Flowers and lights were placed upon the altar, and the celebrant, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, entered the sanctuary. Very Rev. Dean Egan, of Barrie, was deacon and Father Beaudoin, of Lafontaine, sub-deacon. Vicar-General McCann, of Toronto, was assistant priest, and the attendants upon the Archbishop of Toronto, Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S. R., and Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey, of Lindsay, Rev. Father Hand, of Toronto, was master of ceremonies.

The Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London, assisted in the Sanctuary, and among the clergy present were Very Rev. Father Filiatrault, S.J., Montreal; Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., Montreal; Rev. Father Allard, S.J., Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto; Rev. Fathers James Minehan, James A. Trayling, Port Colborne; M. J. Jeffcott, Stayner; F. Rohleder, Toronto; P. J. Kiernan, Toronto; M. Whalen, Caledon; M. Cline, Brock; T. Cruise, Phelpston; M. Moyna, Orillia; E. J. Kiernan, Collingwood; J. B. Dollard, Uptergrove; P. Whitney, Newmarket; T. E. Finegan, Grimsby; James Gibson, Dixie; Father Grant, Penetang.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. Father Allard, S. J., Montreal, preached an exhortation in the French tongue based upon the sublime faith displayed by the early Jesuit missionaries who had come from France to Christianize the savage tribes of the new world. He touched upon the errors of today in old France and the consequent danger to faith, and told his listeners to prize the rich heritage bequeathed to them by the blood of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century.

FATHER JONES' HISTORICAL REMARKS.

Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Montreal, took for his text the following words of the Prophet Isaiah 61 : 4 : "They shall build the places that have been waste long ages, they shall raise up ancient ruins, and they shall repair the desolate cities that were destroyed for generations and generations."

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Your Grace, my lords, reverend fathers and dearly beloved brethren : You may perhaps wonder why I chose this text. It was because it recalls to our minds those words in which the Prophet Isaiah predicted the restoration of Jerusalem, the construction of a new Jerusalem. They were to raise other edifices in the same place that was occupied formerly by the temple raised to the glory of God by the people of God. They were in fact to open anew a wilderness that had returned to waste and that had so remained for generations and generations, yielding nothing spiritual, showing nothing fertile before the eye of God Almighty. I have chosen this text, my dear friends, because of its appropriateness to the building of this church, which is called the Memorial Church of the Martyrs, and is at the same time dedicated to St. Anne.

Allusion has already been made by the preacher to whom we have listened, to the past history of the townships of Tay and all this portion of the County of Simcoe. Now in the short time which is at my disposal I will go a little more particularly into that history. A little way up the Bay from Penetanguishene, as you are aware, stand the sites of the ancient Christian missions that carry us back to the year 1615, when the Recollet Fathers under Champlain penetrated into the country of the Hurons. Father Joseph Le Carron was the first of these ; and we find, in 1623, his work associated with a name "Kinouascarent," which signifies "at the mouth of the opening," and which indicates the location where our story begins. As early as 1623 also we have the work of Father Nicholas Veil, connected with the name "Otoucha," which would be located opposite the Reformatory at the other side of the Bay. And we find the names Sault-au-Recollet and La Rochelle as-

sociated with the work of Brother Gabriel Sagard at the place now named Varwood Point, near Dault's Bay. And later on, in 1625, the names of Father Jean Joseph La Roche Daillon, the last of the Recollets, as far as we are here concerned.

In that year, 1625, we take up the history of the Jesuits with Brébeuf and de Nouë. Here we have hurriedly reviewed the first introduction of Christianity into the territory upon which you are now settled. It was in this period for the first time that the Christian missionaries appeared at the many historic points in this locality, men who had come prepared to sacrifice their lives for the faith of their Saviour and the glory of Almighty God. The children of the wilderness flocked around them with eyes eager to witness the ceremonies they performed and see in what they consisted. These creatures were taken possession of by the Church and became faithful and docile children of the Church. It is now nigh to 300 years since Christianity was thus introduced into the country which we occupy at present; and there is not a more glorious chapter in all the history of evangelization. The missions which were occupied at the time I have mentioned extended from Dault's Bay to Todd's Point; and, in fact, after the Conquest, when Quebec fell into the hands of the English, and the missions were temporarily abandoned, we trace the same occupation of this peninsula. In 1635 the site of "Ihonatiria" corresponded to what is now in Tiny Township, lot 7, con. 21 near Todd's Point. "Ossossane," in 1637, the site of La Rochelle, and Immaculate Conception agrees with lot 18, con. 8, Varwood Point, Dault's Bay and lot 16, con. 7, Doucet's, in the present Township of Tiny. The site of "Teanaostaiae," in 1637, was lot 53, con. 1, in Flos, the southwest quarter of Cleland and Dunn's farms. St. Jean Baptiste was in Hawstone; St. Ignace "Taenaterntaron" in Medonte, near lot 15, con. 5, at the old log bridge; St. Louis in the Township of Tay, the east half of lot 2, con. 6, the Old Fort Ste. Marie in Tay, west half of lot 16, con. 3, and St. Jean in Tay, west half of lot 1, con. 10.

We may follow the journeying of these missionaries as they went down in their birch canoes along Parry Sound, up the

French River, north to the Ottawa, and thus to the ancient walls of Quebec. From 1632 to 1635 great headway had been made by the missions occupying those sites in this Township of Tiny, when God in His wisdom saw fit to punish the stubbornness of mind of those who refused to hear His word. Famine and pestilence and terror overtook the tribes then ministered to from the centre of these missions. From that centre from the east and to the west, from the towns and villages miles and miles around, to the north of where Hawkesbury now stands and where Orillia stands, the tribes of the Hurons were more or less evangelized from the central mission, where in 1837 were gathered together the Hurons from two or three different villages and where the missionaries had followed them in order perhaps that they might work more methodically, that point being chosen because of its proximity to the River Wye. And there was erected that Old Fort, which I have mentioned. But I am sorry to say that of that old fort scarce a stone has been left. There has been vandalism going on; so much of it has taken place that we can now discern scarcely a vestige of the ancient structure. The people of this country ought, it seems to me, have taken more interest in these places and have seen to it that they were kept up; and I hope you will now at last make representations to the proper authorities with the object that these places should be marked with memorials and looked upon as holy places because here blood was shed for Christ. I have indicated the little village of Ste. Marie's, where there was a fortified post and consequently a place of security. The villages around were largely assisted from that point and the village of St. Louis where there was a stone fort, from the village of St. Ignace and also from the more distant village of St. John. About opposite to us now was the village of St. Anthony; so that over the area of ten townships spread a number of these villages. The names of many of them have escaped us. At least those names have come down to us and others it seems impossible now to trace. Some portions are standing of Fort Ste. Marie, but it is not my intention to enter more particularly into this portion of the subject in the short time available to me to-day. I wish, however, to attract interest to them.

From this locality the natives had often followed Champlain in his attacks upon the territory of the Iroquois on the other side of Lake Ontario. Already invasions had been made into that territory, led by the French; and this was the origin of bitter hate between the Iroquois and the Hurons. Five great nations of the Iroquois were the mortal enemies of the Hurons dwelling in this territory here whose attacks were guided as I have said through the French posts by Orillia, down to Lake Ontario through the Trent River and around the lake to Oswego in the State of New York, where the Iroquois had their stronghold. After one of these attacks the Iroquois had sworn bitter and eternal hatred against the Hurons and early in the year their bands met. I will not dwell upon these incidents, but will come now to the year 1649, at which time we find a little stone chapel and dwelling in Fort Ste. Marie, which served the missionary work of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant. It was in the early spring when the Hurons never expected to be attacked by the Iroquois who were accustomed to come across the lake chiefly in the summer months. But now the attack of the Iroquois was to be delivered upon this portion of the county of which we speak, the western portion of Flos Township, while the lake was still snowbound. Imagine such an attack in the severe weather and at night time on the 16th of March. The Hurons slept in fancied security, never dreaming that an enemy was within many miles of them. When the war cry of the southern foe was heard in St. Ignace, the attack was so wholly unexpected that many of the unfortunate Hurons were killed whilst they slept. Unable to take in the situation, much less to cope with it, or warn the surrounding villages, only three of the unfortunate Hurons escaped across the snow, so thoroughly did the Iroquois perform their work. Thus only came the tidings to the village of St. Louis. Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant were in St. Louis, having left Ste. Marie for the purpose of administering baptism and performing the ordinary duties of the ministry. The village was roused by that terrible alarm of the Iroquois. In dismay the people prepared to despatch the old men, the women and children to Ste. Marie. And the chiefs also gath-

ered round Father Brébeuf, who was known to them by the title of "Echon," and they said you had better fly, for our enemies, the Hurons, have borne down upon St. Ignace, and you cannot handle the tomahawk, the musket or the bow, and the Iroquois seek the lifeblood of their victims. The great "Echon" is the enemy of the Iroquois, for they believe that he has inspired the Hurons. They will wreak their vengeance upon "Echon."

My dear friends, you have all read of the tortures inflicted by the Indians upon their enemies. They applied slow fire to them, iron hatchets heated to a red heat were upon their breasts. Brébeuf and Lalemant knew of these terrible torments. But they said to the chiefs: we too are soldiers of the Christ, whose duty it is to administer spiritual comfort to the dying, and we will stay to support the victims of the Iroquois in their torment. I will not dwell upon what followed. When the Iroquois broke into the village Brébeuf was chosen for this torture. But he was strong in the faith, and he knew that he would soon be enjoying his reward in the heavenly kingdom. Having been tormented as described, his tongue was cut out and his ears slit, and then they opened his breast and tore forth his heart. They drank his blood, because they thought it would make them brave as he had been, and they would be better able to meet their Huron foes later on. The next morning this was repeated on the unfortunate Lalemant, whose pure soul went up to heaven. And now my friends you have listened to-day to the lesson of faith which the lives of these holy martyrs teach us. Where they worked and where they perished are holy places. Here the smoke of their tortured flesh ascended as sweet incense to the throne eternal. And it seems to me that living here in this place we should love our faith with the greater love that brings the greater glory. This is the grace I wish you to-day.

ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop O'Connor was presented with an address upon behalf of the parishioners of St. Anne's, in which His Grace was warmly thanked for his visit and for the keen interest

which he had always manifested in the furtherance of the erection of the church. The parishioners took advantage of the opportunity to express their love for their priest, Father Th. F. Laboureau, who, in addition to his pastoral duties, has had the oversight and financing of all the work in connection with this memorial. To-day and for the years to come to those conversant with its history the memorial will recall not only the work of the early martyrs, but also the indefatigable zeal of the Rev. Father Laboureau.

In reply, His Grace said that he thought he had done no wrong in urging the completion of the church, and on the occasion of his visits to Penetang he had called the attention of the congregation to the fact that energy and united effort was necessary. More remained to do ; but he could congratulate the people on what had been done for the birthday of their pastor.

The musical service, which was choral, was under the direction of Rev. Father Rohleder, and Rev. Fathers Barcelo and Trayling assisted.

A luncheon was served in the basement. Among the laymen who attended from a distance and the vicinity were Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works, Ontario ; Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, Dr. Chamberlain, Toronto ; A. W. Holmes, Toronto ; W. H. Bennett, M.P., Midland ; P. F. Cronin, Toronto ; Mayor Beck, Penetanguishene ; Alphonse Tessier, D. J. Shanahan, D. Davidson, M.P.P., A. Thompson, C. G. Gendron, W. Blanchard, James Wynn, Dr. McDonald, Thomas McCrosan and F. H. Corbiel, of Penetanguishene.—*The Catholic Register*.

[For remarks on this ceremony and our own shrine notes see page 25.]

CRICHETTA AND TROMBINO.

I.

A DUET.

CRICHETTA and Trombino! Trombino and Crichetta!
They were never apart; we almost might have said that their lives were a duet, in which Crichetta sang the soprano, while Trombino took the alto.

They were so much alike, yet so different.

Both were cripples; both had brown, wistful eyes; both had soft, loving hearts—of which no one took any account;—both were homeless, eating the bread of charity, often very bitter; so that if it had not been for the affection they bore each other life would have been a sorry burden—many a time.

But Crichetta was a little girl of seven, while Trombino was only that anomaly, a cross-bred cur, counting nowhere for much, but going for far less than absolutely nothing in Italy.

Crichetta, crippled and delicate, with her sensitive line of a mouth and pale rose complexion, her almost flaxen hair, of the Austrian type so often seen in Lombardy, resembled her dark-haired cousins so little that she found scant favor among them.

Trombino found none at all. He was simply suffered to exist, because of the tears of his only friend on his behalf; and, but that he kept her company in the daytime and watched over her at night, would long ago have gone the way of such waifs as he and fallen into the hands of the city “dogkillers” in Como.

An outbreak of the “black smallpox” had left the child an orphan in a country village not far distant, and before Aunt Teresa had arrived she had fallen off the bed on to a stone floor, injuring her right leg for life. As she grew the limb shrank until she could only hop about on crutches.

They brought her from the village up the blue lake, from the vine terraces, the acres of mulberry trees waving in the fresh mountain air, the fields of feathery Indian corn, into a back street of the dreary town, where Aunt Teresa owned a

small café and had enough to do to make two ends meet. The child was quite inconsolable. It seemed to her that she breathed no more, for, looking where the terrible tall houses towered into the sky above, she could only see as much of the azure as she could cover with her tiny hand held out over her head. She pined, moping so that Aunt Teresa felt uncomfortable, but knew not how to console her.

"*Misericordia*," she would say, "was there ever such a child? Someone has looked at her with the evil eye. What shall I do? *Povera mi*. If the *Buon Signore* would see fit to take her to Himself."

For what are you to do with other people's children, who must be fed and clothed and will not be comforted !

So one day when a starving, shaggy dog trotted down the street dragging a leg after it, broken long ago and never mended, stopped by Crichetta's chair, looked upward with his loving brown eyes into the desolate face of the child, who smiled down to him, Aunt Teresa forbore to cry "*Via*."

Crichetta clasped him in her small arms, adopted him, called him "Trombino," which in Lombardy means a drain pipe, whether from his resemblance to the color of a terracotta pipe or from some association, no one cared to inquire.

"*Basta*." He was Crichetta's Trombino, guardian and friend. So their lives became a duet.

The stifling heats of the Italian summer were over now. Down between the high mountains rushed the bitter wind, and the child's chair was carried into the café, where she and the dog spent the day ; or into the kitchen beyond near the open fire place, where ruddy logs blazed. Aunt Teresa let them sit there and watch her stirring the huge pan of *polenta* for the mid-day meal, or the poor thin soup at supper time, with its rice, vegetables in season and small slab of bacon for condiment. Her own sturdy children were at school, but she dared not send Crichetta, as she was so fragile. "What is to become of her, *Mio Dio*?" would exclaim the strong woman, gazing helplessly at the tiny figure by the fire.

Round the corner of the narrow street is a piazza, grass-grown and quiet, in the centre of which stands an ancient

church, whose priest, Don Fillipo, looked after the spiritual, and often temporal, needs of the poor neighborhood. He was not beautiful to look at, so tall that the children hardly took him in all at once. He was quaint and dark, with a solemn countenance, wide mouth and short-sighted eyes hidden behind large, thick spectacles. His shabby biretta was stuck so far back on his head that his flock lived in wonder it did not fall off altogether.

To the cripple this was the most awe-inspiring thing about him. He was a shy, reserved man from the district of Monte Generosa, having an aptitude of languages, and had been a professor in a religious seminary in Germany. Wishing to end his days in quiet, he had finally accepted the vacant post of this parish in Como town. He spent his time translating theological works, doing his daily duties in comparative peace, only longing sometimes for some "cure of souls" up in the mountains, where the whirl of the silk looms in the factories and the rolling of the wheels over the rough cobbles of the streets would not disturb his attention. Almost no one knew the tender heart beating under his shabby black cloak, or saw the kindly glances behind his thick spectacles in his dark bright eyes. To receive thanks was to him almost a greater pain than the ingratitude which left them unsaid.

This was the man who was destined to become the good angel of the two cripples round the corner from his old church.

He came to the café every evening about seven for his cup of coffee, and to talk over the news of the day with Aunt Teresa, one of his most hard working and poorest of his parishioners. It was his expansive hour when he tore himself away from duties and books alike.

After the two friends were driven inside the house by the bitter autumn winds, he began to watch them. "What are you going to do with them, *amica mia*," he asked the widow. Teresa threw her hands above her head in a gesture of despair.

"*Padre mio*, what can I do? I give them to eat, and see that the others do not annoy them; and I am teaching her to knit. What more can I do?"

Indeed the little fingers were painfully occupied at that moment with the *soletta* of a stocking. The Lombard people have detachable soles to their coarse, cotton hose, and the first thing a little girl is taught is to make these.

Don Fillipo thought awhile, then he brought down his hand on the table with a bang.

"Look you," he said, "this will not do. *La bambina* cannot grow up so. You shall send her to me for an hour or two a day. Netta shall look after her a little, *perchè* no!"

Netta was Don Fillipo's cousin and housekeeper.

Teresa straightway raised objections. There was Trombino, he had offered to bite one of the children, simply because he had touched Crichetta! An ill conditioned *bestia*, as naughty as *il diavolo*.

Don Fillipo laughed until his biretta nearly fell off. Trombino woke from his dose in alarm.

"Bravo," said the old priest, "he shall come and learn something too, *povero diavolo*, he will become more saint-like where there are no children to tease him." Infinite pity welled up in the good Don Fillipo's heart even though he smiled; his large hand patted the faithful animal's rough head and then laid tenderly on the child's fair flaxen curls.

"*Povero diavolo, povera bambina.*"

Thus began the training of Crichetta and Trombino.

II.

THE TRIO.

Netta was sorely annoyed when the priest told her of his project concerning the two cripples. She was his cousin and had come from his village near Monte Generosa to look after him in the dull presbytery at Como. He must win her over; her bark was always worse than her bite. So he turned from his writing table to face her and said gently.

"She is so small, so desolate and the dog has crept into her very heart, cara Netta."

"It is better to go alone than badly accompanied," retorted she in one of her favorite proverbs. "*Santa Madre*, two of them! You will see what you will see, *Signor Curato*."

"*Bene*, I was alone until you came, and now I am not badly accompanied, *non è vero?* There will be three of us for you to look after . . . for I do not know much about dogs . . . or children . . . His voice died off. Netta's heart softened and she resolved to make the waifs very welcome. He brought the child next day, hobbling painfully, Trombino trotting close behind her. He began his instructions in the cosy study, warmed by a nice stove. Crichetta was rather afraid of the large solemn Father, with his biretta seeming ready to fall off, yet never reaching that point.

But she followed his words as well as she could, while the dog watched his every movement. After an hour Netta appeared, taking them into the kitchen to regale them with soup and bread. Then they talked, Trombino joining in the conversation with grunts of joy and satisfaction, the warmth, the food and the content on the child's face made him feel as if all was right.

Netta told her that her *Babbo* and the *Mamma* were in the blessed Paradise.

"Do they see me here?" demanded Crichetta.

"*Sì, sì*," hastily replied the housekeeper.

"Do they know I hurt my leg?"

"*Sicuro, carina*."

"Then when I go, they will know why I have crutches. Do they know about Trombino?"

But Netta's theological resources were at an end, she gave the little girl a handful of chestnuts and led her home.

That evening Don Fillipo saw her throw her arms round the dog's neck and kiss him.

"*Mio bello*," she said to the poor ugly creature between the kisses; "this is from *il Babbo*, this from *la Mamma*, they are looking at us, my Trombino, from Paradise."

Then the old priest's eyes were dim. He murmured a blessing over the child's head, if he included the dog who shall blame him? The faithful creature had filled Crichetta's heart with love when all the rest of the world seemed empty of it.

As the winter went on the child drooped with the cold, but

Trombino grew positively sleepy, for many a slice of bread and a half-picked bone he had from Netta. Don Fillipo had taught him to swim, too, after a fashion, so that his coat grew less shaggy. Badly enough he swam, to be sure—only paddled along in the water with his three whole legs after a stick, but it pleased the child to be proud of his exploits, and Trombino was content.

But for his extreme shyness Don Fillipo might have had many friends, so great was his reputation for single-hearted charity and kindness. There was one lady whom Netta suggested might help the little girl; with her the priest was really intimate. She was the widow of a silk manufacturer—still a young woman, whose history was a sad one. Her husband had died while she was still under thirty, leaving her with a daughter, a child of three, who had been born deformed. The little girl died a few years later and her sorrowing mother was left alone in the world. She had mourned for her husband and her child so long that her youth and hopes seemed buried in their tomb. Signora Elvigia Peggain lived in a large white villa overlooking the town of Como, surrounded by vineyards and beautiful wooded gardens. Don Fillipo was the dispenser of her charities. She saw but few friends and had foresworn society. Her little daughter had been dead now for two years; from her windows she could look down on the “Campo Santo,” the Holy Field, as they call the resting place of the dead in Italy.

Netta reminded the priest that Signora Elvigia had had an invalid carriage made for little Pia. If she would only lend it to Crichetta! The child could get out into the fresh air then. But Don Fillipo hardly knew how to approach the widow; only the child's great need welled up in his heart, and one day, when the air was sweet with the white violets “St. Finan's flowers” and the fields were full of the nodding *monachelli*—“little nuns,” as they call the wild snowdrops there—he told her the story.

So it came about that she stood, a vision of black-gowned grace and loveliness in Crichetta's eyes at the door of the café in the dreary street, one day.

"Is this Crichetta?"

Teresa bustled up.

"What an honor; be seated, *Signora Mia!*"

The lady drew a chair to where the lame girl sat, glancing sadly at the little crutches standing by the wall. Trombino sat up, all attention.

"Do you like to work, *bambina?*" She touched the knitting.

"No, Signora," truthfully answered the child, "I get so tired—I want to run about—with the others and play."

Pia over again; little mad Pia! There was a pause.

"Don Fillipo is very good to you?" she asked gently.

"Si, Signora."

"And Aunt Teresa?"

"Si, Signora."

"And Netta?"

"Si, Signora."

The brown, wistful eyes travelled up from the hem of the lady's elegant dress, past the small black-gloved hands which had now clasped her own, on into the dark yearning eyes bent over her. There was such a look of pity in their depths; tears lay very near the lashes.

"Crichetta"—she spoke very quickly, almost with a sob—"you are like my child who is an angel now. She could not run about. I had a carriage made. Would you like to ride in it and see the streets and fields? This was wonderful, the child's eyes dilated."

She to ride in *la Signorina's* carriage!

"Might Trombino go, too? He could walk, oh so far!"

"But, certainly."

In his gratitude the poor dog's stump of a tail was waving wildly, whatever he understood the look of deep joy on his mistress' face was unmistakable. So Pia's carriage came down into Como.

The weather grew milder, carnival was over, the birds burst out from those wonderful flowering trees and shrubs which make the lake district a dream in April; the air was heavy with that exquisite scent which goes straight from the brain

to the heart, and which only to breathe is to drink in delight. Often, now, the lessons over, Don Fillipo would put aside the books, Netta would don her second best veil, and lift the child into the little carriage. Trombino ran beside them, frisking as well as he could on three legs. He never barked, a low grunt down somewhere in his throat, was his mode of expression; to bark as other dogs do, would be to put himself too much in evidence.

He was happy in the happiness of his mistress, so was the priest; as for Netta, having taking the trio under her care she, also, was content. Their favorite walk was to the "*Campo Santo*," which lay in a sunny hollow outside the city gates. There they could see the chapel of the Peggain family with the monument erected to the child opposite the doorway. It was a white marble column, surmounted by a sculptured angel with raised wings, the delicate feet just resting on the marble. The face, small, beautiful was an exact portrait of the dead child, done by a famous Milanese sculptor. Underneath were a few pathetic sentences, which we English speaking people might deem almost theatrically emotional but which are only of a common type among the Latinos.

"Oh Pia
Whose angel beholds the face of God in Heaven,
Little Rosebud
Plucked by Him to open in Paradise.
Thou hast left but one colsolation to thy mother
Elvigia Peggain
That of following thee thither in her prayers."

"Are the angels ever lame?" demanded Crichetta of Don Fillipo one day.

"No, *figlia mia*, we shall all be well up there."

The child looked up and whispered——

"And Trombino?"

"The Good God will care for him also."

She was satisfied. The Father knew everything all about God, and the Blessed Virgin and the Saints!

What else were those great books for; why else did he write

and read so much? He was so wise, Don Fillipo. Gradually the tasks became more serious; the seasons came and went; the only breaks were when Don Fillipo went to Milan or Monte Generosa, or to a festival up the lake, when Crichetta felt disconsolate enough. Between these two had grown up a strong affection, which they both shared, in some degree, with the ugly, faithful dog. Crichetta was now fourteen and, had she been as other girls, would have been considered almost grown up. It was decided that she should earn her bread by fine sewing and lace mending, so deft, under Netta's teaching, had her hands become. She could darn all the household linen now, knit the stockings and almost make a dress, sitting quietly in her chair.

Trombino was growing perceptibly older; his touching fidelity to his mistress had won him a small place in his own little world.

And Don Fillipo still translated, went among his people, taught the child, all the while longing to be sent to some country charge where there would be no more the noise of the silk looms. "Which will be when we have two Archbishops in Milan," quoted Netta, an Italian proverb signifying "A blue moon" or the impossible.

III.

A SOLO.

The level rays of an afternoon sun in August shot over the limpid lake. It was nearly six o'clock—dinner time at the Villa Peggain. The green shutters, closed all day, were thrown back to admit the faint, sweet breeze coming over the water.

Nina, the cook, stood at the kitchen window, tossing a salad, humming the Italian salad rhyme :

*Insalata,
Ben salata,
Poco aceto,
Ben oliata.*

(Salad, well salted, little vinegar, plenty of oil.)

Out in the garden, under a spreading Judas tree, sat Crichetta, the old dog at her feet, her crutches beside her. She

was sixteen now, had grown up fair, slim and decidedly pretty. Her fair hair had deepened into a pale gold, and stood like an aureole round the delicate face. She was mending some of the Signora's fine lace ; it lay on the table near her.

" *Insalata*," sang Nina again.

" *Zitto, zitto !*" (hush) cried the girl through the open window ; " here are the Signora and *Il Capitano !*"

Nina was silent, a broad smile lighted up her plain face, and she nodded wisely.

During these years the young widow had refused all attempts at consolation, but finally a distant cousin, Captain Brasco, had presumed upon his relationship to become a frequent visitor at the villa. He was stationed in the barracks of Como, and it gradually got to be an understood thing that a cover was to be laid whenever *Il Signor Capitano* appeared at dinner time.

Crichetta knew this, but the truth had not dawned on her yet. As Nina contemptuously observed, " She is only fit, poverina, to braid St. Catherine's hair," a synonymous form for old maidism in Lombardy. She used to be up at the Villa Peggain for a month at a time, mending lace and linen, and as she had also plenty of work in the town, she was no longer a burden to Aunt Teresa—indeed, a decided advantage. The handsome couple came towards her ; she sat turning the delicate fabric in her small fingers with downcast eyes.

" Good evening, Crichetta !" The captain had a deep, full voice, with a hearty ring in it, and no little kindness.

Elvigia laid her white hand on the girl's pretty hair.

" *Cara*," she said, " stop thy work ; Nina shall give thee thy dinner, and Paolo shall row thee out into the fresh air over to Como. Eh, Trombino !"

Without looking up, the girl answered quietly :

" *Giorgia Signora*," then they left her sitting as in a dream. In the thrill of that manly voice, in the tremble of the sweet tones of the other, she had realized it all. A lump rose in her throat ; she bent down over the dog to caress it, and then, as he put up his paw, she whispered :

" They will leave us ! They will leave us ! We have Don

Fillipo, you and I. *He* will not marry and go away. But they will, and *La Signorina Pia* will be glad when she sees them happy, *amico mio*."

The old, childish fancy had come back, of the beloved dead, sharing in our joy and sorrow, and with the same childish feeling she kissed the old dog again and again.

"This is from *il Babbo*, this from *la Mamma*."

Then she crept upstairs, where he followed her. Paolo waited in the boat until the moonbeams silvered all the still water; but Crichetta was invisible. In the morning she looked so bright and sang gaily over her work; and when the Signora, later on, drove her into the cold, she went to see Netta, telling her the news with a smile. Then who so delighted as the priest's housekeeper?

"A good friend is worth a hundred relations," she exclaimed in one of her favorite proverbs, and added a saying of her own: "and a good husband is worth a thousand friends! He is a fine man and a likely. The dear Signora is not young either, but 'Time and stream ripen medlars,' and what is so delicious as a ripe medlar? Besides, a fine military man could not be troubled with a silly girl."

So she chattered on in high feather.

The wedding was to be before Christmas. A great many preparations had to be made; public notaries and advocates were called in. At the Signora's request Crichetta went to stay at the villa to help with the trousseau. Now the cold autumn frost had touched the trees and painted them till they shone in one great glory. The autumn is so beautiful, so sad, by the great Lake; but in the midst of the clear sky the year seems to die less cruelly than in more northern lands. Through the sensitive soul of the girl stole its chilling influence; she tried in vain to combat a presentiment that something would happen beyond this marriage to disturb her quiet life; then, when Don Fillipo came up one day he was horrified to see the change in her. To all his kind inquiries she only answered she was "quite, quite well." As for Trombino, he pined, as if in sympathy, dragging his maimed leg more than ever.

At last the two ceremonies, legal and ecclesiastical, were

over ; the carriage was waiting ; the Captain and his wife were already seated in it, when Elvigia caught sight of Crichetta, the old dog and Don Fillipo, who had left the company and was standing among the servants, beside them.

"Courage !" he had said to her. "Do not let her see thee weep."

She waved her hand and smiled.

"*Arivederci*, Crichetta !" (au revoir).

It was not "good-bye."

Then the mists from the Lake and the mist of her tears blotted the scene out ; she saw no more.

A worse parting was to follow this one.

Once more the "monachelli" nodded in the fields, St. Finan's flowers scented the sweet springtime, when, one evening, Don Fillipo appeared at the café, graver and more ungainly than ever. He sat silently, seeming troubled in his mind. At last he said :

"*Figlia mia* !" they have given me the parish of Brunate, the wishes of my old heart are realized. The Cardinal Archbishop knew it. The news came to-day."

Crichetta gazed at him in speechless horror.

Brunate ! A place at the top of a mountain towering over the town of Como ; a little church, the remains of an ancient convent ; a small osteria ; a few cottages—that was all. There would be no whir of the silk-looms, no rolling of carriage wheels, to disturb him there !

Oh, pitiless fate, her best and dearest friend !

She laid her fair head on her clasped hands, trying to think *what* it meant to her.

Poor Don Fillipo sat helplessly by. It had been his prayer for years, and now all the sweetness seemed turned to dust and ashes in his mouth at the sight of Crichetta's grief. At last she looked up and spoke to him.

"When do you go ? my Father."

"Next month."

"So soon." It was all she could utter.

"I shall be quite near, *carina*. I shall often come down. I cannot refuse to go now. It is not *addio*, only *arivederci*, Crichetta mia !"

Netta approved not at all. She began, the very next morning, as usual, with a proverb :

“Raw herbs, and sleeping on the ground sends a man to his grave, and that is what Don Fillipo would do if I did not look after him. What a terrible world, one is never at peace. Our old saying is true enough. There is none happy who dies not in his swaddling bands! The whole house to be moved up to that desert of a Brunate in less than a month! *Povera mia!*”

However she set to with a will and they were installed in the mountain village shortly ; where at last the priest could write in peaceful quietude. Who shall say if his ideal was realized? Who can tell if he did not sometimes miss the noise of the looms, he never said so, but he grew more and more dreamy, and it may have been that “the thing prayed for came short of the prayer.” He left Crichetta resigned, almost happy in the thought that, after all, they were quite near. At night from the Piazza she could see the light shine from his window, which was something, and he came down often to see her. The Signora was to return for the summer months ; she began to sing over her work. Aunt Teresa loved her now, and her cousins treated her kindly—and there was always Trombino.

He had, however, failed lately, one day refusing to eat and his tongue had swollen. Teresa saw the end was coming, but she did not dare to take him away. He died in Crichetta's arms after vainly endeavoring to lick her hand—which was *his addio*. She did not resist when they laid him in a neat box and buried him in the back yard. Only Crichetta knew what he had been to her, the poor “drain pipe” of a dog, whom she had saved from death at the hands of the *Mazzacani*.

Don Fillipo was terribly grieved when he heard it. And for him had a worse thing happened. A public company was formed to construct a funicular railway from Como to Brunate. He lived long enough to see the reality, dying suddenly just before the Cardinal Archbishop came in state to bless the opening of the line, which was a grand ceremony and well remembered to this day by the people round. Another *Curato*

reigns in his stead and speaks with awe about the exceeding learning of his predecessor.

His tomb is in the ancient graveyard of the Convent, his stole and biretta carved upon it with the word *Silenzio* !

The flowers have come again and the sweet spring scents, the *Signora* and *Il Capitano* live with their children at the Villa. When Crichetta can manage it, she goes to the *Campo Santo* and says her prayer for her loved ones at the foot of the sculptured angel on the monument of Pia.

Only Don Fillipo and Trombino have said *Addio* as far as they are concerned and this life lasts. She is alone.

Mrs. MARY MACALPINE.

THE SHRINE.

AN APPEAL, FOR OUR OWN MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

When shall we have a church to dedicate at Auriesville? It seems strange, does it not, that in far off Penetanguishene, Pen'-tang', as the *habitant* calls it, those who are devoted to the memory of the missionaries who gave their lives for the faith should precede us in erecting to their memory a permanent shrine. It is strange, indeed, if we consider the numerous and frequent pilgrimages for which Auriesville has become noted, and the eagerness of its patrons to see some suitable memorial erected there. On the other hand, it is only fitting that the first enduring monument to the memory of these early apostles on our soil should be dedicated near the site of their first apostolical labors, the training ground of Jogues as well as Brébeuf, and of many who distinguished themselves later in the missions of the Mohawk Valley, Western New York.

If we are only too pleased to congratulate our friends over the border who have preceded us in building a memorial church, they in turn are generous in acknowledging our precedence in identifying, purchasing and honoring the site of the first home of the missionaries in our territory and the death place of Father Jogues and Rene Goupil. Since 1884 we have been in possession of Auriesville. It is only this year that the Catholics of Canada have come into possession of the site of the martyr-

dom of Brébeuf and Lalemant, after Father Jones' careful identification of it. They will no doubt mark this and other hallowed sites with suitable memorials and make them places of pilgrimage. While they are imitating us in this, we must follow their example and begin in earnest the task of erecting our permanent chapel at Auriesville.

For this purpose we are going to appeal to our friends for the means. The preliminary work at Auriesville is now complete and established on a firm basis, and we are now ready to proceed with the collection of the money necessary to begin the chapel there. We speak of it as a chapel, though those who frequent the place, and who know of the captive Father Jogues' beautiful vision there, always speak of it as a temple. Let it be what it may, a beginning must be made, and we may as well make it immediately. The structure we have in view will not be costly, but it will be extensive, imposing and lasting. Of late, as our readers must have remarked, contributions for this purpose have not been so frequent or numerous as formerly, chiefly because we have not solicited them. We deemed it advisable to have the ceremony of last summer over before urging this matter ; but now we mean to urge it earnestly, and we look confidently to the friends of Auriesville and to the readers of *THE PILGRIM* for a generous response to our appeal.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

C. H. M., Peoria, Ill.....	\$1.00
Anon	1.00
E. L., New York.....	1.00
Mrs. W., Chelsea, Mich.....	1.00
J. O'B., Chester, Pa.....	.50

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2.

DEATH OF FATHER GABRIEL LALEMANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

FATHER GABRIEL LALEMANT was not possessed of the same physical or moral strength as de Brébeuf, whose companion he was. Naturally very delicate, very impressionable and even sensitive to excess, he seemed scarcely fitted for the rude toil of an apostolate among the savages of North America. Hence, in spite of his repeated entreaties his superiors during sixteen years refused him this mission. He was not discouraged, but from his novitiate he bound himself by vow to go to Canada, and every year renewed this vow and repeated the request. He rightly said that the grace of God could work miracles in a heart which is possessed of good will, and can give both to body and soul a courage which neither might naturally possess.

He was only seven months among the Hurons when the Lord found him ready for the sacrifice. Father de Brébeuf's martyrdom lasted three hours; his was continued during a period of an entire night. Tied to a stake he, like Father de Brébeuf, had his limbs burned and roasted. Long awls, collars of red hot axe-heads, burning torches, boiling water poured on him in mockery of baptism, and other things besides, were employed to increase his suffering. Like Father de Brébeuf, he was surrounded with heaps of pine bark and was burned over a slow fire. His nose was cut off, his mouth slit and his tongue cut out. In order to stop him from pray-

ing and talking, they put hot coals down his throat. Like Father de Brébeuf, he saw his flesh torn off in shreds and eaten before his eyes, and like him he was scalped.

What torture for a weak and delicate man! Nevertheless, the savages had others more terrible still, hoping, no doubt, to triumph over his feeble constitution in order to compel him to ask for mercy.

His martyrdom began, according to some, at the same time as that of Father de Brébeuf. Others put it at six o'clock in the evening. It was prolonged all night until nine o'clock next morning, and nothing was spared which the most ingenious ferocity could invent. All along the side of the left thigh they made a large slit down to the very bone, and in the wound they slowly passed the edge of an axe which had been heated in the fire. On the right thigh a double incision was made of like depth, but this time in the form of a cross, and with hot irons the quivering flesh was slowly burned. In the midst of this ineffable suffering the victim lifted his eyes to heaven very frequently to ask for courage and perseverance from Almighty God. His executioners tore out his eyes and put hot coals in the sockets. We could never end the recital of the horrible torments to which the young missionary was subjected.

A great part of the night he was given over into the hands of the children with permission to torture him in whatever way their fancy might prompt, provided they did not kill him, for it was forbidden to put a victim to death between sunset and sunrise. Those were long and terrible hours that he passed in the hands of these little savages. When they unbound his hands and when the thongs by which he was fastened to the stake were loosened, the sufferer fell on his knees, joined his hands together and with his countenance directed towards heaven, he prayed. But the savages, thinking that they found in this the secret of his marvelous strength, fell on him with sticks and ropes and compelled him to stand up and to let his hands fall. There was not a single part of his body, says Father Ragueneau, from the sole of his feet to the top of his head, which was not scorched by fire to such a degree that he already seemed to be burned alive.

One historian has said that in the midst of his suffering he uttered cries capable of piercing the hardest hearts, and that at times he appeared to be out of his mind. Another writer more anxious apparently for literary effect than historical exactness, speaks of his piercing cries which seemed to rend his soul ; and he informs us that the young religious writhed under these terrible agonies. If we refer to the correspondence of the missionaries of St. Mary of the Hurons, and to the accounts of these times, it is clear that these expressions are, to say the least, grossly exaggerated. Of course it would be hard to deny that the unheard of character of these torments did not wring from the victim who was so frail and delicate, some involuntary groans, and that at certain moments he really was out of his mind ; but nevertheless, his soul remained calm and his heart united to God. "We know," Father Poncet writes, on the 18th of May, 1649, "that instead of feelings of wrath and indignation against his executioners or of words of complaint that he might naturally be compelled to utter, his mind was so united to God that he continued to pray and look upwards to heaven, uniting his hands in supplication with the greatest fervor. After having passed an evening and a night and a morning without respite, in the midst of the most cruel torments, his strength of mind and his faith nevertheless remained so vigorous that in spite of his wounds he knelt down to embrace the stake at which he was to suffer and to make his last offering to God. About nine o'clock in the morning a savage tired of seeing him suffering so long crushed in his skull with a tomahawk on the 17th of March, 1649. He was then thirty-nine years of age.

After his death they found in his papers a precious manuscript where he explained the reason of his ardent desire to go on the Canadian mission. In it we read these wonderful words. "Since I am ready to be scourged, burn me and scourge me here that Thou mayest spare me in eternity." These words were literally verified during his long martyrdom at the village of St. Ignatius. He was scourged and he was burned and the flesh was torn from his body. "Is it presumptuous to add," says one of his superiors, "that he

lives in the repose of the saints, and that he will live there eternally? ”

He was the nephew of Fathers Charles and Jerome Lalemant and the son of James Lalemant, a lawyer in the Parliament of Paris. When very young he displayed a remarkable aptitude for literature and science. On him his family built the highest hopes, which were realized indeed, but in a fashion quite different from what they expected. “Under a weak exterior,” says one of his historians, “he concealed a courageous and generous soul in which there was an insatiable desire of self sacrifice. This sacrifice he was able to make by entering the Society of Jesus. After being professor of grammar, of literature, of philosophy, of science, and then prefect of studies he felt that the desire of immolation for the salvation of the savages had grown in him year by year and day by day. He was at Bourges when a letter of his Provincial gave him permission to depart. His mother was still living, and two of his sisters had entered the convent of the Carmelites. The oldest was at that time prioress in the Community of Bourges. When Father Gabriel came to bid her good-bye she gave him several relics of the martyrs, apparently a supernatural announcement of the kind of glory that was waiting the young Jesuit on the other side of the ocean. His mother a valiant woman, strong in the fulfilment of her duty, embraced him and blessed him. Mother and daughter both said that they soon would have a martyr in heaven, and they were not mistaken. On learning of the heroic death of Father Gabriel the mother thanked God for the great grace which had been granted both to the son and to the mother—to the son to be a martyr to the faith, to the mother to be able to count a martyr among her children. The holy prioress of Carmel when told by Father Jerome Lalemant of how her beloved brother had died fell on her knees and sung the Magnificat. The rest of her days was a long canticle of thanksgiving.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

LOOKING from out the tower of San Juan Capistrano at the hour of sunset the eye wanders over a scene as fair as the good Franciscan Fathers loved to gaze upon two hundred years ago. Miles of rolling prairie covered with mesquite bushes surround the mission, while to the north lies the old city of San Antonio, set like a jewel in the Texas plain. Nature is nearly the same as in the days of the Spanish friars ; but the beautiful city has grown beyond what they knew, though, perchance, they may have dreamed of its development. The roof of the old Cathedral of San Fernando gleams in the sunset light, whose dying rays, with all their splendor, light up both city and plain.

Through this scene of enchantment runs the silvery river, along whose shores the Fathers planted their different missions, destined to survive long after they themselves had vanished from the scene.

The twilight descends just as the bells of the old cathedral ring out the *Angelus*. The sound reverberates on the soft air until it is caught up by the other churches, and all the bells of the city seem to mingle in one musical harmony.

"*Ora pro nobis*," they seem to say ; "*Ora pro*"—not for us only, but for the spirits gone hence who loved and labored and suffered in these scenes so many generations ago.

"*Ora pro*." Ah, yes ! pray for them, until the earth gives up its dead, and the just judge recompenses all. In this evening hour their mystic spell is upon us, and we muse upon the history of these souls who have so long since preceded us to the "place of refreshment, light and peace." So, as we wend our way slowly homeward there comes to us from out a recollection of many legends and chronicles of these old Franciscan missions, one story telling of love in the springtime of life ; of a sacrifice made in the heyday of youth and hope.

Don Victor Gerragas had been a grandee of Spain, who, because of impoverished fortunes and the death of his wife, had come to Texas in the early days of the Spanish missions, and

with him were his two daughters, Margarita and Marta. They were beautiful, these young señoritas. Donna Margarita, who was five years the elder, was like a Madonna of Murillo, with the same strength and sweetness; the same wonderful dark eyes that live in the painter's pictures. In her heart, too, was the tender mother love; for even as the Madonna cherished her little son, so Donna Margarita loved her sister Marta.

Oh, this Marta! What a creature she was of laughter, of smiles, of joy. In her hair was a glint of gold, while her eyes were of the peculiar shade of blue found in some parts of Spain.

It was a great change from the civilization and refinements of the old world to frontier life in the new; but Margarita and Marta met all hardships cheerfully.

The town was well garrisoned, and the better class of residents, nearly all Spaniards, kept up as far as possible the traditions and customs of their country. The beautiful gray walls of the Alamo, set off by two near-by communities of nuns, was the centre of the religious life of the city.

It was a time of peace, following the earlier wars between France and Spain to obtain control of that part of the country, and Don Gerragas dreamed of the day when, freed from pecuniary embarrassment, he could take his daughters back to Spain to resume the place in society and the world that was theirs by rightful inheritance. Meanwhile life in the Spanish city was full of interest; the good fathers found their flock more than ready to assist them in all charitable work. New residents were constantly arriving in the town, many of them almost destitute. Among the Indians and Mexicans attached to the missions were many who needed clothes, medicine and nursing. Amid such scenes the Spanish women of San Antonio could be seen daily, and among the faithful band that formed Padre Gregorio's right hand none were more loyal and devoted than the señoritas, Margarita and Marta. There came one Christmas, in the year 17—. Donna Margarita had been out to the mission of San Juan Capistrano, a few miles down the river. She was on horseback and alone, save for a Mexican attendant, who rode behind her on a strong, shaggy burro.

It was such a day as the Shepherd's in Bethlehem must have

known on the first Christmas eve—the air was balmy, the sun warm, with just a hint of light frost in the atmosphere as evening drew near. Overhead the evening star shone pure and clear; the young girl glanced at it, as she cantered over the bridle path made by the fathers from the outlying Missions to the city. Her eyes swept over the lovely country around her, so full of peace in the evening hour, then back at the brilliant star that seemed to tremble and quiver in the sky; so it must have looked to the Shepherds, thought Margarita—in the heights glory, on earth the peace and good will.

There was a bend in the road that bordered the river, and as she turned the corner her horse shied violently, almost unseating her; the Mexican was by her side with a hand on her bridle, almost immediately.

“What is it, Juan?” said Donna Margarita, springing from her horse. Even as she spoke she saw a dark form lying on the ground almost on the brink of the river. In an instant both mistress and man were bending over the prostrate form, and while Margarita unfastened the man’s cloak, Juan filled his hat with water from the river, and dashed it over the upturned face that seemed like one dead. There was no response to this heroic treatment. The man had evidently been on horseback; but where was the horse? With tender, practiced hands Margarita unfastened his heavy riding apparel, and as she did so the Mexican’s quick ear caught the sound of horses’ hoofs drawing near. He mounted a tree and looked toward the path they had just traversed—“It is Padre Gregorio, Señorita,” he said.

“Oh! quick, Juan,” cried Donna Margarita; “ride back and ask him to come here with all possible haste. The Padre is a good physician and will know what to do.”

Juan sprang on his burro and was off, Margarita heard the meeting, and the deep exclamation of the priest. It was only a few seconds later when the Padre was kneeling by her side, feeling the man’s heart and examining him carefully. “He is not dead,” he said, “only stunned. He has been struck on the head,” and then he gave a few rapid directions while he unfastened a small medicine case that formed part of his usual travel!

ling outfit, directing Juan to ride at once to the city for a conveyance on which to carry the man to some place where he could be properly cared for.

"He must come to my father's house," said Donna Margarita—"It is less than half a mile from here, and my father would not forgive me if I let the poor man go elsewhere."

Juan was gone in a moment, leaving the priest and young girl, who did everything possible to revive the unconscious man. After what seemed to Margarita a long time their efforts were successful; the stranger opened his eyes, looked wonderingly for a moment at the lovely face bent over him, and then asked, in a faint voice, but in purest Spanish, for water.

The priest raised his head, while the young girl held a gourd of water to his lips. "Do not speak, my son," said the priest; "you are in good hands; by and by you can tell us all."

The young man obeyed like a child, and it was not many minutes before Juan appeared with two Mexicans, carrying an improvised litter. Very gently the wounded man was placed thereon and covered with blankets, as it had meanwhile grown quite cold. The little procession started for the home of Don Gerragas, where they found Marta and a Sister she had sent for, ready for them. The stranger was placed in bed in the best room, and Sister Dolores took up her watch by his bedside.

Midnight found Donna Margarita, with her father and sister, kneeling in the Alamo for the first Christmas Mass, in her heart a great thankfulness that the blessed Virgin had brought her such a work of mercy.

It was Carnival time throughout the Catholic world, and nowhere was it more faithfully observed than in the city of San Antonio. There was to be a masked ball on Shrove Tuesday. "Let it open early," said the Padre, "and close early, so you can be home, my children, before Ash Wednesday."

Among those who seemed gayest and happiest during the festivities was Don Ortiz de la Cruz and the Señoritas Margarita and Marta.

Three months had come and gone since Don Ortiz had been carried to the Señor Gerragas' house. A twisted ankle took

longer to mend than the blow on his head, and his recovery had been slow, obliging him to remain six weeks under the Gerragas' hospitable roof.

Descended from an ancient Spanish house, Don Ortiz had entered the army and had been sent to America. He was on his way to join the garrison in San Antonio when he had been thrown from his horse and was found by Donna Margarita. Don Gerragas was delighted with the handsome and well-bred young man, who looked every inch a soldier and a gentleman. As to what was thought of him by the Señoritas Margarita and Marta, who that has tried to fathom a woman's heart can say. The streets were gay that night as the two sisters drove to the Carnival ball. In looks they were dissimilar, but in height and carriage they were singularly alike. It needed a practised ear, also, to distinguish their voices, which were low and musical. In the costumes they had chosen and with their masks, it was hard to tell them apart. Marta, in soft white drapery, covered with silver, was supposed to impersonate a water nymph, while her sister was attired in a Moorish costume of the thirteenth century. The material for their dresses they had found in a chest brought by their father from Spain, and their own clever fingers had cut and made the costumes.

The ball was at its height when Margarita, who had been dancing with a youth dressed as *Don Quixote*, was accosted by a cavalier of the time of Philip II, who, bowing low, requested the pleasure of the next dance.

"I think I know you, señorita," he said, as he led her away.

"Don Ortiz," said Margarita, and then she laughed; "your voice betrays you, señor."

They went through the dance with pleasant word and jest; long after Donna Margarita remembered how light her heart was that night.

"Señorita," said Don Ortiz, "may I call on you to-morrow? I have something special I want to say; but I cannot say it here."

"Yes," answered Donna Margarita, very low.

"I think you understand me, señorita," he replied, sweep-

ing the ground with his hat ; and just then another partner claimed the young girl, and led her out to the dance.

What she did or said the rest of the evening, Donna Margarita hardly knew. She felt as in a dream ; for had there not been tones in Don Ortiz's voice and a reverence in his manner that could mean only one thing ?

From midnight until dawn the city slept. A gray cloud passed over the sky and darkened the waning moon ; the light of the stars vanished ; mirth and joy were giving place to lamentations and sorrow ; for was not the Lord of heaven and earth about to enter on His fast and final agony ?

With the first streaks of the sunless dawn the city became alive with men and women hastening to the Alamo. With the quick revulsion of feeling of the southern nations, their three days' pursuit of pleasure was forgotten, and their minds were attuned to the fast they had entered on. It is this adaptability to the environment of the moment which is not understood by the sober North, and which makes them think the three days' carnival a strange preparation for Lent.

Donna Margarita advanced with her father and sister to the chancel rail and knelt to receive the ashes.

"*Memento, homo,*" said the priest, "*quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.*"

Let us fast and lament, sang the choir ; let us entreat the Lord to have mercy and to spare, and to close not the mouths of those who sing to Him and whose hearts look for happiness.

"*Grant us, O Lord,* said the priest, "*to begin our Christian warfare with holy fasts, that as we are about to fight against the spirits of wickedness, we may be defended by the aids of self-denial.*"

Not in vain does the liturgy arm us for the conflict ; if we fail it is because of our own sin, and not from any fault of our Holy Mother, the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

The solemn service was over, and the vast congregation came out on the Square in front of the church. It seemed natural for Donna Margarita to walk home with her father, and for Marta to be joined by Don Ortiz. He accepted the invita-

tion to accompany them home and partake of a light repast, and it seemed no wise stranger afterwards that he and Marta should wander forth in the garden, while Donna Margarita attended to her household duties; she could wait, she thought, what her lover had to say could be better said by and by, and Marta, dear child, with her sunny face, her laughter and sweet seriousness could meanwhile entertain him who loved her as a brother.

Donna Margarita was detained longer than she expected. After her household duties her father called her in his office; but at last she was free, and picking up her hat—for the sun had come out and it was getting hot—she stepped out in the garden. She rightly guessed that her sister and Don Ortiz must have gone to a seat at the end of the garden that was completely hidden from the view of anyone approaching from the house, by a thick growth of pecan trees and mesquite bushes. Donna Margarita walked slowly, drinking in the clear, beautiful air and all the signs of the coming southern spring. A narrow path, nearly one hundred feet in length, led through the trees and bushes. What was it that made Donna Margarita stop suddenly and press her hand to her heart—the sound of a beloved voice had reached her, and what it said was not for her—“Dearest,” Don Ortiz was saying, “I have loved you from the first moment I saw you; all through my illness you seemed to me like an angel sent from God.”

“I thought it was Margarita,” said Marta.

“No,” answered Don Ortiz, “your sister, she is noble, she is grand; but you alone I love, Carissima.”

Donna Margarita turned and went back to the house, in her heart a dumb anguish of pain. She understood it all now. Don Ortiz had taken her for her sister the previous night; she remembered that when he said he knew her. She had not spoken her own name, nor had he; each had taken it for granted that the other knew.

Once in her own room, the young girl fell on her knees by her bed. She could not pray connectedly; her mind was in a tumult; she could not even weep to relieve her overburdened heart. It was a fierce temptation that assailed her, one mo-

ment rebellion and despair—had it not been she who had found him and perhaps saved his life?—then came other thoughts. Marta loved him, Marta was sweet and loyal and true, and deserved her happiness. Margarita raised her eyes to the crucifix that hung over her bed.

“My child,” the Christ seemed to say, “deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me.”

Lower and lower bent the dark, beautiful head. Memory took her back to the morning service, and to the sublime prayers of the liturgy. Had she not joined with the priest in a petition that they might begin the solemn fast by fighting against the spirits of wickedness?

Once more she raised her head and looked at a picture that hung near her crucifix. It was a small Spanish painting, and represented one whose hands were clasped and bound, and on whose brow stood drops of blood—“A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”

Long she prayed until the warfare was ended, and victory gained. Margarita crossed herself reverently. “So help me Christ and His holy Mother,” she said.

When Marta and Don Ortiz returned to the house full of their happiness, they found as cordial a welcome and congratulations from Donna Margarita, as from the delighted father. Marta noticed how pale her sister was, but attributed it to the fast of the day. She was brimming over with happiness, and if at times it brought a pang to Margarita’s heart, she was a brave woman and did not flinch.

Don Ortiz took his bride back to Spain, and after the death of her father, Donna Margarita entered a sisterhood. She lived many years loved and revered by all who knew her. There may still be seen the quaint old convent garden on the banks of the river where she used to walk with her nuns at the hour of recreation.

The rose bushes that grow in tangled luxuriance, are as beautiful as those she used to train and tend.

The little children and the poor who come to the convent gate—Americans, Mexicans and Indian half-breeds—might be

the same people that Donna Margarita taught and nursed, and led toward the Kingdom of God.

And the bells of San Juan Capistrano? Only the central bell remains, that was the gift of Don Victor Gerragas in memory of his wife; but tradition has it that after he returned to Spain, Don Ortiz shipped two beautiful bells to San Juan that were placed in the tower. One bell was silver, inscribed with the name *Marta*, a thank offering from Don Ortiz for the gift of his beautiful wife; the other bell was of bronze and was marked *Margarita*; "for," said Don Ortiz, "had it not been for her I would not have lived, or attained my present happiness."

Generations passed, and there they hung and swayed in the breeze; the silver bell to commemorate the one who was all light and laughter; and the bronze bell with its strength and musical sweetness, true type of her who was like Murillo's Madonnas—the dark-eyed, loyal Margarita.

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

ANNETTE.

A STORY OF LOURDES.

WITH his elbow on the table and his head resting stupidly on his hand, before him, as usual, a stone pot of cider and a drinking glass—for cider is the ordinary intoxicant in Brittany—Yves M—— had just finished giving his opinion about the Dreyfus "affair," and the conduct of the law courts, while a thin, fine September rain was lightly spraying the greenish window panes of the village inn. The innkeeper, a short, stout Breton woman, was busying herself passing to and fro in the smoky room with the air of one who hears the most absurd opinions without paying serious attention to any of them.

"But, Yves," she said, "what about your daughter?"

"My daughter—she is always the same; there is never any improvement."

"They say her sister intends to take her to Lourdes!"

"Marie-Jeanne is cracked. If I only knew where she hides her money—," and before the fishermen lately returned from

Newfoundland, and silent as men of the sea so often are, he made an expressive gesture signifying that then the cider would flow more freely. The little treasure, so economically hoarded by his industrious daughter, would indeed have quickly disappeared.

For Marie-Jeanne had conceived the project in her determined Breton head that she would take her sick sister to Lourdes, and, moreover, that she would pay all the expenses of the journey out of her own earnings ; that is to say, besides supporting the family she would save up 150 francs, which sum is a fortune in that lone land where the rock is barely covered by the soil and the cattle feed on the young thorns and bright yellow flowers of the furze. The lady of the *chateau*, when she heard of Marie-Jeanne's design, offered the necessary money ; but the brave girl would not accept it. Her savings would be an offering to Our Lady of Lourdes.

She worked half days away from home, and returned at night to the cliffs, her shoulders sore with the burden she carried, her face bronzed by sun and wind. At night, when all had gone to sleep, she stitched by the dim candle-light while repeating her *Ave Marias*.

A day came at last when the needed sum was gathered ; and that evening Marie-Jeanne came to embrace her sick sister. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall set out at four in the morning."

The journey was terrible. The ordinary sufferings of the sick girl were greatly increased, and every jolt of the uncomfortable wagon along the narrow road, washed and cut by the sea, drew from her cries of pain. Her malady kept her teeth pressed tightly together ; so that, for seven months, she had been unable to eat, and life had been supported by a little milk passed with difficulty into the closed mouth.

They passed through the entire country, often objects of idle curiosity at the railway stations, but usually left to their own thoughts and sisterly conversation. Silence and sorrow are strangely ennobling, and the speech of the two pilgrim sisters was in striking contrast with that of a great number of travelers. They spoke of their home by the sad gray sea of their native Brittany, of those who were dear to them, of the

favors they expected to receive at Lourdes. They prayed, but with the simple faith of childhood which never doubts of being heard.

"One day more and the Blessed Virgin will cure you," said Marie-Jeanne, when Annette said she was unable to pray any longer. "At home in Brittany, too, they are praying for us. Besides, if you are cured our father will practice his religion ; so you *must* be cured."

But here is Lourdes. Over there is the Grotto ; there, the Basilica ; everywhere the vast crowd, swayed at time by an indescribable enthusiasm. There are reports of cures ; there are proofs ; the favored ones are seen.

Three days the sisters spent at Lourdes ; and the Lord whom they love and His Mother alone know what prayers they said. They join in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament ; and the sick call out to the hidden Master as in other days in Palestine, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us !"

But there seemed to be no answer for Annette and Marie-Jeanne ; and the *Magnificat* of the great crowd awakened no response in their hearts. "God does not wish," they said ; and their eyes began to fill with tears.

The last evening, during the procession, the Bishop delayed with the Blessed Sacrament before the afflicted sister, and she prayed as only they can who have her faith and sorrow. But a miracle was not vouchsafed, and the Bishop moved on. Then Marie-Jeanne followed the Blessed Sacrament, with a fixed obstinacy of faith in her eyes. And almost grasping the cope of the Bishop she said, "Lord, you cannot send us away. Have pity on my poor sister !" The Bishop turned, and the crowd formed a circle around the chair of the sick girl, besieging Heaven with prayer. Tears of joy began to fall from Annette's eyes ; and while many hands were stretched out to help her she quietly turned them aside : her prayer had been heard.

They came back to Brittany. The people, whose faith makes them live in the atmosphere of heaven almost as in that of earth, were scarcely surprised. Their father said not one word ; but from that day onwards he never set foot again in the village inn ; and Marie-Jeanne was to him what she had never been before, an object of wonder and almost of fear.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

With deep regret we record the death of Mr. James D. Murphy, of New York City, who for many years has been a devoted and generous friend of the Shrine. Pilgrims to Auriesville, especially those who spend a while there every summer, will remember the genial and hearty manner with which he entered into the spirit of the place and the simple and unaffected piety with which he took part in the exercises of the pilgrimage. They did not know so well the character he bore at home for his industry in business and zeal in many a worthy enterprise, religious and civil. Without a doubt it was his devotion to his important and often arduous tasks as one of the leading contractors of this city that hastened his end. It was clear to all who knew him well that he realized the possibility of succumbing to the constant tax on his energies, and yet he persisted in finishing what he had undertaken and in following up the various charitable works to which he had committed himself. He was an exemplary Christian, at home, in his parish, in his social and business relations, and as such he is mourned by hosts of friends. He died piously, fortified by all the rites of our Holy Church, prepared and resigned as a true Christian. It was on the Feast of the Holy Name, Sunday, January 18, and with his death on this day is associated an incident which made those who knew of it feel his departure more keenly, for it was on this day that the new Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, one of the last great buildings he had undertaken to build, was blessed and formally opened. His absence only emphasized the memory of his devotedness, and the debt of gratitude owing to his departed soul. He had great hopes for Auriesville and he took the deepest interest in its development, more than once manifesting that interest by handsome contributions for the improvements there. We trust that his hopes may be realized in due time. Meanwhile we confidently ask our readers to pray for his soul and for the comfort of those who are left to mourn him. R. I. P.

As we announced in *THE PILGRIM* for January, we intend to make known our plans for a more commodious and permanent chapel in Auriesville, and we shall do so in the March number. For the means to carry out these plans we propose to appeal to the generosity of friends of the Shrine in such a way that all may have some share in the good work and no one be unduly burdened. We are

confident that our friends will aid us, sufficiently, at least, to enable us to begin the work this summer, even though we may not be able to complete it. The plan, so far as we can foresee, will be simple, and it will certainly not be very extensive, but entirely in accord with the place and the work we hope to accomplish there.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Miss McD., Somerville, Mass, ...	\$.50
A. N., Manchester, N. H.	3.00
M. A. B., Philadelphia	1.00
E. W., Rome, N. Y.	.50

MISSION NOTES.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF BRAZIL.

The immense tracts of Brazil inhabited only by Indians form a territory larger than the half of Europe. Along the borders of the Araguay one may travel 200 leagues without seeing a single Christian habitation. By this great stream, the upper part of which is, in fact, called the Great River, Rio Grande, whose gold-bearing waters are poured over diamond-studded sands, through deep forests of precious woods, and between lands suited to richest vegetation, but as yet almost untilled, the traveler scarcely meets any other inhabitants than the native Indian tribes—the Cayapos, the Carajas, the Chavantes, etc.

There are, indeed, here and there, on the banks of the river, some beginnings of civilization. There is the village of Santa Leopoldina, once a town of some importance, but which declined as rapidly as it had grown from being a simple *presidio*, or military post. S. José owes its origin to a Capuchin, Father Sigismond de Taggia, who was here in 1860. Santa Maria has had almost the history of Santa Leopoldina. At present, few walk in its deserted ways.

In 1896 the Dominican Missionary, Father Gil Vilanova, determined to establish a mission in the midst of the savage tribes. With a companion, he descended the river for 200 leagues, and just below where the Naja falls into it he began his station, at a point called Barreira. An inundation of the river made them change to a plateau, where a few Christian families and about 500 Indians settled around them. They called the place Our Lady of the Araguay.

Other missionaries were soon sent to help them. In 1899 there were three priests and two lay-brothers, and this summer two other priests and a brother have gone to join them, with four sisters to open a school in the new mission.

The Indians of this mission centre are the Cayapos of the Tapuya race, one of the oldest of the country. They speak a language which is divided into as many dialects as there are tribes. They believe in one God, who is good. But because He is good, they consider it needless to worship Him, and set themselves to conciliate the evil spirits, who do them mischief.

Italian sisters are about to re-open a school amongst the Indians of Maranhao, on or near the site where "The First Martyrs of the Century"—Franciscan priests and sisters—were slain in April of 1901. Five Capuchin priests and seven sisters were killed at this post of duty in the new mission on the Maranhao. The church, convent, school and other buildings were pillaged, and about 200 persons of this flourishing agricultural colony died with the missionaries at the hands of the Indians. The girls of the school, however, were spared; and in the hope of finding them, the Italian Franciscan Sisters intend to build again upon the ruins.

BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS,
941 F ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.,
FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, 1903.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR BISHOP :

The crisis through which our Indian missions and schools are now passing renders it imperative that concerted action be taken to provide for their support.

It is unnecessary to review the heroic labors of Catholic missionaries among the Indians since the discovery of America; but it may be well to call to mind the circumstances that led to the establishing of our splendid system of mission schools.

In his message to Congress in 1870, President Grant invited the various religious denominations to co-operate in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians. He realized from the frequent outbreaks and the border wars with various Indian tribes that only religion could civilize the Indian and establish peace between him and his white neighbor. He recommended that the various reservations should be divided among the different religious denominations, and in carrying out this recommendation, the Indian Department decided that no minister should be allowed to officiate except on the reservation allotted to his denomination. We will not discuss the justice of this policy. Later on this policy was discontinued. The Indian

reservations became a free field of missionary operation for all denominations. The Government promised to assist in a pecuniary way the educational work of all religious societies, in the following terms :

“ The Government should be liberal in making contracts with religious denominations to teach Indian children in schools established by those denominations. It should throw open the door and say to all denominations : ‘ There should be no monopoly in good works. Enter, all of you, and do whatever your hands may find of good work to do, and in your effort the Government will give to you encouragement out of its liberal purse. ’ ”

The Catholic Church joyfully accepted this invitation, and at once entered vigorously upon Indian educational work. Through the munificence of the daughters of Mr. Francis Drexel, school buildings were erected on the reservations for the education of Catholic Indian children at a cost of about one million five hundred thousand dollars.

When the Protestant denominations realized that they were being outstripped by the Catholic Church in the work of converting and educating the Indians, they began to raise the cry that contract schools were sectarian, and, voluntarily relinquishing any claim on the Government for the support of the few schools which they were conducting, they demanded that all Government appropriations should be withdrawn from our numerous and flourishing schools. The cry of sectarianism was effective. In 1895 it became a law that, after five years, all such appropriations should cease, a twenty per cent. reduction being made each year. In 1900 the last payment was made by the Government.

Meanwhile Miss Katherine Drexel had become a Sister, and since the withdrawal of Government aid has contributed about \$85,000 annually for maintaining the contract schools. But this help, great as it is, supplies only little more than half the amount needed to continue the work which has already been undertaken. It is given at a great sacrifice, and cannot be relied upon forever. Moreover, we confess that we view with sadness the fact that one devoted woman gives every year to the Indian missions more than all the Catholics of the United States combined.

At the present date we are not prepared to admit that the clergy and laity of this country will allow our Indian missions to be destroyed at the nod of bigots.

Shall the grand work of so many years be allowed to die out for want of support? All who have investigated the Catholic schools admit that the Catholic plan for the civilization of the Indians is the only practical one. It depends on us whether they shall continue. United States Commissioner Jones, in his last report, confesses that the Government schools are a failure, and that the \$45,000,000 which have been thus expended have been wasted.

Since 1822 the various societies of Europe, but especially the Propagation of the Faith of Lyons, have contributed to the Church here the enormous sum of over \$7,000,000. And what have we Catholics done in return? What are we doing now for our dependent Indians? We number over ten millions. We should surely take care of our own, even if we do little or nothing for the conversion of the pagans of Asia, Africa, South America and the islands of the Pacific. As has been well said: "The work of converting the Indians is incumbent upon the whole Church in America. It should not be left to the charity of the few, but every individual should feel it a duty to bear his part in this great obligation. It would be sad, indeed, to think for a moment that the Catholics of America would fail to supply such material help to their struggling missionaries as would enable them to successfully contend against the giant efforts which enemies of the faith are making to sow the seeds of heresy and unbelief among the Indian Catholics." We must keep up the Catholic schools.

A society has been suggested to be called the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Amongst the Indians, the members of which promise to contribute twenty-five cents annually for the support of the Indian schools. Think of the heroic priests and nuns who are giving their lives for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians, and then answer the question: Should I not give this pittance to enable them to carry on this grand work for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom? The work has the warm approval of all the Archbishops of the country. At their last meeting in Washington, on November 21 and 22, 1901, after discussing the whole question, "It was resolved: That we heartily commend and will practically encourage work for the raising of the amount annually needed for the support of the Catholic Indian schools; and that we will similarly encourage wider efforts aiming at bringing the benefits of Catholic training to the Catholic children in the Government schools."

By a recent decision of the Indian Department, the Indian children in the Catholic schools have been denied the *rations*. This has added an extra burden of not less than \$25,000 per annum for the running expenses of the schools. With the schools already in debt, every one can realize how necessary it is to come to their support.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children is an easy solution of our whole Indian difficulty. Were it introduced into every parish in the United States, abundant funds would be at the disposal of the Archbishops for Indian mission work. What splendid sums the Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists contribute yearly in this country for their missionary work in this and other lands! They ask for millions and obtain them. We are greater in numbers, and although we be poorer in worldly wealth,

should not our zeal and love for the true faith be as great as theirs is for their erroneous creeds? Again we quote from the Pastoral Letter of the Right Reverend Bishop of Cleveland :

"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—(Mark xvi, 15.)

Such is the charter of our Holy Church. Such is the commission from her Divine Founder. "But they going forth preached everywhere, the Lord co-operating with them and confirming the word with signs that followed." (Mark xvi, 20). The Apostles, obedient to the divine call, spread the knowledge of the Gospel to all parts of the then civilized world; and in every age since, zealous missionaries have carried on that work, for the enlightenment of them that still sit in darkness, and in the midst of the shadow of death. Leaving father and mother, house and home, apostles have never been wanting in the Church of God and never will be until the faith of Jesus Christ has been made known to every creature. It is one of the minor marks of the divinity of the Catholic Church that she sends her missionaries everywhere for the conversion of pagans and that the Lord co-operates with them, confirming their words by marvelous signs. In every century God has blessed the labors of her missionaries. Whole nations have been converted. Her work has never been without fruit. Zeal for souls, the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth, love for all that Jesus loved have ever been the signs of the true disciples of the Sacred Heart. Like their Divine Master, they are all on fire for souls. "I have come to send fire on the earth and what will I but that it be enkindled." (Luke xii, 49.) "I have come that they may have life and have it more abundantly." (John xii, 10.) "And this is life everlasting that they may know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." (John xvii, 2.) Our divine Lord came down from heaven that we might believe in Him. Faith is the greatest of all God's gifts. Without faith it is impossible to please God. There can be no supernatural virtue, goodness or holiness without faith. The just man liveth by faith. Faith is the foundation of every virtue. It is the root of justification, of all righteousness. If we realize what a blessing our faith is, gratitude to God for this immense blessing and privilege must force us to desire the same blessing may be the privilege of those who do not enjoy it, nay, must force us to do what we can that they may obtain that blessing. How few of us ever think of thanking God that we had Catholic parents and through them received this priceless grace of the true faith. Do we pray that the light of faith may be granted to those who are in the darkness of infidelity and that the labors of the missionaries amongst them may be blessed with abundant fruit? Have we, in times past, made any sacrifice for the support of the missionaries in pagan lands? Have we thought of how much Catholic Europe has done for the spread of the faith in

our own United States ; how many priests and religious she has sent to us to build up Catholicity in our republic ; how, to our shame, we must admit that even now the poor peasants of France are still sending thousands of dollars for the support of the missions amongst our Indians ?

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, after one year's trial, bids fair, under proper encouragement, to be a grand success. The first year it brought in something like \$30,000. We hope to see this amount more than doubled during the year just begun.

In pursuance of the expressed wish of the Archbishops of the country, the Society was inaugurated in the diocese of Cleveland, in December, 1901, and in February, 1902, nearly \$6,000 was sent to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions as the contribution for 1901. The plan pursued in the diocese of Cleveland is an extremely simple one. The clergy act as managers. They secure as many solicitors as possible. The solicitors strive to gain as many members as they can, which is not a difficult matter, as the subscription is only 25 cents per annum. Solicitors report within two months after the announcement has been made in the church. Pastors transmit the returns from the parishes to the Chancellor of the diocese, who sends the full returns to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

Upon application to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Director Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F Street, Washington, D. C., any desired number of Certificates of Membership and copies of the "Indian Sentinel" can be obtained.

Bishop Horstmann states that the establishment of the Preservation Society in his diocese has in no way interfered with his ordinary collections and works of zeal and charity.

The Preservation Society is being established in the Archdioceses of Baltimore, New York and Milwaukee. Philadelphia has vigorously taken up the work, and at the last meeting of the Bishops of that Province all the Bishops pledged themselves to establish the Society in their respective dioceses. We hope to see the grand work taken up everywhere. It is so simple, and one that appeals to the heart of every Catholic. We beg you to give to it your hearty support and co-operation. The aboriginal American must be saved to the Faith. "God wills it ! God wills it !"

J. CARD. GIBBONS, <i>Archbishop of Baltimore,</i>	} Incorporators of The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.
JNO. M. FARLEY, <i>Archbishop of New York,</i>	
P. J. RYAN, <i>Archbishop of Philadelphia,</i>	

N. B.—Copies of this letter may be had on application to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F Street, Washington, D. C.

ST. FRANCIS' MISSION,
ROSEBUD AGENCY, S. D., December 13, 1902.

REVEREND FATHER GANSS, Philadelphia.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER: When we returned after vacation Mother and the Sisters told us that you visited our mission, and that you love us Indian children and our mission. We are glad, dear Father, that you were here, but we are sorry we did not see you. As Christmas is near we all wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We will pray for you that the dear Infant Jesus may bless you and reward you abundantly for all you do for us Indian children. Christmas we will have a nice crib in church, and before it we will remember you too. We pray and sing in church every day, and on great feasts we have High Mass. Some of us are altar boys, and twenty-three girls and eleven boys sing in the choir. Before the feast of the Immaculate Conception all boys and girls who have made their First Holy Communion already had three days' retreat. On the feast of the Blessed Virgin we all received Holy Communion and then the retreat closed. About eighty boys and girls receive the Holy Sacraments every month, and we belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and to the League of the Sacred Heart. We have a nice big church, and Brother Stander is building a frame church at Ponca which will be finished very soon. We expect Brother back before Christmas. The Fathers often go to the camps, and when they return they are nearly frozen. Some camps are twenty-six, forty-five, sixty-two and one hundred and twenty-five miles from here. Our picnic place on White River is only ten miles from here. We like to have a picnic, and we boys are all on our ponies then and the girls are in the wagons. Now we cannot go far, because the earth is covered with snow all over; but Christmas we may go home for three days. Those children who live too far stay here and have a nice time. There are 249 children here in the Mission, 130 girls and 119 boys, and I am one of them. I am a singer and an altar boy too, and when you come to St. Francis' Mission again please, dear Father, let me serve your Holy Mass. We will be very glad when you come here again, and we would like to see you. Our new Bishop is coming also next year, and we hope he will be good to us and like us Indian children. Your Bishop is very good and he loves the Indians and does lots for them, and we love him very much too. Please, dear Father, bring him along when you come again,

and we will be good boys. Sister told us that you are well acquainted with Mother Catherine. Will you have the kindness to tell her that we wish her a Happy New Year, and that every day we pray for her? We will remain thankful to her. Mother Catherine is very good to us and she will go to heaven when she dies. Sam Not Good died the next week after you left the Mission. We are glad that Christmas is near, and we hope to get a Christmas tree and cakes and candy and two apples, and also a mouth-organ or a horn and something more, like the white children.

We like to learn and to work. Every boy knows his Catechism well, and in Bible History we learned last week about the Israelites and now about the Infant Jesus. In arithmetic we are learning fractions. We know also a new song; it is a hunter's song with many la, la, las in it, and we like to sing it. We have a new well, and Dan Brave Bird, Daniel Charging Whirlwind, Henry Knock Off Two, and Max Paints His Ears White helped the Brothers. The well is 193 feet deep. Old Block, that is our old horse, was helping too, pulling up earth and sand in a barrel. Own Standing Bull, Robert Brave Bird and Dick help the Brother in the butcher shop. Every week we eat more than two cows. Brother said he butchers eleven cows for us every month. Brother Acks has four boys to help him in the bakery: Silas Leading Horse, Joe Red Feather, Nick Turning Bear and Augustine Scout. Every day we eat more than 100 big loaves of bread and about 250 small ones. There are five boys helping Brother Hinterhofer in the shoe shop. Brother Hinterhofer tends also to the chickens, and he made a new door on his cupboard. We sweep our school and other boys' rooms, and we make our beds in the morning. The baker boys have to split wood for the bakery. We like to play foot-ball. Cane Widow cut some holes in our foot-ball, while she was camping here. The ball went near her tent and she was angry about it. Dan Brave Bird is the best rider among us. He is not afraid to ride a very wild horse. There are some prairie chickens in our cornfield, and yesterday four prairie chickens passed the Mission. Yellow Horse's wife died. She used to come here every day to get something to eat. She was hopping on one foot. We have two little dogs and they are black. Shep, the old dog, is yellow. The prairie dogs are in their holes now, because it is winter. Mule Head has one wife, one child, two dogs, four ponies and

one old and one new wagon. There were some big prairie fires near the Mission. Some Brothers and we boys went to extinguish it with wet sacks, and we had to work hard for many hours to get it out. Henry Red Bull's hay is all burnt, and two of Hollow Horn Bear's horses also. Many Indians are very hungry, because they have nothing, or very little to eat. In winter now they are very cold too. Some of our fathers and brothers worked last summer, and they liked it. They received \$1.25 per day, and were very glad with it. Our old windmill has a new tower and four new wings. No Leaf, who lives near the Mission, has a little donkey. He brings wood with his donkey for the bakery. Brother Mueller measures the wood, and Father Perrig pays for it. Brother Surrig is 73 years old and works in the blacksmith shop, at the new well, and all over. In winter we shovel snow when there is some snow, and we carry coal from the coal shed to the kitchen and in other rooms. One of the little girls said in instruction to Father that God is not in the coal shed, because it is full of coal and God has no place in it any more. A little boy told Father, God is not in the big water, because He would get wet. We big boys know that God is a spirit and everywhere.

The Sister told us that you are acquainted with Mr. Wells. He was here at St. Francis' Mission, and he was kind to us, and therefore we love him. Please, dear Father, give him many regards and also our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Chief Two Strike came the other day, and while he went to the boys' play room, his pony ran away. No Leaf caught it again. Our gray cat caught two rabbits and ate them. Peter Big Turkey was here last Sunday to see his little Turkey, whose name is Johnny Spotted Bird. Johnny is now about eight years old. Ned Elk Teeth, one of the boys here, has a pony at home which has no tail. When the new well is finished we will make a little pond and let water run into it. As soon as the pond freezes, we will play there. Two boys have skates, but the others not.

We will be good boys and please God. That is all we have to say. Thanking you for all that you do for us Indian children, we remain,

Reverend and dear Father,

YOUR GRATEFUL INDIAN BOYS,

Of St. Francis' Mission.

THE TRAPPISTS IN SOUTH AFRICAN WILDERNESSES.

The extension of Christian civilization by monks is taking place under our eyes, much in the same way that it has been accomplished in every age of Christian history. The Trappist Monks, sons of St. Benedict, the patriarch and founder of Western Monasticism, came from their flourishing missionary establishment in war-swept Natal into the wildernesses of Mashonaland, far north of the now historic Transvaal.

The new mission station is five miles from the Salisbury railway, sixty miles from Salisbury, 120 from Umtali and near the Macheke River. Hither came a solitary Trappist lay-brother, to prepare the desert for a larger missionary staff. With the raw natives he set to work. He began to build and break up the wilderness into gardens. To other difficulties and obstacles was added the loss of nearly all his cattle by disease. He chose a space of about one hundred acres, sloping beneath a line of hills, or kopjes, and well watered by the clear streams. He cut a furrow, or trench, about a mile in length, to catch the waters in the dry season, for purposes of irrigation. Over the river he made a "drift," or ford, and planted his fruit trees and vegetables. Then Brother Leopold was joined by a priest and another lay-brother. They set to work to study the native language, in order to teach the simple people the Gospel story. They will construct huts for the people in neighboring centres of population, and visit these from the central mission station. "Already," says the *Zambesi Mission Record*, "the natives are showing great confidence in the missionaries. Though shy of working for some white men, the natives had been positively embarrassing to Brother Leopold in their determination to work for him; so that some had almost refused to be sent away. Just treatment was already beginning to make its influence felt." The natives will, in all probability, soon draw nearer and settle around the monastic buildings. Thus will, no doubt, a future city grow in African wilds, as the great European cities sprang up round the monasteries of the Middle Ages.

A large cross, seen far and wide over the valley, has been erected on the top of a high conical hill, to silently announce the message of Redemption.

The station of the Trappists is called Monte Cassino, after the famous monastery in Italy, founded by St. Benedict, and within which he sleeps.

A TRAPPIST FARM-CHAPEL IN BELGIAN CONGO.

It is named St. Peter Claver's, after the Apostle of the Negroes, and situated at Boangi, between Bamania (the principal mission centre) and Simba, on the banks of the Ruki river, which flows into the Congo in the northwest of the Belgian Free State. Boangi is populous, and its inhabitants seem to have a singular desire to become Christians. Many of the pagans make the sign of the cross, after the example of the converts, as they approach the missionaries. It is the practice of prayer particularly which draws them. In sickness they call the priests and ask their blessing. This inclination to believe is due to the example of the native Christians.

At the new station of St. Peter Claver there are already nearly 200 very fervent converts, without counting a much larger number yet under instruction. Many have been already married according to Christian rites, and are carefully training their children. Not far off is a botanical garden, established by the Belgian authorities. Here some 300 natives are employed, and all are under instruction for baptism. If any of these fall dangerously sick they are baptized without delay. So great is the readiness of those poor natives to embrace the faith, that the reality surpasses all the expectations of the missionaries. The field is vast indeed, and the laborers but few.

DIFFICULTIES OF CONVERSION.

One of the great difficulties in the way of Christian formation amongst those poor blacks of Africa is the tendency to revert to former superstitions and disorderly habits after they have been instructed and baptized. Hence great vigilance is necessary, and segregation from the pagan kraals. Polygamy is the ingrained habit with the Mashonas, though not quite so bad among the Matabeles. Hence Christian villages, or kraals, must be formed apart, and have become a distinctive feature in mission fields. The names of Saints or Mysteries are given to those settlements, exactly as in the early days of Catholic discovery and colonization. Hence we have in Africa Our Lady of Karlema, St. Joseph of Utinta, etc.

A danger to the younger converts and the adult native Christians is the attraction, because of higher wages, to work in towns or in the mines. "Contact with civilization finds them capable of absorbing its vices, and unable to assimilate its virtues."

That is the most charitable way of putting the matter. For the Catholic native who goes to live in the towns, there is daily and hourly peril. In the mines it is as bad, or worse; there the natives, out of the hours of actual work, are freer from restraint, and often without spiritual guidance.

Notwithstanding many very natural faults for people in their condition, there is much natural good, also, in the natives. Healthy and strong, they bear pain and labor without complaint. Bravery, even to daring, is found and esteemed amongst them, and they are hospitable and inclined to religion.

PEN-PICTURE OF A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

The *Spectator's* "Supplement" quotes from Mrs. Archibald Little's "Land of the Blue Gown" the following account of a Catholic missionary at Hoang-mu-chang :

"The priest, a hardy young mountaineer from Central France, showed with some pride the few panes of glass he had just had inserted into his window by his writing-desk, thus enabling him to continue working when a Chinese, by the darkness of his paper windows, is compelled to inaction. Other luxury in his spacious sitting-room there was none, unless we count a book-case of the simplest nature to contain the few books he had brought with him from France. There was no table, three chairs; nothing more! He wore Chinese clothes, with the large, fanciful straw hat of the district. He had no wine except that supplied for Mass. It is true that he had a capital mule on which to visit his very widely scattered parishioners. But he was one man alone, not a family nor a pair of friends, as is so usual in our missions. There was no European nearer than a very long day's journey across the mountains, and then not another for days and days. No seven or ten years will entitle him to a trip home to those French mountains, a tiny pictured guide to which he showed us, but which we noticed he did not venture to look at while we were there. He received no newspapers, and it seemed few letters. We asked him how he spent his lonely evenings in winter. He said earnestly that was the great trial of the first year, but after that one had got over it."

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 3.

THE RUIN OF THE HURONS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

SOME Christian Hurons who had been eye witnesses of all that had taken place but who had escaped from the Iroquois brought the news of the martyrdom to St. Mary's and told it in all its details, and immediately after the enemy had withdrawn, Brother Malherbe, along with some Frenchmen, went to the scene of the execution and brought the two bodies to the residence and buried them there. "Our feelings that day," says Father Ragueneau, "were so wrought up that we rather desired than feared a death of that kind."

Before consigning them to the grave, each one wished to touch their wounds. They kissed with respect those glorious gashes and instead of praying for the dead, turned towards heaven the dwelling place of those valiant heroes, and implored a like heroism for a like battle. As a matter of fact, the missionaries expected an attack every day, and St. Mary's was not in condition to make any serious resistance.

Up to that time the residence was protected by a dozen of villages between it and the Iroquois. That barrier no longer existed; for the Hurons, in a moment of panic, had left their villages after having first burned them so as to prevent them from being occupied by the enemy. "The consequence was," says Father Ragueneau, "that our residence was in full view of the Iroquois, and for its defense had only eight soldiers, twenty-three *donnés*, and seven servants."

We could not count on the Huron warriors who would rush with their head down into battle, under the conviction that

their race was doomed. Much more numerous than the Iroquois, they could have rallied, pursued the foe and driven him beyond Niagara. They did nothing of the sort; they thought only of flight, and of seeking an asylum far away among their allies. Ever since the capture of St. Ignatius and St. Louis they came in every day by the hundred, without chiefs, without organization, disunited, demoralized, paralyzed by fear, broken down with sickness, and dying of misery and starvation. They staid there some days for rest and nourishment; the Christians received the sacraments, and some of the pagans were baptized. In fact, in that year of 1648, the Fathers gave hospitality to six thousand Indians, and to some thousand more in the first six months of the year following. The old expression about the blood of martyrs being the seed of the Church was beginning to be realized immediately after the death of Father Jogues, for by the middle of the year 1649, the missionaries had baptized two thousand seven hundred persons.

Among the thousands of Hurons who went through St. Mary's on their way to a safer country, three hundred families, almost all Christians, took refuge on the island of St. Joseph; others went elsewhere; some to Mackinac; others to Manitoulin and the neighboring islands which were unknown to the Iroquois.

These fugitives, however, did not form the bulk of the Huron nation. The inhabitants of St. Michael and St. John the Baptist appealed to the generosity of the victors, and were incorporated in the section of the Tsonnontouans, where they formed the village of St. Michael and became the first germ of Christianity in the Iroquois Federation. The missionaries came across them twenty years later and found among them marvels of faith and virtue. Other bands took refuge among the Neuters and the Eries. They were perhaps the most unfortunate of the lot, as they disappeared in the total ruin of those two nations. The Iroquois arrived and slaughtered or drove away every one. The Andastes received some of the remnants. Finally, some reached the Petuna mountains. Thither went, also, the neophytes from the Conception settlement, along with the devoted Father Chaumonot. The warriors,

almost all, Christians, had been defeated and were slain or taken prisoners by the Iroquois.

What was happening during all this time to the poor residence of St. Mary's now exposed on all sides? There were some missionaries there, busy night and day with the Huron fugitives, others again were scattered among the Petuns and Algonquins; others again were wandering with their neophytes over lakes and rivers and through the unexplored forests.

In the beginning of June, 1649, twelve Huron chiefs from St. Joseph's Island came to St. Mary's and asked to talk with the missionaries. "We come to you in the name of our afflicted people," they said; "we want to unite and form a new establishment on St. Joseph's Island, but we need your help. Have pity on us. Without you we shall be at the mercy of our enemy; with you we shall be strong enough to defend ourselves. We, Christian Indians, implore you to come, and those who are not so will embrace the faith. You will make the whole island Christian. Father Ragueneau who sums up these discourses adds: "After having spoken for three whole hours with eloquence it would be hard to surpass in France, they brought out ten great collars of china and told us it was the voice of their wives and children."

The Jesuits had intended to leave St. Mary's, for it was no longer of any avail to remain. Any day they could be surprised and massacred, but they would have preferred to go to Manitoulin, where the fish were plentiful and from which place there was easy communication by the French and Ottawa Rivers and Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. However, unable to resist the appeal of the Huron deputies they gave up their own plans and decided to transfer the residence to St. Joseph's Island.

The day of departure was fixed for the 14th of June. They put on a little bark and a great raft all the provisions kept at St. Mary's; then the church outfit, the furniture, even the cattle and poultry. Then they set fire to the residence and the palisades and followed by the *donnés*, domestics and soldiers the Fathers left their home that for many reasons was so dear to their hearts. In less than an hour the fire destroyed the result of ten years unrelenting toil.

A CARIB SETTLEMENT.

BY REV. T. J. LIVINGSTONE, S. J.

A PERSON looking at one of the recent maps of the world, in which the possessions of each of the great Powers are designated by a distinctive color, will be surprised to see how considerable a portion of the earth's surface bears the red sign of English possession. A slight examination, too, of the regions thus marked will reveal the further fact that quality no less than quantity has guided England in her selection ; so that the red patches on the world's map serve admirably as guide-marks to indicate where the choicest of the earth's products and treasures are to be found. It appears as if John Bull had been the first to seat himself at the World's banquet and had helped himself most liberally to the good things there set forth.

Down here, in Central America, for instance, grow two most valuable trees, the mahogany and the logwood. Well, right in the middle of the map of Central America appears one of those red marks and the confirmatory legend—British Honduras.

It is matter of history that these two trees brought the Englishman here and that to obtain the right of cutting them he fought long and valiantly until, in fact, none dared to dispute his claim. Possession being thus secured, a little foreign diplomacy did the rest and the country was his.

In return for the mahogany and logwood which he appropriated, the Englishman gave the country two products of a higher order—civilization and law. He established a firm and equitable government in British Honduras which soon attracted the attention of the people in the neighboring countries, many of whom came and settled within its borders, eager to obtain that security of life and property which the British flag always guarantees its subjects. Thus, in the north were established the settlements of Corozal and Orange Walk by refugees from Yucatan, while in the south were laid the foundations of Punta Gorda and Stann Creek by Caribs from Guatemala and Spanish Honduras. It is the settlement effected by the Caribs at Stann Creek that forms the subject of this article.

The Caribs are a race of blacks whose origin is involved in some obscurity. The most probable opinion in regard to them

is that they were brought over from Africa to the isle of St. Vincent from whence they passed to the island of Ruatan and thence to the continent of Central America. Another opinion is that they are aborigines of the New World. At all events they are a distinct race who have preserved their language and many of their customs. They are a quiet, inoffensive people, possessing none of the undesirable traits attributed to the fierce tribe of Indians, now extinct, whose name they bear. They are reasonably industrious when working for themselves, but the *mañana* spirit of Central America seems to take hold of them when they enter the employ of others.

There are two Spanish phrases which are very much used by the people in these parts and which express the height of physical and mental indolence. If a person is asked to do anything that requires physical exertion he will probably promise to do it "*mañana*," "to-morrow." If asked a question requiring some mental exertion to answer, he will probable exclaim: "*Quien sabe!*" "Who knows!"

The Caribs have no distinctive dress though most of the women wear a white handkerchief tied around their forehead and a black shawl thrown over their head which gives them an appearance not unlike that of the novices of some religious orders of women.

Their usual food is plantains, yams, dried fish and cassava. The latter is a kind of bread made from the tuberous roots of the cassava plant. These tubers, erroneously called by the people yucca roots, have to go through quite a complicated process before they are made into bread. The loaves of cassava bread are very peculiar in shape, being about three feet in diameter and only a quarter of an inch thick. They are white and look for all the world like gigantic hosts.

Unlike his colored American cousin, the Carib does not appear to have any special predilection for poultry, and chickens may be allowed to roam about the yard with perfect impunity; but if you have a pet kitten it is advisable to keep an eye on him, for in every well-regulated Carib family they make it a point to have a good fat pussy for their Christmas dinner.

As might be expected, the social position of women amongst this people is far inferior to that of men. For instance, in taking meals the husband sits at table along with his eldest son and is served by his wife, who does not begin to eat until her husband has finished and then she must take her meal in the kitchen

where she sits on the floor surrounded by the children, and with them eats out of the pot in which the meal has been cooked. Nature's knives and forks are the implements used in the process.

When either husband or wife dies the survivor is required by Carib etiquette to retire to a room in the house and remain there in silence and solitude for a whole month, speaking only when visited by members of the family or by the one appointed to bring the meals. At the end of that time the bereaved person is allowed to walk abroad, but is supposed to speak to none but members of the family or very intimate friends for the rest of the year. In Stann Creek, however, thanks to the efforts of the Fathers, this custom is beginning to be honored more in the breach than in the observance.

There is another custom, or rather diabolical superstition, which our Fathers have for years endeavored to eradicate, but as yet with only partial success. This is the Mafia dance. When a Carib falls seriously ill and ordinary remedies fail to effect a cure, his family and relations are inclined to have recourse to a sort of medicine-man called a Booyi who, for a goodly sum of money, goes through a series of incantations and general tomfoolery over the sick person and then, after assigning some cause for the sickness which has to be removed, orders a promiscuous dance for the person's recovery. This dance is a veritable devil's dance and is the cause of great demoralization. Happily it has been banished from Stann Creek, though people from here occasionally attend the dance in the place where it is now held, a few miles down the coast. This superstition is evidently a relic of heathenism and clings to the Carib mind with great pertinacity. The people know well enough that it is an idle superstition and their common sense tells them that the whole thing is a fraud, yet, when sickness comes upon them, the belief in the Mafia awakens in their mind and they blindly clutch at the futile remedy as a drowning man does at a straw. Superstition dies hard.

As already stated, the Caribs have a language of their own. In consequence, however, of their long residence among the French and Spanish, many words from these two languages have become incorporated into the Carib language in such a way as to completely replace the original words which have been entirely lost. Thus, for instance, most of the numbers are French. They have so disguised these foreign words, however, by their pronunciation that they can hardly be distinguished from genuine

Carib. On a certain occasion, one of our Fathers happened to hear a Carib call out to his boy, "Murúsu kamiss'!" Now, ye French and Spanish scholars who read this, tell me what does that mean? The Father noticed that the boy entered the house and shortly returned with a piece of white rag, and then it suddenly dawned on his mind that the man had not been speaking Carib, as he supposed, but had merely used a French word in combination with a Spanish one, in order to ask for (*Un*) *morceau (de) camisa*. For my part, I must confess, that whenever I hear Carib spoken, it all sounds to me pretty much like bug-a-boo and hullabaloo repeated over and over. Lest I should seem to malign a noble language, let me give a specimen taken from a prayer book gotten up by one of our Fathers, and thus permit the reader to judge for himself:

Barijabay. Frumié náuwchabōn abúirjōali lidan hēñēñē Garinagu. Magumuchuntina : lawgōali dan.

I hardly think that the above choice bit of Carib will prove attractive enough to tempt anybody to study the language merely for recreation; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge, that it ought not to discourage a person who was bent on learning it, particularly when he notices that it begins with such a familiar word as *Barry* and ends with such a simple word as *Dan*. If it were not to consider the matter too curiously, as Horatio says to Hamlet, anent the possibility of Alexander's dust stopping a bung-hole, a person might be tempted to inquire whether the Irish, who were banished by thousands to the isle of St. Vincent, had not left their impress on the Carib language as well as the French and the Spanish.

The above-mentioned prayer book, prepared for the special benefit of the Caribs, is still in its first edition. The people say their language is not suitable for religious purposes. Meanwhile, we have a large supply of these books on hand, so that if anyone would like to have a copy as a curiosity, he has only to send on a dollar to help the mission and he will receive one by return mail. As the advertisements say, it may be the chance of a lifetime.

Before quitting this subject, I may remark that the Carib language is a philological curiosity. It is the only known language in the world (according to a learned German professor) which has two sets of words for many things, one set of which is used exclusively by men, and the other set exclusively by

women. It is as if, in English, a man, when speaking of a male child, would have to call him a *boy* whereas a woman would have to call him a *lad*. The Caribs are very strict about having this distinction observed, so that if a boy is heard using a girl's word his father will give him a thrashing, and, in like manner, if a girl should use a boy's word, her mother will chastise her. Thus this curious feature of the language is preserved.

Having thus given some idea of this interesting race of people, it is time to say something of the town of Stann Creek and of the state of religion amongst its inhabitants.

The Caribs showed good taste as well as sound judgment in choosing the location of their principal settlement. Stann Creek is situated on the shore of the Caribbean sea, about thirty miles south of Belize. A long line of coral reefs and cays, lying some eight or ten miles from the mainland, affords it a shelter from the violence of the open sea in rough weather. The harbor thus formed is deep enough to permit the largest steamers that come to these ports to anchor a few hundred yards from shore. The town takes its name from the large creek which flows through its midst and supplies its inhabitants with good drinking water, a great boon in the tropics. The word Stann is a corruption of St. Anne. Back of the town there is plenty of fertile land suitable for raising bananas, cassava, yams and, in fact, almost anything else. The place is very healthy, for an almost constant sea breeze tempers the heat, purifies the air and braces up the system.

The houses are of two kinds : frame cottages with corrugated iron roofs and Carib dwellings thatched with leaves of the Cohoon palm tree. When seen from the sea, this combination of white and brown houses, embowered in groups of palm, mango, orange and other tropical trees, and outlined against the blue summits of the distant mountain range, makes a picture at once novel and picturesque.

The largest and finest building in the town is, as it should be, the Catholic church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is a frame building and, though its exterior is very plain and unpretentious, its interior is really beautiful. The residence attached to the church is large and commodious and, being built facing the sea, gets the full benefit of the delightful sea breeze. The only places where, physically speaking, life is worth living are the mountains and the seashore.

The church is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers as are all the churches in the Vicariate-Apostolic of British Honduras. The mission was established by these Fathers in 1851 and they have had charge of it ever since. For a time it was dependent on Jamaica, but after some years it was attached to the English province and remained under the care of the Fathers of this province until 1894, when it was transferred to the Province of Missouri, U. S. The only member of the English province now remaining is the Rt. Rev. F. C. Hopkins, S.J., Bishop of Athribis, who is the Vicar Apostolic. During the fifty years of its existence the mission has had missionaries from almost all the countries of Europe, so that the Caribs have had great variety in the nationality of their attendant priests. Nevertheless the religious customs which prevail amongst them are almost entirely Spanish.

Services are conducted in the church in English and Spanish, as almost all the Caribs of Stann Creek know either one or both of these languages, at least after a fashion. There are three Sodalities in operation besides the League of the Sacred Heart, which has a membership of eighty adults. The first mass on Sundays is for the children and the sermon is in English. The children have been trained to sing hymns and to chant the ordinary prayers, the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed and the Acts, in English during their mass. The effect of this chanting is really grand. The first time I heard it I could hardly get through the opening prayers at mass, I found it so difficult to keep from listening to the chanting. At the High Mass the sermon is in Spanish. We have a very good choir that can render eight or nine different masses. On week days when singing is required and the choir is not at hand, the members of the congregation who happen to be present sing, without an accompaniment, an ordinary mass or the Gregorian Requiem, as may be required. They also sing the responses at funerals, the hymns for benediction, the hymns between the decades of the rosary, as is the custom here, etc. From this it will be seen that the Caribs are a musical people. They are not only fond of music, but have a special talent for it. It is really a pity that we have only a small reed organ for our fine church; if we only had a pipe organ with a good volume of sound it would do wonders in attracting the people to church. And now for something more wonderful even than congregational singing.

There is an elderly Carib woman here who fulfills pretty much

the same duties as were assigned to deaconesses in the early days of the church. She looks after the decorations of the altars and the cleanliness of the church. She directs the band of women who occasionally take up a collection through the town, and who bring to the residence besides money, a miscellaneous assortment of provisions, such as yams, cassava, eggs, starch, plantains, bananas, oranges, dried fish, etc. She leads the congregation in singing, and last, but not least, she preaches to the women in Carib. We have a society called the Sisters of the Rosary, which meets every Wednesday evening in the church. During the course of this meeting the director gives them an instruction in Spanish. When the director has left the altar after giving benediction, Norberta, that is the woman's name, stands up in her place and repeats the instruction in Carib for the benefit of those who are either ignorant of Spanish or know it but imperfectly. From the animated way in which she generally speaks, I suspect that the good old lady occasionally improves on the discourse given by the Father and adds a few shoulder hits of her own in vigorous Carib for the benefit of those whom it may especially concern. Be this as it may, Norberta is universally esteemed, and in spite of the prominent position she has held for years, remains as modest and unpretending as a novice. Good old Norberta ! when her days are numbered she will have no successor, for the necessity of an interpreter will have ceased with her useful life. Already all the younger people know English quite well, having learned it in the school, and others are learning it from them, so that the number of English-speaking people is constantly increasing.

Although Stann Creek, like the rest of British Honduras, is woefully behind the States in all that pertains to material progress, as we have no railroads, no telegraphs, no submarine cables, no electric lights or motors, no, not even illuminating gas, still we take the lead in one thing, and that is in our system of education. All the schools in the colony are religious schools in charge of the various religious denominations, and yet all of them are supported mainly by the Government. To ensure perfect fairness in the distribution of the educational fund, each religious denomination is entitled to have one of its clergymen on the school board.

Our school, which has about 250 pupils on the roll, is in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Family from New Orleans. The

Government pays 25 cents in the lower grades and 50 cents in the higher for each average daily attendance per month. The pupils are also expected to pay the small sum of 20 cents per month. With the amount thus obtained we manage to keep the schools going. As yet the Caribs are not fully alive to the advantages of education. The parents make no difficulty about sending the boys to school, but they are for the most part very backward in sending the girls. They say, what is the use of teaching girls to read and write? And really, as matters are at present, this question is rather difficult to answer satisfactorily, as the Carib girls pass from school to clearing the bush, and to planting and caring for their farms or milpas. Most of the girls never look at a book once they leave school.

Besides the ordinary or public school, as it is called, the Sisters have in their convent a select school intended for children whose parents can afford to pay for their education. The number of these is very limited in Stann Creek and none of them are Caribs. The Sisters have been here now for four years and since their coming have done much good. Their influence has not been confined to the pupils in their schools, but has gradually extended itself to many of the people and has tended to elevate their morals and refine their manners.

JEWEL.

BY MADELEINE BARRY.

JEWEL lay asleep in her little white bed in the corner of the cheerful ward. Very peaceful she looked as she lay there, a smile on the worn old face framed in its white cap, one roughened hand clasping her rosary, the brown beads of which were highly polished by constant use.

She had been in the hospital about two weeks and was entered on the register as Mary Ann Casey, but had come to be known as "Jewel," owing to use of the word as a term of endearment towards those who were kind to her.

Now she was dying, and we all knew it and were sorry, for the old woman's cheerfulness had made her liked by every one.

She herself and her husband, or the "old man," as she always called him, were the only ones ignorant of her condition,

and they both were happy in the belief that she would soon be able to return to her cottage, her fowls and her little garden.

While waiting the time of release, visiting days were marked in her calendar with a red letter.

"Nurse, jewel," she would say, "does it look a fair day? I wouldn't wish to have the old man drive in in the rain. I know he'll come, storm or shine; he feels so bad at not seeing me every day that 't isn't likely he'll miss any chance he may get. Never till I come here did I spend a night away from him, and we were married five-and-twenty year last May-day. Well I mind the dress I wore, dearie, an elegant bit o' white muslin it was, and 'twas himself that looked grand. He was a handsome lad, and sure 'tis the fine man he is to-day. Five-and-twenty years, jewel, and niver a harsh word or a black look between us, sure 'twas the Lord sent me a good man. But I'm afraid he do be missing me this two weeks since I come here. I'm thinking he'll be glad when the day comes for him to drive me home in the little cart and the two of us will be together again. No, dearie, I'm not ungrateful. This is a fine place and all have been good and kind to me, but 't isn't home, dearie, 't isn't home."

So she would talk for hours, always longing for home, always thinking of "the old man" and his goodness to her, continually living over times past and gone, but always patient and cheerful.

And when "the old man" did come! It was touching to see their affectionate greeting, the joyful pride with which they looked at each other. For the most part his visit was a silent one. He seemed content to sit and hold her hand as long as he was allowed to stay.

But one night Jewel died, peacefully and without pain, just as if she were a child going to sleep. To the end she thought only of "the old man," and her last wish was to see him once more so that she might tell him not to grieve for her. He came to the hospital the morning she died, full of hope, for he was quite confident that at last the day had come when he and the wife he loved so well would be together again.

It was some time before we could get him to understand that Jewel was dead. Not until we brought him to the ward and he saw the empty bed did he seem to realize the fact that she was really gone. Then he seemed stunned by the great blow that

had fallen on him. Taking a chair, he sat down and gazed sadly at the vacant bed where last he had seen Jewel.

He remained there in silence for about half an hour. Then he slowly left the ward. In that short time he had changed from a hearty, upright man to one who looked as if he had been crushed, reminding those who saw him of a noble old tree struck by lightning.

When he left the hospital he took the train to the little village town where he lived. There he found his little car waiting for him. Was it only this morning he had filled it with hay and fixed the cushions and the seat so that his wife could rest comfortably on her drive home? As if in a dream he got into the car and mechanically took up the reins and signified to the old donkey that he was to take the road for home. Everything seemed strange to him. He could only think that she was dead. Never, never again would he see her. Every morning he would waken up and find the little cottage silent, every midday he would come in from his work in the fields and find no cheerful greeting awaiting him, and every night would he sit in the chimney corner, to smoke his pipe alone and in silence. There would never again be any one to sit in the opposite corner, knitting with busy fingers.

He was so wrapped in his grief that he failed to notice the beauty of the autumn day. The road along which he drove was shaded with trees, on each side lay fields of ripening corn, which, stirred by the breeze, seemed to bend toward him in mute sympathy with his sorrow. From the cottages which he passed little children ran out and wished him good-day and Godspeed, and more than one passer-by inquired for his wife, for in that small village the joys and griefs of each were known to all, but for none of them had the old man any answer.

Slowly the poor old donkey mounted the long hill. He missed the usual encouraging words of his driver and perhaps may have wondered why the old man was so silent and depressed.

However, he has come near his journey's end. At the top of the hill stands the little white-washed church; there a stop is always made, for the old man in his simple piety never thinks of going by the church without a Hail Mary to the Blessed Virgin. Entering the church he kneels before Her altar and, burying his face in his hands, remains there motionless.

For a long time he stays there—so long that the sun, which

was at its height when he entered, has gone down, and the church is growing dim. So long that the birds have given up their singing and gone to their nests for the night. So long that it will soon be time to close the church, even now the old sexton can be heard going around with his keys

But for the lonely figure at the altar time is no more. His grief at the loss of the old woman was more than his heart could bear, and God, who saw that they were loving in life, did not wish that in death they should be divided, and had taken him to join her in a land where there is no parting and sorrow is unknown.

CARMELITE CONVENT AT ELTHWRUTH.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE NATIVE SYRIAN TERTIARY CARMELITE CONVENT AT ELTHWRUTH, SITUATED WITHIN THE TERRITORIAL LIMITS OF THE VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF TRICHUR, MALABAR, EAST INDIES.

THE Rev. Antony Thotunkel, a native of the parish of Kandiancadava, hearing of the establishment of a convent at Mannanam, repaired thither with the intention of studying this mode of life, and for this purpose he stayed there three months. At the expiration of that time he returned to his native church and exerted himself in establishing a similar convent in the north.

The Rev. George Coken, a native of the parish of Kalpparamt, an influential and learned priest of that time, who had been honored by the title of Malpan (formerly, among native Syrian priests, Malpans were those entrusted with the training up of candidates for the priesthood in the absence of properly constituted seminaries, as they exist now), interested himself in the project, and for this purpose convoked an assembly of the clergy and laity in the year 1848, to select the proper site for a convent, as also to devise means for collecting a fund. As a result of their proceedings, Elthwruth, the site on which the present pile of convent buildings now stands was decided upon, and a temporary house erected out of the collections then made. The above-named Malpan, also Rev. Malpans Matthew Paniculam, of Murzhikalam, Ittiera Thatchil of Kuthiathod, and other priests to the number of fourteen, formed the nucleus of the first monastic community at Elthwruth. This community established themselves at Elth-

wruth on the strength of the oral permission granted by His Grace, the most Rev. Dr. Ludovic, the then Vicar Apostolic of Verapoly ; but they were disappointed when they found that their petition to obtain a written authorization was rejected by His Grace, the most Rev. Dr. Bernardine, Dr. Ludovic's successor. Instead, they were ordered to disperse, a summons which the community obeyed as coming from God, thus showing the sincerity of their vocation. God, whose designs are inscrutable, and who disposes everything according to His good pleasure, soon granted the prayers of His convert servants.

The same venerable Archbishop Bernardine who, some time before, had opposed the monastic foundation at Elthwruth, afterwards established a convent of native Syrian monks at Mannanam, on the eighth of December, 1855, under the title of the Brethren of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. He also deputed the Very Rev. Father Kuriakos Elias, the First Prior General of the Native Carmelite Tertiaries, in February, 1858, to found a convent at Elthwruth, a mission he gladly fulfilled. At the request of His Grace, the Archbishop, the Prior General of the Discalced Carmelites in the mission, recognized the Syrian congregation as part of the first Carmelite Order, and affiliated it in the year 1861.

By the kind concession of our Holy Father, the now gloriously reigning Pope, Leo XIII, the Sacred Congregation, De Propaganda Fide was pleased, on January 1, 1885, to examine into the statutes of the Syrian Tertiaries and to approve of them for a period of six years, *ad modum probationis*.

Afterwards, by a decree issued on the 15th of December, 1887, the Holy See exempted this new congregation from the jurisdiction of bishops and appointed His Excellency the Most Rev. Dr. Andrew Ajuti, Delegate Apostolic to the East Indies, as the Prior General.

After the establishment of the convent, a seminary was erected in its vicinity. During the administration of Verapolitan Bishops the management was entrusted to the hands of the monks. Now that the seminary has been abandoned, the buildings serve the purposes of a middle school boarding establishment, in which education is imparted to seventy boarders and eighty day students, under the direction of the monks. Besides this school, they also conduct a thriving industrial school, a printing establishment, from which a goodly number of religious and other useful books are annually turned out.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CONVENT AT AMPALACAD PLACED
IN THE SAME VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF TRICHUR.

In the month of August, 1887, a charitable and wealthy layman of the parish of Ampalacad, named Thomas Sttoop Kani-chai, was instrumental in giving existence to this convent. He, with commendable munificence, made over to the monks, besides the extensive grounds on which the convent stands, 307 paras, or or about twenty-five acres of paddy growing lands, and seven lots of compounds for the maintenance of those who might dwell therein.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Leonard, Archbishop of Verapoly, laid the first stone of the present noble convent edifice, in October, 1868. It grew rapidly, owing to the generous contributions of the faithful. The present imposing structure stands on an eminence overlooking the surrounding pastoral scenery of hills and dales, of undulating fields and meadow lands.

In this convent is located the novitiate, according to instructions received from Rome.

THE THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

THERE was once a little child who was born in happy and holy surroundings. She grew up with a faith as pure and unshaken as wise and pious training could give her ; and then she reached womanhood. Throughout the years that followed she looked out on the world with eyes that expressed the hope ever living in her heart. If sorrow came, she thought, "it will be better to-morrow." If disappointment was hers, the brave young soul hoped on, and then one day she found herself a middle-aged woman.

"What shall I do?" she thought, "to make these years of my life better?" and a divine voice whispered, "cultivate the tender dew of charity."

She lived many years during which her vigor was unimpaired, a comfort to the sick and sorrowful, shedding on all some of the glory of that love which is divine and eternal.

There came a day when, with the flight of time, her cheek was withered, her eyes dimmed, and her once raven hair was snowy white.

One night she slept—her fine old face, even in repose, breathing forth the faith, hope, and charity of all her years. And then she dreamed, and in her dream she seemed to stand before her Divine Lord as she was now, an aged woman.

"Dear Master," she said, "I have lived the three score, and I would fain depart from earth and be with Thee. Wherefore must I live not only the three score, but the ten?"

"My Child," answered the Christ; "the ten is Mine, the three score is yours. I placed you on earth, a little child to learn faith, after that came hope, born in your heart in the springtime of life, then I gave you the tender gift of charity at a time when the heart is apt to wither and grow cold; and now, my child, during the ten, you must live them all—the Faith, the Hope, the Charity—for Me. Go back to earth and so stand with your face turned toward the sunset light, that no sorrow may crush, no darkness or loneliness may dim, this beautiful gift of the ten years which now that you are old, and men need not your help any longer, you are going to give to Me."

The dream passed, and morning broke, but memory remained. For ten more years she lived, offering to her Divine Lord the prayers, tears and unselfish works of all the three score years that were summed up in their perfection in her patient living of the ten. And when she died men said, very softly, "this woman lived for the good God."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

It is always gratifying to be able to report at this season of the year that the winter storms and floods have done no damage to the Shrine. As our friends are aware, it is difficult and expensive enough to improve the place from year to year without having to repair damages. Indeed, much of the debt resting on the Auriesville property is due to these repairs in the past, and it is some compensation to know that the work has been done so well that it remains intact in spite of the wear and tear of weather, and that it also adds to the beauty of the place as the years go on.

Besides clearing this debt the coming year, we should like very much to begin, if not complete, the permanent chapel or system of chapels needed for the accommodation of pilgrims to Auries-

ville. As all who have been there on a day of pilgrimage well know, *one chapel will not do*. To provide for the numerous band of pilgrims, often arriving in rapid succession from six or seven different places, at least four chapels, somewhat larger in dimensions than the present open chapel, are needed, and it is our desire and purpose to begin constructing these at once. As we have planned them they will not be costly. They will all form parts of one design, but they need not all be built at once; a part can be built without seeming to be an unfinished structure. Each chapel will resemble the open chapel now standing on the brow of the hill, and the four will radiate in the form of a cross from a central structure, in which the sanctuaries and sacristy are located. Due precautions will be taken for shelter in cooler or stormy weather, the material will be more substantial and lasting and the style more ornate than that of the present structure.

It is time now to call on our friends for aid for this new enterprise. Since last summer we have not urged them to contribute anything for Auriesville, and, in consequence, the usual monthly list of contributions has seriously fallen off. We are confident it will increase from now on, even before we issue, as we hope to do during March, a special appeal for this purpose.

To the kindness of the Rev. A. E. Jones, Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, we are indebted for a complete account of his explorations in the country of the old Huron missions. Our readers may recall that a few years ago we published some notes of preliminary explorations of these sights. Now that Father Jones has verified the principal ones and completed his maps, he has made a full report of his work, and we shall publish this in *THE PILGRIM*, beginning next month.

One to whom we owe the suggestion to have a fine, large outdoor statue of the Sacred Heart at Auriesville, writes to remind us that he is waiting to send his contribution for this purpose. Two donations of \$75.00 each have been already received, and some few smaller sums. Seventy-five dollars more will enable us to purchase a fine model heroic size, in metal strongly cast and beautifully decorated.

MISSION NOTES.

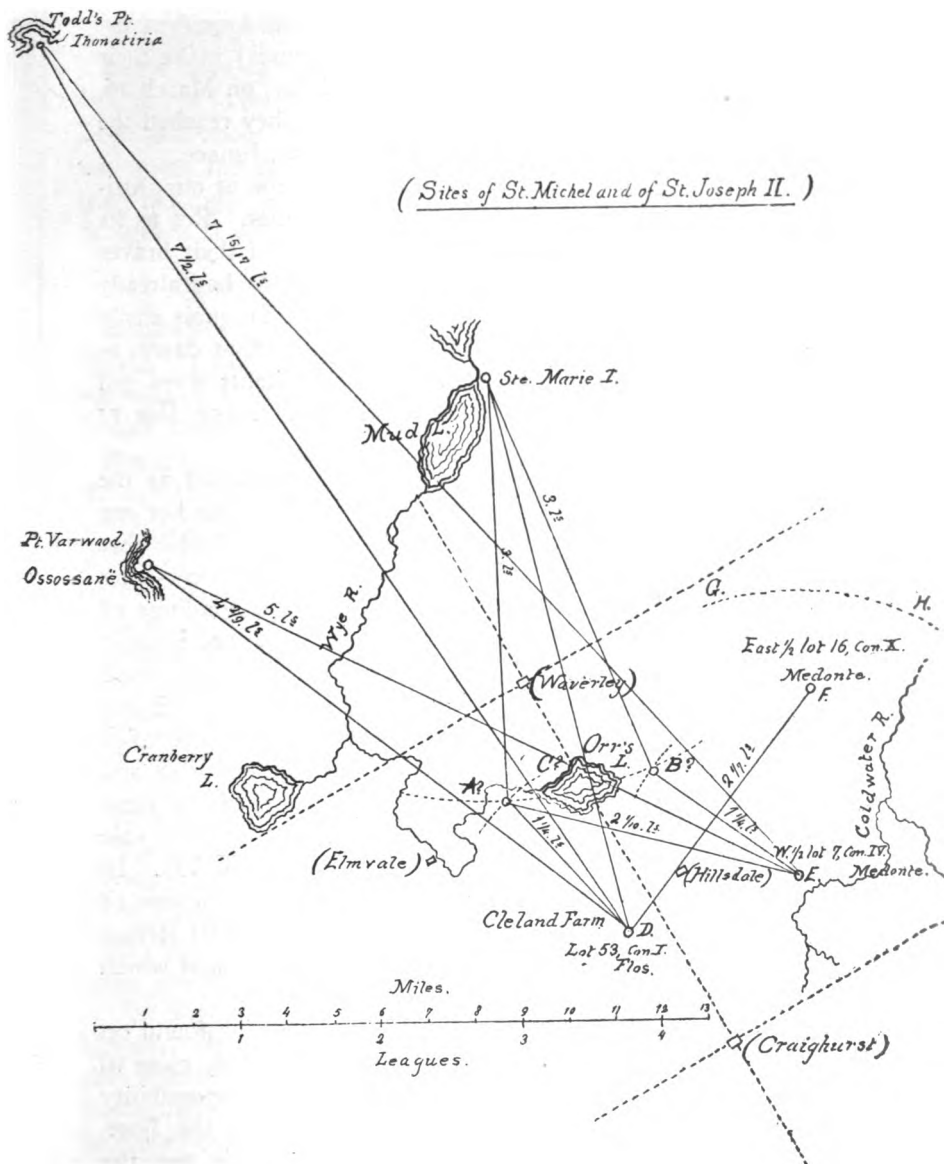
OLD GOA AND THE TOMB OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

FATHER SEWELL, S.J., thus gives, in *The Mangalore Magazine*, his impressions of Goa, once so famous in the old great days of Portugal :

“Goa is entirely denuded of houses ; it is a large plain dotted with churches. Of the town, once so flourishing, populous, and celebrated, the churches alone remain. These are in excellent preservation, in strange contrast with the desolation around. The *Bom Jesu*, under which reposes all that was mortal of St. Francis Xavier, is cruciform, 150 feet long by 50 wide, with transepts 50 feet deep. The vault which spans the nave is 60 feet high. The view, as one stands at the bottom of the church and looks towards the altar, is one of splendor, and one feels almost blinded by the mass of gold covering the end walls from base to ceiling, and the elevation of the altars six or eight feet above the floor of the nave, as is usual in Portuguese churches, adds to the effect. In the transept to the right, as you look at the altar, is the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, a monument of art and richness worthy of the great Saint who reposes in it and of the princely donors who gave it to the church. It is of precious marbles inlaid with bronze bas-reliefs of scenes in the life of the Saint and surmounted by a silver sarcophagus, highly wrought and positively sparkling with gems, in which the incorrupt body of the Saint reposes. The silver shrine appears to be about eight feet long by four or five feet wide, with sides five or six feet high, rising in the centre to a cone surmounted by a jewelled cross, the top of which must be some fifty feet from the ground. The whole is under a rich silk and gold canopy descending from a golden crown attached to the roof, displayed out and caught up in festoons over the four corners of the shrine. The effect is most impressive.

“The population of the Goanese territory are nearly all natives of India, but they are so Europeanised in their dress, manners and habits that it is difficult to realize that they are natives. The houses are like European villas—neat, clean, and furnished in good taste. I speak, of course, of the well-to-do classes. Perhaps the most striking feature of the little territory of Goa and Salsette is the total absence of any signs of other religion than the Catholic. One felt one was in a Catholic country. Not a pagoda, not a

(Sites of St. Michel and of St. Joseph II.)



More meagre of detail as to the conformation of the ground, Bressani's narrative is stronger in expression as to its powers of resistance :

BRESSANI. "So stealthily did they [the Iroquois] make their way through the forests, that, at the break of day, on March 16, without having so far betrayed their approach, they reached the gates of the first village of the Hurons, named St. Ignace.

"Its site and the fortifications constructed thereon at our instigation rendered it impregnable, at least for savages. But as its inhabitants were taken unawares, while the bulk of their braves were abroad, some bent on ascertaining if the enemy had already taken the field, others to engage in the hunt, the Iroquois easily managed to approach under cover of darkness, and, at dawn, as we have said, to effect a breach while the inhabitants were still fast asleep."—*Martin's French translation, 1852, p. 252, line 11 et ss.*

West half lot 11, concession VI, has been suggested as the probable site of St. Ignace II. Not to mention its being but one league from the Old Fort, while St. Ignace II was double that distance from Ste. Marie I, it is comparatively but a low-lying field, encircled, if you will, on three sides by the windings of Hogg River; but all resemblance to the site of St. Ignace II stops there. Though strong as a position, were it palisaded, it could never be said to be *powerfully* fortified by nature, and much less could it be termed *impregnable*. It is doubtless the once fortified site of St. Louis, and it afforded shelter, especially in 1648 and 1649, to the inhabitants of the outlying settlement of the same village, situated across the little stream on lots 10 and 11, east halves of concession VI and west halves of concession VII. In fact, the inset map of Ducreux sets down St. Louis to the east of what is now Hogg River, which on that map is the first stream counting from the one on which Ste. Marie was built, and which is now known as the Wye.

One of the reasons given for supposing the remains found on lot 15, con. IV, to be those of St. Louis (preposterously close to Ste. Marie I) was, if placed elsewhere, the assumed impossibility of seeing the flames of the burning wigwams from the Fort, owing to intervening hills. The truth of the matter is, that the vista between the hills extends not only to Victoria Harbour, but beyond, and as far as lot 11, con. VI; so that the view is quite as

much unimpeded as far as the site on Hogg River, as it would be were the site but a short quarter of a league from Ste. Marie I.

THE CORRECT DISTANCE FROM STE. MARIE I.

In the light of the old records, no reasonable doubt can be entertained as to the distance of St. Ignace II from Ste. Marie I. St. Louis was about one league from Ste. Marie I, and St. Ignace II was about the same distance from St. Louis, the three villages lying not quite in a straight line, but giving a total distance from St. Ignace II to Ste. Marie I of two full leagues.

DISTANCE OF ST. IGNACE II TO ST. LOUIS.

BRESSANI. "Three persons only managed to escape [from St. Ignace II] half-naked, and they hastened to warn the neighbouring village of St. Louis, only three miles distant."—*Martin's French Translation*, p. 254.

RELATIONS. "Three men only managed to escape, all but naked, through the snow, and spread alarm and dismay through a neighbouring village [St. Louis] about one league distant. This first village [mentioned some lines above as the first to be attacked] is the one we call St. Ignace."—*Rel. 1649*, p. 10, 2 col., line 30 et ss.

GARNIER. "When the enemy [at St. Louis] took them [the two Fathers] prisoners, they brought them to their fort, distant a league or thereabout, and made them suffer every kind of torture."—*Letter of Fr. Charles Garnier to his brother Henry*, Apr. 25, 1649.

That Brebeuf and Lalemant were taken at St. Louis is evident enough, while the following passage from the Relations renders intelligible the expression "their fort" when applied by Garnier to St. Ignace II:

"As soon as the Iroquois had dealt their blow, and reduced to ashes the village of St. Louis¹ they retraced their steps to St.

¹At first the dwellings only. See *Rel. 1649*, p. 12, col. 1, line 43.

Ignace, where they had left a strong garrison, so as to assure a safe retreat in case of mishap, and to secure the stores they had found there, which were to serve as refection and supplies on their journey homeward." *Rel. 1649*, p. 11, col. 2, line 41, et ss. We have, consequently, the best authority for saying that St. Ignace II was about one league from St. Louis.

DISTANCE OF ST. LOUIS FROM STE. MARIE I.

RELATIONS. "The enemy did not stop at this [the sacking of St. Ignace], but followed up their victory; and before sunrise their armed bands appeared before the village of St. Louis, *Rel. 1649, p. 10, col. 2, line 44*. . . . About 9 in the forenoon, from our residence of Ste. Marie, we caught sight of the flames which were consuming the wigwams of that village, *Id. p. 11, col. 1, line 10*. . . . On observing the flames and the color of the smoke that rolled up from them, we could form a correct enough idea of what was taking place; for the village of St. Louis was not more than a league distant from us." *Id. p. 11, col. 1, line 19 et ss.*

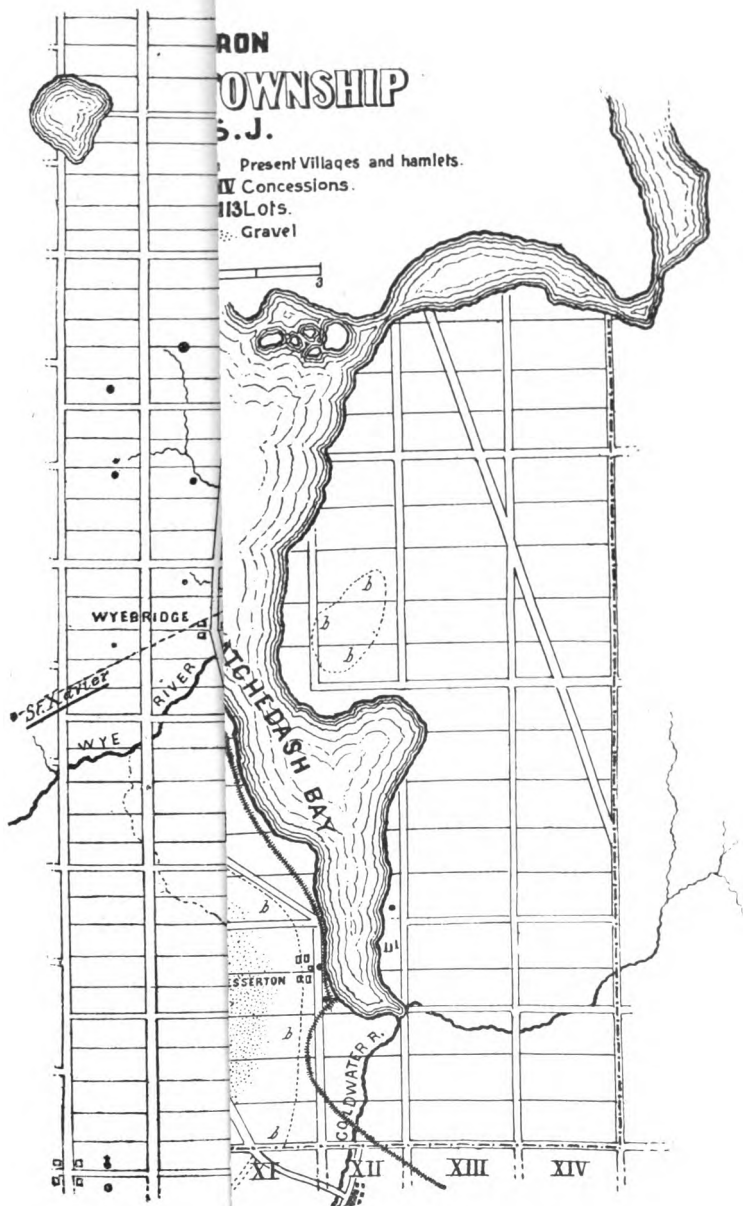
BRESSANI. "In fact, the enemy tarried at the first fort [St. Ignace] only long enough to provide for the safety of the guards and their prisoners. Thence they marched straight on St. Louis. *Martin's translations, p. 253, line 19*. . . . The whole fort was reduced to ashes. *Id. ib. line 28*. . . . The cloud of smoke which we perceived from our residence [Ste. Marie I], situated two miles¹ from it, was our first intimation of disaster, but

¹The length of the Italian geographical mile was 1,852 metres. See, sub vocab., *Dupiney de Vorepierre; Guérin, Dict. des Dict. tom. 5*, and others. soon two or three fugitives coming in confirmed the evil tidings." *Id. p. 254.*

DIRECTION FROM STE. MARIE I (OLD FORT).

With all its imperfections, the inset map of Ducreux is of incalculable worth as a guidance in identifying the Indian village sites. Without it a knowledge of their respective distances from Ste. Marie I would be of little avail, seeing that we should still remain ignorant of the direction in which they lay. To restrict ourselves to the case in hand, we see by the inset map that the bearings of St. Louis, with reference to the Old Fort, are a few points south of east, the very same bearing from the same landmark as east half lot 11, con. VI; which lot also is all but three miles distant. The usual indications of its having been a village site were more strikingly observable at one time than at present. With such evidence before us, it is not too rash to conclude that east half lot 11, con. VI, is really the spot where the village of St. Louis once stood.

But other elements enter into the determining of the direction



of St. Ignace II from St. Louis; for it must be remarked here that the St. Ignace of the inset map is certainly not St. Ignace II, in other words, not that of 1649, but rather St. Ignace I, occupying quite a different site previous to July, 1648. It would require too much space to give my reasons here for what seems a naked assertion; I hope to do so elsewhere.

The distance, as we have seen, from St. Ignace II to St. Louis was about one league. As to the direction, it may be positively asserted that St. Ignace II did not lie on an absolutely straight line passing through St. Louis to Ste. Marie I; for, this would place it in too close proximity to St. Jean, correctly marked on lot 6, con. X, Tay. This crowding was to be shunned as liable to cause friction, owing, among other things, to the need each village had of an abundant supply of wood. On the other hand, its site must have been very little out of the straight line, since another reliable document gives the entire distance of St. Ignace II to Ste. Marie as two leagues.¹ Were this measure mathematically correct, the sum of the other two distances (Ste. Marie I to St. Louis and St. Ignace II to St. Louis) must have been at least a trifle in excess of two leagues. At all events, the less the divergence from the straight line, the nearer is the approach to zero of the difference between the sum of the two distances mentioned above and the distance from St. Ignace II to Ste. Marie I.

I said that St. Jean was correctly marked, consequently it is not to be crowded out, nor placed farther north. According to Ducreux's inset map, it lay almost due east, a very little to the south, between Sturgeon and Coldwater (*or Matchedash*) Bays, a good two leagues from Ste. Marie I. Lot 6, con. X, where village remains have been found, is similarly situated, and is just two leagues and a quarter from the Old Fort. The distance "a good

¹The obituary letter of Brother François Malherbe, who died on the Saguenay Mission, April 19th, 1696, contains the following passage relating to the Brother while he was yet but a hired servant at Ste. Marie I: "He had the honour as well as the charity to carry back to us [at Ste. Marie] on his shoulders, for a distance of two leagues the charred and blistered bodies (*corps grillés et rotis*, literally, broiled and roasted) of these two religious [Brébeuf and Lalemant]." See also *La Semaine Religieuse de Québec*, June 9, 1889, p. 322; and note on Bro. Regnaut's letter by the late Douglas Brymner in *Can. Archives Report*, 1884, pg. XV, who, however, errs in stating that this took place when the remains were being conveyed to Quebec.

two leagues" is given in a passage of Relation 1740 (p. 72, col. 2, line 36). But it must be borne in mind that the St. Joseph there mentioned is not St. Joseph II or *Teamaostaiaë*, which was five or six leagues from Ste. Marie I (*Rel. 1646*, p. 79, col. 1, line 44, taken in connection with line 13, same col.), and five or six from Ossossanë (*Letter of Fr. François Dupéron, Carayon, Première Mission*, p. 172), but was merely another name for Ste. Marie I, into which both the residence of *Ossossanë* and that of St. Joseph II were merged, the former in the autumn of 1639, the latter in the early spring of 1640. (*Rel. 1640*, p. 63, col. 2, mid-way down.) The house itself really bore the name of Ste. Marie or Notre Dame de la Conception, but the chapel, that of St. Joseph (*same Rel.*, p. 64, col. 1, line 7-31). In the original rescript or brief of Urbain VIII, dated Feb. 4, 1644, and still preserved in the Archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal, the chapel at Ste. Marie I is mentioned as that of St. Joseph. That the term used is "*maison St. Joseph*" and not "*chapelle*" or "*église*" would seem to militate against this explanation were we not told very expressly in the same *Rel. 1640* (p. 63, col. 2, line 32): "and thus we now have in the whole region but one house (*maison*)," which house is spoken of all through the chapter as that of Ste. Marie I. Nothing, therefore, could be more certain than that St. Jean was two good leagues from Ste. Marie I or the Old Fort.

Admitting the position of St. Jean to be practically settled, one could not be far astray in supposing that the line from Ste. Marie I to St. Louis deflected, at the latter place, slightly to the south. St. Ignace II would, in consequence, occupy a position somewhere between and abreast of St. Jean and St. Denis,¹ at a point about two leagues, or six miles from Ste. Marie I. Lot 4, east half, Con. VII, answers all the requirements of topical configuration,

¹St. Denis is also correctly marked on the map, and the same reasons exist, as for St. Jean, for not crowding it out of place. Ducreux's inset map gives us approximately the direction from Ste. Marie I to Ste. Anne (Kaotia, i. e., Kaontia) and to St. Denis, which is south-east. The remains of two Indian villages have been found quartered in the same direction, one on east half lot 9, con. III, Tay, the other on west half lot 3, con. V, Tay. That Ste. Anne lay one league from Ste. Marie I, is an inference forced upon the reader after confronting two passages from the Relations, viz., 1640, p. 70, col. 1, line 10 et ss., with *Id.* p. 54, col. 2, line 30 et ss. As may be seen on the inset map, Kaontia lay between Ste.

distance and direction from the Old Fort. I think this is all I undertook to make good.

A DIFFICULTY REMOVED.

Concerning this location of St. Ignace II, a difficulty has been raised on account of the wording of Brother Christophe Regnaut's letter dated Caen, 1678. The passage in question runs thus: "Fr. Jean de Bréboeuf (sic) and Fr. Gabriel L'Alemant (sic) set out from our cabin (*cabane*) to go to a small town (*bourg*), named St. Ignace, distant from our cabin about a small quarter of a league, to instruct the savages and Christian neophytes of that town. It was on the 16th day of March, in the morning, that we perceived a great fire at the place to which these good Fathers had gone, etc."

Christophe Regnaut, at the time of the occurrence he describes, was one of the hired men attached to the Fort of Ste. Marie I. François Malherbe, of whom mention has already been made, was one of his companions. Born in 1613, he was then thirty-six years old. How long he had been at the Fort is not known; but a number of hired men had come up from Quebec the previous year. He left Ste. Marie I, with all the others, the year of the massacre, and, in 1650, he returned to France, where he became a lay-brother. Twenty-nine years after the occurrence, and when he was sixty-five years old, he wrote the account of the martyrdom of Brébeuf and Lalemant which is embodied in the letter. Consequently he had reached a period in life when memory often turns traitor in the matter of distances, dates and names—*experto crede Roberto*. So it need be no matter of surprise if through the haze of nigh on thirty years one all but faded name should be mistaken for another, and topographical outlines should have become blurred.

If the words *notre cabane*, in the passage quoted, really stand

Marie I and Hogg River, while St. Denis lay to the east of that stream. In *Rel. 1740, p. 71, col. 2, line 13 et ss.*, following close on a record of the occurrences at Ste. Anne, it is said that the other villages of the mission (three in number and among them St. Denis) were further from Ste. Marie than was Ste. Anne, which, as we have seen, was distant one league. All these particularities find their counterpart, respectively in the village sites of east half Lot 9, con III (Ste. Anne), and west half Lot 3, con. V (St. Denis); the former lying a short three miles, and the latter a very little over five from the Old Fort.

for Ste. Marie I, with its stone fort, its public chapel, its hospital within the palisaded enclosure, all taken together—then, not only is the passage inexplicable in itself, but it is absolutely irreconcilable with all the statements of serious men who recorded events at the time they were taking place before their eyes. Had Regnaut said “un petit bourg nommé St. Louis,” it would be less incomprehensible, for, though the measure of distance given is at variance with all other estimates, still, St. Ignace II would have found its place three miles further on. But by placing the little bourg of St. Ignace II at a spot less than three-fourths of a mile from Ste. Marie I, the village of St. Louis, which, everyone knows, lay between the two, is entirely crowded out.

Should we, on the contrary, take *notre cabane* to mean some unpretentious shelter erected, let us say, a short quarter of a league from St. Ignace II, towards Sturgeon Bay, for the convenience of the hired men, like a cabin in a sugar-bush, a woodcutter's hut, or a deer-stalker's box, then, with a little ingenuity, and without doing violence to the context, we may read some sense into the passage.

For instance, we have but to take the opening sentence down as far as “it was on the 16th day of March, etc.,” exclusively, as a preamble, giving us to understand that some days previous, while going their missionary rounds, the Fathers had called in at the “cabane” on their way, it matters little, either to St. Ignace II or to St. Louis. But before the eventful morning of the 16th the Fathers on their side had betaken themselves to St. Louis, while Christophe Regnaut and the others had returned to the Fort. All that follows in the narrative would fit in with this interpretation without the least straining or wrenching. The very form of the phrase “It was on the 16th day of March, in the morning, that we perceived a great fire, etc.,” suggests the idea that the Fathers had left the “cabane” some time before, but that it was not until the 16th that the fire was noticed.

If this explanation is deemed far-fetched, then all that remains to be said is that Brother Regnaut in this particular was simply mistaken.

THEORIES TESTED BY LOCAL OBSERVATION.

Before setting out from Coldwater, on August 15, 1902, in company of Father Nicholas Quirk, S. J., Mr. J. C. Brokovski,

barrister, and solicitor of the village, and Mr. George Hamilton (both the latter having been my companions, together with Father J. J. Wynne, S. J., in a like expedition three years previous), I was in possession of all the foregoing data concerning distance and direction. So confident was I of the soundness of the inferences drawn from the scraps of information gleaned from Bressani, Charles Garnier, Malherbe's Obituary, Ducreux's Maps and the Relations, that, taking for centre a point within and not far from the E. E. corner of lot 3, con. VII, with a radius of one mile, I traced on the map of Tay township a circle two miles in diameter. It overlapped the townline, taking in the N. W. corner of lot 24, con. VIII,¹ and the N. E. corner of lot 24, con. VII, Medonte township; and, in the township of Tay, the greater portion of lots 1, con. VII and VIII; the entire lots 2, 3, 4, con. VII and VIII; the greater portion of lots 5, same two concessions; and, finally, just the eastern ends of lots 2, 3, 4 of con. VI. If within this circle *one spot only* could be discovered, answering perfectly to the description given in Bressani and in the Relations, one might conclude indubitably that the place was none other than that once occupied by St. Ignace II.

I left ash beds, the most reliable indication of Indian occupancy, out of the count; for, plainly discernible as they are, even for years after the plough has passed over them, where villages had stood for ten, twelve, or fifteen years, it was not to be expected that such would be the case with the site of St. Ignace II. The life of the village had been too short. Two partial disasters had befallen its braves, following one on the other at an interval of a few days only (*Rel. 1648, p. 50, col. 2, line 41*), the first of which had occurred "towards the end of this winter" (*Id. p. 49, col. 2, line 38*), and forced the inhabitants to move to some other site more out of reach of the enemy and nearer Ste. Marie I (*Id. p. 51, col. 1, line 1*). As this relation, 1648, was sent down to Que-

¹It was on this spot on the map giving the "Theoretical Reconstruction of Huronia," which I contributed, in 1898, to Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites' re-issue of the Relations, that I set down St. Ignace II, a little over a mile and a quarter too far south-east. I had stretched the distance of St. Louis from Ste. Marie from three miles, as given in the old records, to three miles and two-thirds, and, correspondingly in the same proportion, the distance of St. Ignace II to St. Louis. This was done out of deference to Ducreux's map, where St. Louis is shown lying east of Hogg River.

bec from the Huron Country, April 16th, 1648 (*Id. p. 45, col. 1*), the words "towards the end of this winter" must point to the interval between Feb. 1 and April 16—say, sometime well on in March. Now, St. Ignace II was surprised and sacked March 16, 1649, so that the site could have been occupied one year only. Two hundred and fifty-three years of winter snows, spring thaws, with summer and autumn rains, would amply suffice to wash away any accumulation of ashes from the lodge fires of a twelvemonth.

On the other hand, I had seen recorded a very significant particular in one of Mr. Andrew F. Hunter's pamphlets, most valuable archæological repertories for one in search of a catalogue of those township lots, within the limits of Tiny, Tay and Medonte, which have yielded unmistakable evidences of Indian occupancy. On the farm of Andrew Brown, west half lot 4, con. VII, Tay, many iron tomahawks had been found. John Moad, who had first cleared the land, picked up no end of them, the number in his possession varying; for it is said that his shanty was sometimes covered with them, fifty or more lying on its roof at one time (*Monograph on Tay, p. 30, No. 26*). Some few relics of the kind were also found on Ira Hazelton's farm, across the concession road, that is, on east half lot 4, con. VI.

The presence of hatchets in such numbers, scattered over the surface of the ground, was a sure indication that the spot was once the scene of conflict between savage tribes. As the weapons fell from the relaxing grasp of the dying brave they were trampled beneath the snow. The spring came, and the rank weeds or the fronds of fern, in forest and glade, shrouded them from the sight of the prowling savage, until they lay securely buried beneath the decaying leaves of two centuries and a half of recurring autumns.

I candidly acknowledge that my hopes of finding what had been anxiously sought for during the last fifty years, namely, the spot which had witnessed the martyrdom of the two heroic missionaries, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, were centered on this lot 4, con. VII, Tay. In consequence, the programme of the day's outing was so arranged that an inspection of the locality was to be made as early in the forenoon as possible.

With this in mind, we shaped our way westward from Coldwater, on the old Sturgeon Bay Road, and soon our double carriage was lumbering up the eastern declivity of Rosemount Ridge. At the XI concession we struck the townline between Medonte

and Tay, which we followed in a south-westerly direction as far as the concession road running north-west between VI and VII. This ground Father Wynne and myself had already gone over twice, in May, 1899, but with unsatisfactory results, owing to a drizzly rain which not only had dampened our enthusiasm somewhat, but had shut out effectively all view of the hills any considerable distance away. But on this occasion a kind Providence favored us with delightful weather, cool for August, and with an atmosphere of faultless transparency.

We could take in all the outlines of the distant hills and every break in the ground in our nearer surroundings. There were possibilities in lot 20, concession VIII, Medonte, which were noted for further inspection should our attempts at discovery among the more north-westerly sites prove abortive. To class it among the probable sites of St. Ignace II was, I know, to stretch the measure of distance, reasonably elastic, to its utmost limit.

Lots numbered 1 of concession VI and VII, including John A. Swan's farm, showed no favourable feature. Entering on the concession road between VI and VII, and moving north-westwardly, we passed without stopping Daniel Chambers' on the right and Hector McLeod's on the left—lots 2 in VI and VII—as their appearance gave us little encouragement. Lot 3, concession VI, the farm first cleared by Mathew Campbell, Sr., and lots 3, concession VII, that of the late John Campbell, brother of Mathew senior, were just as unpromising.

We were still working within the two-mile circle, and had yet to visit two sites fronting on this concession line, one of which was on the farm of Andrew Brown, west half lot 4, concession VII, where so many tomahawks had been found, so that we were not at all dispirited by our failures so far. But it was precisely here that a great disappointment awaited us. We drove well into the farm, and though alighting, when we could penetrate no further unless on foot, we so extended our investigations as to be able to form a perfectly correct idea of the lie of the land, we recognized no single feature of resemblance to the descriptions given of St. Ignace II. For a similar reason, the farm of Ira T. Hazelton, lot 4, concession VI, was alike barren of results.

Of course there yet remained for our inspection five sites, whose approach must necessarily be made by the concession line between VII and VIII; but since, at the point we had reached,

we were more than half-way to the site of St. Louis, we determined to push on, and take in the unexplored portion of the circle on our return.

The itinerary lay north-west, by the same concession road we were on, as far as the side road between the lots 5 and 6, concession VI, over which we passed; thence again, north-west by concession line between V and VI, to side road between lots 10 and 11, into which we turned to the N. E., and entered Mr. Charles E. Newton's farm, west half lot 11, concession VI. We examined carefully the eastern bank of Hogg River, facing the defensive position of the Indian village site. The verdict, unhesitatingly given, was, that even were this village at the proper distance from Ste. Marie I, it could not claim to be *powerfully fortified* by nature, though the slope towards the stream, abrupt in some places, and extending to three sides of the position, would contribute materially to strengthen its defences. Nor could it be, as St. Ignace II was said to be, *impregnable* by its site and fortifications.

It was now getting well on into the afternoon, so putting off for the nonce a more searching examination of the western bank of the river, we repaired by the side road between lots 10 and 11 to the foot of a high plateau, which, beyond the middle of concession V, barred further progress. Here man and beast, amicably picnicking together in the shade, were refreshed. Thence we returned to the concession line, up which we drove for a short distance till fairly opposite the site. After proceeding on foot to the very edge of the slope on the west bank, and having taken into consideration all the possibilities of the locality, we confirmed our former verdict. The ultimate conclusion arrived at was, that we were standing on the site of St. Louis, the spot where Brébeuf and Lalemant had been taken by the Iroquois while engaged in ministering to the dying Hurons.

Entering once more the side road between lots 10 and 11, in concession VI and VII, and heading in a north-easterly direction, we remarked, for we were driving leisurely, the contours of the high ground where Indian remains had been found on four farms, viz., east and west half lots 10 and 11, in concession VI and VII. Soon we neared the shore of Sturgeon Bay, with Waubaushene and Tanner's Mill well in sight, and turned S. E. into the road between concessions VII and VIII.

The view of Mr. John Hamilton's farm seemed full of promise, as we toiled up the hill approaching it, but it lay a mile from the circle. Our most obliging driver, George, is the son of the present occupant and owner. He "gave a lift" to some of his little relatives on their way to the homestead, and was only too glad to have an opportunity of introducing us to his respected parent. The father, in turn, gave us all the information he could. We went over the farm, but found, alas, that it did not tally with the description in the old records.

Out once more upon the road, we continued along the same concession line and in the same direction, S. E. We had not made much headway, laboring slowly up the long ascent, when there loomed, high ahead of us, a long, even eminence, crowned with a level field of golden wheat, and lit up with a gleam of sunshine against the blue sky beyond. The tableland extended back till it blended with the plateau to the west; but to the north-west the ground fell away sharply towards the highway, as it apparently did also on the side facing us.

We were now on a level with two sites, one on either side, east half lot 5, concession VII, occupied by Mr. William Hopkins, and west half lot 5, concession VIII, of which Mr. Arthur Loney is the proprietor. Neither could lay claim to distinction of any kind, and, both were, moreover, dwarfed by the site so conspicuous ahead.

Our expectations ran high—but were we to be again disappointed? If so, there was little chance of success further on, for evidently the three succeeding sites, in close proximity—the only ones of the circle remaining unexplored—would be overtopped and commanded by the prominence that filled our vision. As well as we could judge, from our position, of the configuration of the ground, two sides answered the description. One facing the north-west was fully in view. The second, on the north-east, of which we could see but one profile, sloped precipitately towards the road, and beyond it, with a rapid fall, stretched down the valley to Sturgeon River a mile away. On these two sides it was certainly *powerfully fortified* by nature. But of the third side it was impossible yet to tell. If the precipitous descent towards the N. E. should skirt the road for any considerable distance, the configuration of the ground would not be that of St. Ignace II. Our suspense lasted until we were well abreast of the position, when

to our great relief we plainly saw that the high land sheered off abruptly towards the S. W.. A description of this part of the Campbell farm, lot 4, concession VII, for such it turned out to be, would be an exact replica of the description given by Father Paul Ragueneau, in the Relations, and confirmed by Bressani.

We were so thoroughly convinced that the spot found was in reality St. Ignace II, that we did not even alight; calmly elated, and content beyond measure, in view of the result of our day's wanderings, we decided to proceed on our way back to Coldwater while the sun was yet above the horizon. But we were resolved to return the following morning the better to examine the ground and enjoy fully the satisfaction to be derived from the certainty of our discovery.

It was not until we had returned to Coldwater, and had already gathered for a quiet chat on the various incidents of the day—not all of which have found place in this account—that we became aware of one oversight. One final corroborative fact, pointing to the identity of the Campbell farm (lot 4, concession VII) with the site of St. Ignace II, had escaped our notice; no doubt because we were too full of our find, at the time, to think of much else. Moreover, it proved an ample compensation for our keen disappointment of the morning, for it showed that, in our forenoon researches, we had not gone much astray.

The fact which had remained unnoticed was simply this: The farm of Mathew Campbell, Jr., and that of Andrew Brown were contiguous; they were east and west halves of the same lot. No wonder, therefore, that so many tomahawks were found on the latter, the only approach on the level to the gates of St. Ignace II. We are told in the Relations that it was through the weakest part of the enclosure that the enemy forced an entrance; that is, as we now know, through the line of palisades facing southwest. For many of the villagers, if not for all, this was also practically the only way of escape.

The Iroquois were clever strategists. In all likelihood they foresaw that many would escape through the opening in the stockade in the confusion and turmoil of the fearful slaughter going on within. Reserve bands would have been posted on that part of the plateau to intercept the fugitives, and bear them down, by weight of numbers, before they could reach the sheltering forests. There was no concerted action in the defence. The terrified Hu-

rons, who had escaped butchery in their wigwams, sought safety individually, after having snatched up the first weapon at hand, the tomahawk. Numbers, no doubt, succeeded in reaching the open, but only to meet with capture or certain death beyond the enclosure. How thoroughly the bloody work was done by the implacable Iroquois is evinced by the fact that three only escaped half-naked through the snows.

On the morrow, Saturday, August 16th, an auspicious day, our party of four returned by the shortest route to lot 4, concession VII, the farm of Mathew Campbell, Jr., and, by the gracious leave of the proprietor, proceeded forthwith to make ourselves better acquainted with the salient features and main outlines of the tableland, or plateau, on which the old town was perched. No site could have been better selected, none more capable of a vigorous defence. Given the usual and necessary adjuncts of any fortified position, Bressani's one word "impregnable" is the fittest to convey an idea of its strength.

Its strongest side was that facing the present road, where the slope toward the concession line is broken midway by another terrace before reaching the highway, rendering possible, on that side at least, a first line of defense, in full view and commanded by the second on the crest of the hill. On the two other sides, one facing the north-west, the other the south-east, the escarp gradually becomes less precipitous. Towards the south-west the position offers no natural advantages; but, with the other sides secure, it could have been made to present quite a formidable front, with converging, flanking fires¹ provided for in laying down the line of the palisades.

This part of the farm has, to all appearances, been a long time under cultivation, and for that reason, no doubt many of the sharper lines have been rounded off by plough and harrow, or by the washing down to the lower level, by rainfalls, of the upturned soil along the slopes.

¹The Fathers had shown the Hurons the advantage in fortification of bastion, gorge and curtain. I find the following example of the use of the adverb *Vis-a-vis* in Father Potier's Huron Grammar (p. 72, 1. col. midway): *Etiontenroketas d'eeias*, en tirant v. g. d'un bastion, on aura vis-a-vis ceux qui seraient le long de la courtine. . . . on rasera toute la courtine en tirant. . . . ab *oketi* tirer droit—"in firing v. g. from a bastion, those along the curtain will be in front of you. . . . the curtain will be swept in firing. . . . from *oketi* to shoot straight."

We could not without serious damage to the standing grain attempt to reach the very brow of the hill where the declivity is steepest, but from where we stood we had a commanding view of the Rosemount Ridge, towards the east and south-east, and the eye plunged deep into the sombre valley of the Sturgeon that lay at our feet.

As a look-out, for the child of the forest, grown familiar with the ways of the wilderness, and with his keen vision sharpened still more by his daily contact with nature in her every mood, the site of St. Ignace was a near approach to the ideal. And had it not been for the innate apathy of the Huron, of which Brébeuf time and again complained, St. Ignace, instead of falling an easy prey to the enemy, might have proved the bulwark of the nation. But he lacked the vigilance of the Mohawk and the Seneca, and paid dearly for allowing himself to be lulled into the quietude of a false security.

Turning towards the north and north-east, the eye ranged over the waters of Sturgeon Bay and the greater Matchedash, and took in a wide stretch of country in the Muskoka district, while, a little further east, it swept over Gloucester Pool, the mouth of the Severn and no small extent of the North (or Black) River Valley. But all these local advantages, as rehearsed above, all the charms of the panorama, which unfolds itself before the gaze of one standing on the site of St. Ignace, might well be dismissed from thought with a passing note of admiration, were not memories of a far higher order of excellence woven round it. Vastly grander visions of the beautiful and sublime in nature are to be met with within the confines of this great Dominion, and in an endless variety of kind, from the beetling crags of Trinity Rock, the towering mass of Cape Eternity on the Saguenay, to the fairy scenes of enchanting beauty in the Islands of the St. Lawrence: from Niagara, with its deafening roar of waters plunging to depths unknown, to the silent solitudes of the Selkirks, whose glittering peaks cleave the very clouds above—all these and others, surpass it immeasurably either in majesty of outline or in perfection of detail.

But no spot on the wide expanse of this continent was hallowed by a nobler sacrifice for the Master than was consummated on this hill-top a few acres in extent, and which lay for two centuries and a half lost in the recesses of the forest. There where we were

standing, stood, long since, two Christian heroes whose life ebbed slowly away amidst unspeakable torments. Unlike the martyr's of old who stood in the great amphitheatres of Rome, awaiting death from the wild beasts of the arena, they had no friends among the onlookers to encourage them by voice or gesture. They stood alone in the wilderness of the New World with a few neophytes, sharers in their sufferings, among a howling band of savages, more ferocious than lion or leopard. And as the flames curled round their blistering and lacerated limbs, the smoke of the sacrifice ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

AURIESVILLE gives way to the site of Brébeuf's and Lalemant's martyrdom this month. Our readers will follow Father Jones' account of his explorations with great interest. Meantime we note with pleasure that friends of the Shrine are beginning once more to contribute towards it. If this be done before the issue of our appeal, we may hope for a handsome return after its issue.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. C., Troy, N. Y.	.50
Miss G.	\$5.00
J. D., Troy, N. Y.	.50
"A Client" for the Statue of the Sacred Heart	2.00
M. McK., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
J. F. B., National Military Home, Ind., for new Chapel	1.00
Anon., Phila., for the Statue of the Sacred Heart	75.00
S., Phila.	20.00
J. S., Phila., for Lamp	50.00

JOHN AND SALLY.

BY VIOLET BULLOCK-WEBSTER.

PART I.

HE was not like other beggars : in fact I feel sure that had fortune dealt less unkindly with John Treherne he would never have been a beggar at all. But when artists get tired of painting you as Abraham, and no one will buy your bootlaces in the street, what can you do but go from house to house asking the cook for rags and rabbit skins, "and a stray copper to get a night's lodging, if the kind lady has one to spare?"

It was in this way many years ago that I first made John's acquaintance, but not until one afternoon when I was painting a water-color sketch of his grand head, in a friend's studio, did I hear of "his old woman."

During a ten minutes rest we persuaded him to tell us the story of his life.

In the days of his youth he had married a wife with golden hair, but ten years back she fell into the river and was drowned. Her hair had been so beautiful that fashionable ladies were always offering to purchase it, but no amount of money ever tempted Mrs. Treherne to cut it off. It still looked lovely when she had been taken out of the water, and laid in her coffin ; and the ladies came again, begging John, before it was too late, to exchange that golden hair for coin of the realm ; but he was obdurate : his wife had said that she would never part with it as long as she lived, and he would not deprive her of it now that it was all she had to take down with her to the grave. He wept a little as he told the story—his life's romance.

Who would have dreamed that behind those rabbit skins and bootlaces there shone a memory of golden hair ?

When he had finished crying he wiped his eyes, and said that he must not complain because "his old woman was very good to him," from which we gathered that he had married

again. She came to my church, he said, and he thought that I must know her well by sight : she wore a bonnet and shawl, and she could not keep her head still ; but even this lucid description failed to recall the lady to my mind ; so I invited him to bring her to tea with me on the following day. She could not sit as a model, he said, on account of her head wabbling about, and he did not know if she would come to tea because she hadn't any tea-party clothes. I assured him that I should much prefer to see her in her accustomed bonnet and shawl, but he still seemed doubtful about it, and said he'd ask her.

As it happened Sally did not care about going out to tea. She dealt in white tape and calico buttons, and it struck her as being more consistent with her line of business to call at my door next morning, and ask if we would please to buy something out of her basket as she was a poor lone widow woman and wanted a few pence to get a bit of food.

My maid, not having at that time been properly instructed in the manner of receiving beggars, told her to go away, and shut the door.

"The poor lone widow woman" did not strike her as identical with John's wife who was coming to tea ! I guessed the state of the case at once, ran after Sally and remonstrated ; but she was quite unabashed.

"I sometimes do, and I sometimes don't," she said. "You see there are many who'll give me a penny if I say I'm a widow woman."

During that first conversation I must confess that Sally did not impress me favorably, and some months passed before either John or his "widow woman" crossed my path again. Then, one winter day, I met him outside the work-house gates as he was leaving two little parcels of tea and sugar with the porter. Sally had gone into the house, he said, and he had saved a few coppers out of his rabbit skins to buy her a present. His devotion touched me, and his tears still more. It was lonely without Sally, he said, she was his only friend.

His only friend !—and those iron gates between !

We walked home slowly together talking of ways and means, out-door relief, the price of rooms, life, loneliness, friends, and

relationships in general ; and then at last I understood that Sally was his cousin and not his wife, but that they shared their Sunday dinner and their luck—if ever they had any.

Her room cost four-pence a night, and the Board would give her two shillings a week out-door relief, " If I would speak for her," and then with two shillings more, and what she could make selling buttons, she would be able to get along all right. So I promised two shillings a week, and to speak to a member of the Board of Guardians. What else could one do. Is not life lonely enough at the best of times, and happiness too rare ? Fancy being able to make two human beings perfectly happy with two shillings a week !

Back went John, in the highest spirits to the work-house to get " his old woman " out, and in the course of the next few days Sally came herself to thank me.

We got to know each other better after that, and she took to coming home with me every Sunday after Mass to give me an account of her week's doings. If anything of unusual interest happened she would repeat it Sunday after Sunday, until all the facts of the case were thoroughly impressed upon my mind. There was a certain petticoat *with a wide hem* which a lady had given her, and which had to be displayed week after week for my edification, that the width of its hem might be proportionately admired. I had worn petticoats with wide hems all my life, but never, till Sally taught me how, did I regard it as a matter for especial thankfulness. In a " Diary of Mercies," à la Frances Ridley Havergal, when all other sources of gratitude fail one might always have recourse to the width of one's petticoat hem.

Thankfulness was the key-note of Sally's character. She often told me that she did not believe anybody in this world was as happy as she : God was so good to her.

I never arrived at many details of her private life. Her mother had brought her over on her back from Ireland, but although she had remained ever since in this land of education she had never learned to read or write. She had a sister, however, who could write a letter in England, *or anywhere*, which struck Sally as an almost incredibly clever performance,

and she seemed much delighted when I assured her that I could easily believe it.

John had had a little education also, and he could read a sentence or two if it was printed very big and plain. Sally did so want him to learn the "Hail Mary," but he could not cope with the small print in the penny catechism, and she thought it would be the best plan for me to write it out big and black. Of course I fell in with her idea, and handed over the two sentences to John that afternoon, to Sally's great delight.

Whenever I met her afterwards I used to ask if he had managed to learn it, and she invariably replied, "He's getting on bonny."

She was a hopeful soul! She used to teach it to him, and he used to learn it by himself in every spare moment, and after a month or two he got the first two words right off by heart! He could say the Lord's Prayer straight through without any trouble, because he had learned it when he was a boy, but with the utmost application he never seemed to be able to get beyond the opening words of the Angelical Salutation, with which, and his good intention, I am quite sure our Lady must have been content.

At first, Sally felt a little anxious about it, because, she said, it slipped off her tongue of itself as she walked along, and she did so want John to say it too. But in the course of the winter she reconciled herself to the inevitable. It didn't do to worry about anything, she said, if she once got down she should never get up again, and worrying kept one awake at night. When she felt it coming on she used to say, "Oh my Saviour, take this woeriting fit off me." "My Saviour's very good to me," she said, "He always sends me friends, and I see Him smiling at me as I go to sleep."

She kept her rosary tied up in a bag in her capacious pocket, and said a decade "for her friends" every night. Her faith was very simple and quite satisfying. Her world was divided into Catholics and Protestants, and when I asked her once to whom she sold her buttons, she said, "why to Protestants, to be sure!" One of her favorite recollections was "when my good

man lay dying, he said to me, 'Sally, never lose your creed, and I never have.'

But with all her love for the Catholic Church, she found it very difficult to reconcile herself to the thought of the religious life for me. When I broke to her that I was going away to be a nun she implored me to wait a little till the Almighty called her, and although I promised to leave her two shillings a week with a mutual friend she was by no means consoled.

In less than a year I returned and she greeted me with "my Saviour always hears my prayers, I prayed to Him to send you back again." Until that moment I had not understood the collapse of my vocation, and it was a great comfort to know that my failure was only due to Sally's prayers.

Our weekly chats began again; the old, black bonnet had to be retrimmed and brushed (I am afraid that nobody brushed it since I went away), and a new pair of boots had to be purchased. Sally disdained the offer of an old pair of mine. "I've such a *little* foot," she said. That was her one weak point, and I used to try to admire it to please her, although I should never have guessed that it was either small or pretty if she had not told me so. She sat in an arm chair, with a toe peeping out from beneath the wide hemmed petticoat, and fell back quite naturally into our conversations of twelve months ago; touched lightly on her mother and Ireland, dwelt lovingly on the last words of the late Mr. Madden, admired my inlaid secretaire, because it reminded her of her sister who could write, and ended up by telling me that she always enjoyed coming into my sitting-room because it felt so home-like; but I ought to have a pot of musk to scent it. She tried in vain to beg a bit from her customers, and at last I had to invest two-pence in a pot to satisfy her.

She also took the most maternal interest in the wall flowers in my front garden, and was so dreadfully afraid lest some one passing by might turn in and pick them that once, when I was away for a couple of days, she went in and picked them all herself and gave them to my maid to put in water, never dreaming that I might prefer the remote possibility of losing my flowers to the certain loss! According to her lights

she was very thoughtful. She brought me a turnip one Sunday and said that if I put a bit of bacon in with it and boiled it for a very long time it would make me a *beautiful* dinner. I followed her directions and enjoyed it very much, but my maid could not bring herself to forget that it *was* a turnip.

I am afraid that she never got genuinely fond of Sally as I did. There were certainly two ways of regarding her: one might see only a dirty old beggar woman with a wabby head, or one might behold the beauty and simplicity of a grateful soul.

I ceased to notice the movements of her head after a while; in fact, I almost think that it must have given up wobbling, but as time went on it became exceedingly troublesome to its poor old owner in another way. It took to getting giddy, Sally told me, and went round and round inside, and sometimes even prevented her from knowing what she was about. But then she was "in her eighty-four" and must expect something.

For two Sundays she was unable to go to Mass. During the third week John came to tell me that they had taken her to the Infirmary; and he was going in too.

He had had no luck lately; his bronchitis troubled him dreadfully of a night, and his feet were so swollen that he had been obliged to cut his boots in slices. I asked him if there were anything that I could do to make his life more bearable, and he thought an ounce of black tobacco, an apple or two to keep his mouth moist and a packet of cough lozenges would cheer him up a bit. And Sally would like sponge cakes and tea and sugar every week. Sundays and Tuesdays were the visiting days, and they would let him see his old woman then. That was the one bright spot still left in his darkened world.

I was there the first time they met. It was a picture. Sally's wrinkled face looked so clean and peaceful in her white frilled cap, and John's blue canvas suit set off his weather-beaten skin.

"Well, Sally," he said, holding out his hand; and then he sat down by her bed and cried and cried.

"Well, John," said she, turning her face quickly into the pillow to hide her sobs.

Any casual observer would have imagined that they were both unutterably miserable; but Sally reassured me a few minutes later by saying that she was particularly happy and comfortable, and as for John, he was far better off than he would ever be outside. "Meat and potatoes for my dinner every day, two blankets *double* on my bed and lying by the fire night and day! I couldn't get that if I wasn't here!"

Her thankful spirit had not deserted her. The nurse was very kind, as a rule, and said: "Well, my dear, how are you?"

"But she won't be put upon, nor she won't be asked three or four times for the same thing," added Sally, at which I was not surprised.

Perhaps she had been trying the effect of importunity one other day, when she informed me, in a whisper, "that the nurse was 'snappy.'"

I told her I thought that we were all out of sorts sometimes, and as for myself I knew I was "snappy" occasionally; but Sally would not be pacified so easily.

"I never am," she said, "I'm always the one way."

"Oh Sally!" interrupted John, "I mind when you've been snappy to me."

"I don't think so—I can't remember it," said Sally, shaking her head; but John, considerably cheered up as the recollection of by-gone days flashed back upon him, continued, "I mind when we were turnip-hoeing, and I used to get ahead of you, when you found you could'nt keep up you used to get very snappy. I've laid the hoe down many a time and come back to help you."

"I can't remember it," said Sally, but she was very pleased all the same, and I left them gaily chatting over their joint labors of forty years ago. They had forgotten my presence, they had forgotten that they were in the infirmary, they had forgotten how old they were—forty years seemed as yesterday—and their spirits were back in the fields again, John hoeing amongst the turnips, and Sally "singling of them out" as she followed him on.

I had wondered what they would find to talk about on visiting days, and now I knew . . . and understood . . .

and left them together. Very soon it would be time for John to go back to the men's side of the infirmary, very soon it would be time for Sally to go up to the Saviour who had always heard her prayers.

PART II.

"Now Sally's gone I've no one in the world but you to turn to," said poor old John, with a sob in his voice, the first time he came to see me after the funeral. His eyes were full of tears, and his whole frame shook, so without paying any attention to his statement that he was not hungry, I led him into my little kitchen, and made him sit in an arm-chair by the fire, whilst I warmed up some soup. When he had done ample justice to it we went into a sheltered corner of the garden for a chat. "I didn't want anything—only just to talk to you," he had repeated several times; but he was not yet quite able to command his voice, so I judged it best to drop a few stitches in my knitting, and let him see how entirely absorbed I was in picking them up, whilst he took his own time to collect his thoughts.

Of course it was only natural that he should be miserably unhappy after suffering such an irreparable loss, but even beyond his sorrow for his "only friend," it struck me that something was weighing on his mind. Had I possessed Sally's intuitive sympathy I should undoubtedly have divined the cause, and I deplored my inferiority to her in this respect. In the presence of John's overwhelming grief my powers of consolation seemed sadly limited. However, on discovering that he felt utterly incapable of opening the conversation I tried to cheer him with the thoughts of Sally's happiness and well-earned reward. I spoke of the vision of God, the glory of the saints, the beauty of the angels, the songs of thankfulness and praise. He listened eagerly, and seemed to be waiting to pounce on something which he knew would come.

"That's it!" he cried, when I mentioned music as a necessary part of the Heavenly environment. "That's what I'm troubling over. Sally never could abide music; she always said it made her head ache; and they tell me it will be going

on all the time up there." He seemed greatly concerned on her account. "I'm always thankful when it stops myself," said he, "but I was never anything to Sally. There was a man down Meeting Alley learning the concertina, and he used to play it regular of an evening, and at last Sally got so that she was up and off in a moment directly he began."

"And I do not wonder," said I, "the sound of it must have got upon her nerves." It was difficult to refrain from smiling at the picture he had conjured up! "But the music in Heaven will not be in the least like that. It is so beautiful that people would like to come from miles away to listen to it—entirely different to that concertina which the man used to practise on."

John still looked rather doubtful, so I reminded him how fond Sally had been of Benediction, and the Church music, in which she always joined.

"She was a wonderful woman for her Faith!" said he, "the Lord bless Sally." He found great comfort in the thought of praying for the repose of her soul, although his *De Profundis* could only shape itself in this simple form. Anything more than a mere ejaculation he realized would be beyond him, so I said the *De Profundis*, and he said "The Lord bless Sally," many times.

He seemed to be getting quite easy in his mind towards the close of the afternoon, and I was rather taken aback when, on holding out his hand to say "Good-bye," he suddenly burst into tears again, exclaiming, "I should be all right if it wasn't for that music. I can't abear the thought of Sally having a headache, and whenever I think of her in Heaven I seem to feel that concertina going through my head."

Something must be done at once, I saw, to make the word "music" associate itself with pleasanter impressions in his mind. I resolved to try the effect of the Litany of Loretto, to a beautiful old Dominican melody, which we used to sing during recreation in the Noviceship. In my own darkest days it had never failed to bring me peace and hope, and I besought our Lady to obtain the same graces for John. Begging him to remain a little longer, I ran into the house for my guitar.

The plan succeeded admirably: the soothing tone, the occa-

sional arpeggio chords, the frequently repeated petition, which I kept sending up to Heaven on his account.

"Ora pro nobis!" he murmured, or something which sounded very like it, when the Litany was finished. "That's beautiful!"

"That is the kind of music which Sally loves," said I, "and we may feel quite sure that now our Lord only lets her hear what she likes best."

"You are certain that she won't ever have to listen to that concertina being played up there?" he asked, anxious to have his fears entirely laid to rest.

I took upon myself to affirm unhesitatingly that no one was ever allowed to practice the concertina up in Heaven; and with the promise that I would sing to him again next day, John went away, quite happy for the night.

It became our constant custom after that to sit amongst the flowers in my garden, on fine afternoons, and sing the Litany to the guitar, and although he never asked for any explanation of the words, it was evident that they suggested a higher and happier train of thought.

"I want to be like Sally," was at last the outcome of his meditations.

"A Catholic?" suggested I.

"You're right. I'm not for this world very much longer, and when it pleases the Almighty to take me, I want to go to her, . . . but I don't know the way. He broke down over the last sentence. The impossibility of finding that road, along which she had traveled so steadily, seemed to overwhelm him with despair. "I want to go to Sally," he repeated, "and I know she would have wished me to, but do you think I could ever be a Catholic?"

"Of course you could," said I; "at heart you already are one, and you have only got to ask Father Dwyer to instruct you and receive you into the Church."

It never occurred to me that he would act immediately on my advice, and I fully intended to prepare the priest for John's simplicity and child-like faith.

However, he was so very much in earnest that he lost no

time in going round to the presbytery directly he left me that afternoon, and finding the charwoman busy cleaning the hall, he broached the subject with what seemed to him tact and discretion. He told me all about it afterwards, and seemed very hurt at the charwoman's behavior. He had only asked if she would see if the Father wanted any mohair boot laces, and she up and shut the door in his face without so much as answering him a word. No, he would never go to the presbytery again so long as he lived ; he didn't believe he could ever bring himself to do it, after being treated like a dog at the first start off.

The recitation of his wrongs, when repeated by me, touched Father Dwyer's very tender heart. Referring to Mahomet and the mountain, he said that it was obvious he should have to come to John.

So he came one afternoon, when we were singing our Litany, and tapped with his stick upon my garden door just as we reached the words "*Regina Patriarcharum.*"

John rose at the sight of the venerable priest, and stood, cap in hand, fingering it nervously ; but the Father treated him as though they were already the best of friends, and begged that the Litany might be finished. John's momentary embarrassment gave place to a feeling of intense security as we all sang together, and the familiar Latin words paved the way to a long and intimate conversation. I do not know exactly what they talked about, because when I saw how well my guests were getting on, I suddenly remembered that I must write a letter to catch the six o'clock post, and begged them to excuse me.

When I had finished that one necessary letter I wrote five more and went through all the week's accounts, yet still on looking out of window I saw their chairs side by side and their two white heads bent close together in earnest consultation.

It seems that they began to talk about rabbit skins and boot laces and ended concerning Sally's rosary. I had an account of it afterwards, both from Father Dwyer and from John. The latter told me triumphantly that Father Dwyer was always wearing out his laces and at the very moment of their introduction stood in need of several pairs, moreover, the sort that

John kept in stock exactly suited his requirements ; whilst as for rabbit skins it so happened that the priest was going to have rabbit pie for dinner on the following day and he promised if John would call for the skin he would open the door himself and give it to him.

John did not tell me that he had implored the Father to take possession of Sally's rosary and that they had arranged to say it together every evening, John undertaking the Our Fathers and the priest the rest. I learned this later when I was beginning to wonder why he came so seldom to see me now. His instructions in the Faith occupied all his leisure time. Vague rumors reached me of the Father never having anything but rabbits for dinner in order to supply John with their skins. His congregation, who were all devoted to him, delighted in making the good priest's hospitality and frugal fare the subject of a little kindly chaff and he had never been able to defend himself since that momentous occasion when Lady Stirling, on bringing her offering of flowers for the altar, found him quite happy in the kitchen toasting his one and only kipper for a hungry tramp.

John took to him at once. They were just like brothers, he told me he had never known anyone but Sally with whom he felt so much at home. And on at length receiving the Sacrament of Baptism at the Father's hands he prepared to die content. He had no desire to live long after his reception into the Church and a serious attack of influenza hastened his journey to a better world.

His first Communion, which was also his last, was, he told me, the happiest moment of his life. He seemed to feel his Saviour smiling at him as He used to do at Sally. There were no longer any doubts in his mind about his being able to rejoin her in Heaven. Father Dwyer had shown him the way.

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XIX YEAR.

MAY, 1903.

No. 5.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPLORATION.

II.

DISCOVERY OF EKARENNIONDI OR THE STANDING ROCK OF THE PETUNS.

BY REV. A. E. JONES, S.J.

IT was said, in the beginning of these notes, that the second satisfactory result of last summer's researches was the finding of the "Rock that Stands Out," or the "Standing Rock," *Ekarenniondi*, from which the Petun village of St. Mathias took its name; the position of which was to furnish us with a clue to the whereabouts of *Etharita* or *St. Jean*, another Petun village, where Father Charles Garnier was massacred.

Great as are the difficulties which beset the chartographer of oldtime Huronia in his attempts at reconstruction, they take on the proportions almost of an impossibility when he turns his attention to the region once occupied by the Petun or Tobacco Nation. There is, in the former task, an all-important, helpful element entirely wanting in the latter, that is to say, a starting point, or landmark, whose position on the map is determined beyond all dispute, namely, Old Fort Ste. Marie I. What Ste. Marie I is for the chartographer of the Huron country, *Ekarenniondi* once determined with certainty would be and would stand him in the same stead, in mapping out the home of the Petun. And though the available data are much more scanty than when there is question of locating the Huron villages, one very desirable result, at least, may be achieved in finding the exact site of *Etharita*, which contains the yet undiscovered grave of its devoted missionary. (*Rel. 1650, p. 10, 1 col.*)

TWO MUTUALLY SUPPLEMENTING PASSAGES.

For information we naturally turn to the old records. In the Relations *Ekarenniondi* is not mentioned in connection with the village of St. Mathias ; but Charles Garnier, in a letter to his brother, dated April 25, 1648, gives us the following particulars :

" My Superiors have sent me with one of Ours, named Father Garreau, to a new mission (in the Petun Nation), which we have called the Mission of the Apostles. . . . Father Garreau is to instruct the Algonquins and I the Hurons. . . . Wherefore, we both took up our station in a town made up of Hurons and Algonquins. . . . The devil brought about a rupture between the Hurons and Algonquins by means of a murder. . . . It was an Algonquin who was slain. . . . The Algonquins blamed the Hurons and then withdrew from the village called *Ekarenniondi*, where they had been living together, and joined another Algonquin nation two days' journey from *Ekarenniondi*. . . . Since last summer Father Garreau and myself have concluded to concentrate our efforts principally on two Huron towns, which are four leagues apart, the one named *Ekarenniondi*, dedicated to St. Mathias, the other *Etharita*, dedicated to St. Jean l'Evangéliste." (*Contemporaneous MS. copy, p. 99 ; Recent copy, p. 84, St. Mary's College Archives*).

On the other hand, in the Relations, though the Indian name is not associated with any town, it is with a certain rock standing on the confines of the Petun Nation, I translate the passage from Brébeuf's Relation, dated Ihonatiria, July 16, 1636 :

" One day I asked one of our savages where he thought the village of the [departed] souls was. He answered that it lay in the direction of the Petun Nation, that is to say, towards the west, eight leagues from us, and that some had seen them as they journeyed on ; that the road they followed was wide, and pretty well beaten, and that they passed near a rock which they [the Hurons] called *Ecaregniondi*, which is often found embellished with the paint with which they are wont to daub their faces." (*Rel. 1636, p. 105, 1 col., Quebec edition ; Vol. 10, p. 145, Cleveland edition.*)

TWO FORMS OF THE SAME WORD.

In Garnier's *Ekarenniondi* and Brébeuf's *Ecaregniondi* we have two names resembling each other in sound sufficiently to awaken

conjecture as to their identity, yet sufficiently unlike orthographically to preclude this, their identity being taken for granted. A word or so of explanation will not, therefore, be out of order.

Brébeuf, in writing for those unfamiliar with the Huron language, always wrote the word so that it would be pronounced correctly by a Frenchman, or as nearly so as possible. Garnier, in the present case, wrote the word as it should really be written. If we consult Potier's rules on the pronunciation of the Huron letters (*Grammar*, p. 1), we find this direction under the letter "i": "Si coalescit in unam syllabam cum præcedentibus vel *d*, vel *t*, vel *k*, vel *n*, et *i* sit purum [i. e., followed by another vowel], fit quasi liquefactio in pronuntiando, v. g.: *andia* [initial *a* with iota subscript] dic *ianguia*; *hatakiak* loquitur, dic *hatakiak* . . . *eannionk* [both initial vowels with iotas subscript] je fais chaudière, dic *ïiagnionk*, *gn* ut Galli agneau; *onnianni* bene dic *ongiandi* vel potius *ongiandi*."

In *Ekarenniondi* the first "i" is preceded by an "n" and followed by another vowel, hence the proper pronunciation will be "*Ekaregniondi*, the "gn" being liquid as in the French word *agneau*, lamb.

As for the difference in the spelling of the second syllable, it is more apparent than real, the *c* in *car* being hard, while we are informed by Potier (*Gram.*, p. 1) that "k et X" [Greek chi] sonant ut kh, v. g. X a, hic, hæc, hoc, dicitur Kha."

MEANING OF THE WORD.

As most Indian names are descriptive, we are prompted by sheer curiosity—which, however, may take a practical turn—to look up its signification. Here again we find two forms, for both *Ekarenniondi* (with a diminutive *d* over the second *n*) and *Ekarendiniondi* are given. The former is to be found in the shorter list of Huron roots in Potier's *Grammar* (p. 143, 1 col. No. 80) as the first derivative from *iondi*; the latter, in the more exhaustive catalogue, compiled in 1751, by the same author (p. 237, No. 28), where it also is given as the first derivative from *iondi*, which latter occurs only in compound words. The meaning is "être étendu, s'étendre, s'avancer en pointe, en long," to be extended, to stretch out, to project or stand out in a point, in length; though *iondiati*, with a diminutive "g" over the "d," is set down separately as meaning "étendre en long" to extend in length.

The compound word is translated "là où il ya une pointe de rochers qui s'avance" there where there is a point of rocks which projects or stands out.

Through the kindness of the Abbé Lindsay, of Quebec, I had the good fortune, some time ago, to have at my disposal for a few hours the French-Huron dictionary, belonging, I believe, to Rev. M. Prosper Vincent, of Charlesbourg. Under the word "Pointe" I found "*iondi* in compositione, *Ekarenniondi*, à cette pointe de roche" at that point of rock. And I take it that peak, pinnacle, or spur of rock, would be quite in keeping with the sense.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD.

Now should we wish to try our hand at decomposing *Ekarenniondi*, which is a word compounded of *EXa ârenda* (initial *a* with a circumflex accent and an iota subscript) and—*iondi*, the meaning is rendered, if possible, clearer still.

EXa, an adverb of place, which is translated by Potier, (Gram. p. 68, 1 col.) "hic, huc, hac, hinc," here, hither, in this place, hence.

"*Ârenda*, rocher, roc" (*Radices Huronicæ*, Potier, 1751, Pg. 292.)

—*iondi* (Gram. p. 143, 1 col. No. 80, and *Rad. Hur.* 1751, p. 237,) with the meanings already given above.

Consequently *EXa-ârenda-iondi* would mean "Here the rock stands (or juts) out." In accordance with the rules given by Potier (Gram. p. 66), it is reduced to its proper form:—"R. i., Substantivum semper præit. R. 2. Ultima vocalis substantivi perit. et consonans adjectivi vel verbi [verb], quæ initialis est, eliditur; sive (quod idem est) perit vel ultima primi verbi [word] littera, vel prima littera secundi verbi [word]."

FX(a)arend(a)iondi, *Ekarenniondi*, which, as we have already seen is the equivalent of *Ecarenniondi* or "The Standing Rock."

Having thus satisfied ourselves that Brébeuf and Garnier were using the same word; and recalling the fact that, as a general rule, names of Indian villages are suggested by some topographical feature, or by some historical event, which has rendered the place famous; we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the site of St. Mathias or at least its immediate vicinity, is marked by some monumental rock; a rock of exceptional formation, something out of the common, remarkable enough to strike the

fancy of the savage ; a rock jutting out of a bank, projecting from a ledge, rising from the bed of a stream, or standing erect in the open campaign ; a landmark, in fine, unique in the neighborhood.

The next thing in order would be to enquire if there were not to be found somewhere on the confines of the Petun country a rock of that description. But we are confronted here by a serious difficulty. Where was the Petun country, and what was the position of *Ecarennoni*, or St. Mathias, relatively to the other Petun villages ?

POSITION OF THE PETUN COUNTRY.

It is not necessary to recapitulate here the opinions of modern authors with regard to the position of the Petun country ; all are substantially correct. The divergence, where it exists, arises from some writers circumscribing within too narrow limits the region occupied by that nation. In general terms, the *Khionontateronons* (1) extended westward all the way from the Blue Hills, in the western part of Nottawasaga township (Simcoe County), to the shores of Lake Huron proper, and northward to Cape Hurd, taking in approximately what now constitutes Grey and Bruce Counties. The Algonquins, however, mingled freely with them, and reared their temporary cabins anywhere along the coast line from Nottawasaga Bay to the mouth of the Saugeen. They took up their abode even in the permanent villages of the Petuns.

This rather scant information may be gathered without much effort from the Relations and from Ducreux's general map. Of the nine villages enumerated in Relation 1640 (*p.* 95, 1 *col.*), and

(1) *Etymology*—*Chi-onnonta-ronnon*.

"*Chi*, loin (Potier, Gramm, p. 91) expressing distance, site, point of time, etc. *Chi* au delà [beyond] vel *echi chi aatenrati*, trans murum [beyond the wall, the palisade], *chia andaati*, de l'autre côté de la rivière [beyond or on the other side of the river]," etc.

"*Onnonta* (*atennonta*) montagne [mountain]." (*Potier Rad. Hur.* p. 291, 2 *col.*)

"*Ronnon*" (nomina Nationalia, Potier, Gramm, p. 65, No. 7). "*Nationalia* formantur a nomine proprio addendo *ronnon* v. g.: *annontaeannon tae*, *onnontaeronnon*, les habitants des montagnes" (the mountain dwellers).

Consequently *Khionontateronons* would mean *those that dwell beyond the mountains*.

which were visited at that time by Fathers Isaac Jogues and Charles Garnier, two only are set down by Ducreux ; that of St. Pierre et St. Paul, situated, I should say, to the east of, but near Saugeen River, and not very far from its mouth ; the other of St. Simon et St. Jude, on a little bay on the north shore of St. Edmund township, Bruce County. . The remaining seven, viz. : St. André, St. Jacques, St. Thomas, St. Jean, St. Jacques et St. Philippe, St. Barthélemy and St. Matthieu are apparently ignored. At that date, 1640, the town of St. Pierre et St. Paul was the furthestmost and the principal one of the district allotted to the two missionaries, while St. Mathias is not mentioned in the Relation. Nine years after, that is in 1649, St. Jean is mentioned as the principal centre (*Bressani, p. 263*).

With the exception of what refers to the villages of St. Mathias and of St. Jean, and what has already been said of St. Pierre et St. Paul and St. Simon et St. Jude, there is scarcely a shred of evidence which could possibly be turned to account in locating any of the other villages whose names have come down to us. I say, scarcely a shred, for there are some all but hopelessly vague indications bearing on the positions occupied by St. Thomas and St. Matthieu. It would unduly lengthen this paper were I to discuss them at present.

THE EASTERN BOUNDARY LINE OF THE PETUN COUNTRY.

The missionaries themselves, whatever may have been the cause, are not at one in estimating the distance from Huronia to the country of their western neighbors, as the following summary will show :

Brébeuf (*Rel. 1636, p. 105, 1 col.*), gives the distance as "eight leagues from us." His relation is dated from *Ihonatiria*, July 16, 1636. Now, twenty-four miles, taken in a straight line, would not reach from the site of old *Ihonatiria* across Nottawasaga Bay to the present town of Collingwood. Twenty-nine or thirty miles would about suffice. If by "from us" he means from *Ossossanê*, which was really the starting point of the Hurons going to the Petuns, then the twenty-four miles would reach around the Bay to a point beyond Duntroon, or if taken in a more northerly direction, almost to lot 30, concession XI, Nottawasaga township.

Le Mercier, (*Rel. 1637, p. 163, 2 col.*), writing from *Ihonatiria*, June 21, 1637, says, ". . . the Petun Nation, which is two

days' journey from us.' According to a passage in Rel. 1641, (p. 71, 2 col.), four or five days' journey is about forty leagues. That would be ten leagues a day, if the journey was made in four days, and, if in five, it would be eight leagues a day; so that Le Mercier's estimate would be from sixteen to twenty leagues, or from forty eight to sixty miles.

Chaumonot (*Autobiographie*, Edit. Paris, 1885, p. 94) in speaking of the Petuns says that they were "A nation which was situated eleven long leagues from our dwelling." He resided at that time at Ossossané. (*Ib.* p. 93; cf. also Rel. 1641, p. 71, 2 col.) This would mean, I suppose, thirty-four or thirty-five miles.

Bressani (*Martin's French Translation*, p. 62) places them further: "Towards the setting sun" he says, "on the shores of this lake [Huron] there exists a nation which we call the Petun [Tobacco] Nation, because it raises an abundance of that plant. It lay but thirty-five or forty miles from us." And again (*Ib.* p. 254), referring to the fugitives from the Huron villages destroyed in 1649, he writes: "Women and children and many aged men who had reached their hundredth year journeyed the whole night long on the ice, intent on reaching the country of the Petuns, more than forty miles away."

Jerôme Lalemant (*Rel.* 1640, p. 95, 1 col.) has this to say: "The *Khionontateronons*, called the Petun [Tobacco] Nation, on account of the abundance of that plant produced in their country, lie towards the west, and are distant about twelve or fifteen leagues from the country of the Hurons, whose language they speak. Formerly they waged cruel wars against each other, but they are now on very good terms, and but a short time ago they renewed their alliance. Moreover, they formed a confederation against some other nations, their common enemies." The letter is written from the Huron County without indicating any particular place.

It will be well, for convenience sake, to tabulate these estimates:

DISTANCE OF HURONIA FROM THE PETUN NATION.

Authority.	Leagues.			Miles.	Starting Point.
Le Mercier	from 16	to 20	or about from	48 to 60	Ihonatiria
Brébeuf	" 8	" 8	"	24 " 24	?
Bressani	" 11 $\frac{2}{3}$	" 13	"	35 " 40	?
Jer. Lalemant	" 12	" 15	"	36 " 45	Huronía
Chaumonot	11 (long leagues)		"	34 " 35	Ossossané

In striking an average Le Mercier's estimate may be set aside since it evidently had *Ihonatiria* for its *terminus a quo*; and even in this supposition it is a high estimate if there were merely a question of the distance to the confines of the Petun country. Sixty miles from *Ihonatiria* (Todd's Point) taken around the head of Nottawasaga Bay would land us near the point of junction of the four townships of Holland, Euphrasia, Artemesia and Glenelg, in Grey County. Forty-eight miles would reach a little beyond the middle of Osprey township. The average of the four remaining estimates would be from thirty-two and a quarter to thirty-six miles; half the sum of which is thirty-four and one-eighth.

With *Ossossané* (near Point Varwood) as a starting point, twenty miles of the thirty-four and one-eighth, in a sweeping curve around the bay, would bring us to concession IV, Nottawasaga, on the Duntroon road just beyond Stayner. Taking this point as a centre, and the remaining fourteen and one-eighth miles as a radius, the arc traced would, according to the average of the above estimates, represent approximately the eastern limits of Petun territory. I have no doubt now that this line is from five to seven miles too far west, for though the curve, roughly speaking, may be said to be parallel to the trend of the eastern slopes and ridges of the Blue Hills, it is that many miles west of it.

The appositeness of the last remark lies in the fact, that whenever these "Mountains" are mentioned in the old records they are spoken of either as the Mountains of St. Jean or as the Mountains of the Petuns. "A prisoner," says Bressani (*p.* 263), "who had escaped from the enemy's country, came in and warned us of the project they had formed of invading either our island [Christian Island] or else the Mountains of St. Jean." So, also, the Relations: "As the inhabitants of the Huron towns dispersed they followed different routes in their flight: some threw themselves into the mountains which we call the Petun Nation, where three of our Fathers labored last winter in three different missions; others betook themselves to an island, etc." (*Rel.* 1649, *p.* 262 *col.*) The impression left after reading these passages is that the Blue Hills were, on the side facing the Hurons, conterminat with Petun territory.

POSITION OF EKARENNIONDI OR ST. MATHIAS RELATIVELY
TO ST. JEAN OR ETHARITA. (1)

It is beyond the eastern line of the Blue Hills, if what precedes is to be taken into account, that one must look for the village sites of the Tobacco Nation, at least as it existed at the time the Fathers were evangelizing the Huron tribes. The two villages that hold out most hope to one bent on discovery are those of St. Mathias and St. Jean, whose Huron names, as we have already seen, were respectively *Ecarenniondi* and *Etharita*. In the same passage of Garnier's letter from which this information is derived, we are told that they were four leagues apart.

These same villages were the chief towns of two distinct clans. "Having received," writes Father Paul Ragueneau, in his Relation of 1648 (*p.* 61, 1 *col.*), "a pressing invitation from those known to us as the Petun Nation to undertake their instruction, we sent them two of our Fathers who are now engaged in two missions established among the Indians of two distinct tribes. We have given the name of Mission of St. Jean to the Wolf tribe and the name of St. Mathias to the other which styles itself the Deer tribe."

As to their relative positions, we learn with certainty from the Relation of 1650 (*p.* 8, 1 *col.*) that St. Jean lay in a southerly direction from St. Mathias. If we bear in mind that the nearest of the Iroquois Nation lay to the south, the wording of the Rela-

(1) Etymology: e-tho-ariti-a, *Etharita*.

"*Tho, Oo, là, ibi in eo loco sine et cum motu, v. g. : l'ahonrhon, là où ils sont reposés, tho eret, il ira là*" (*Potier, Hur. Grammar, pp.* 103, 104.)

"A" denotes number, quantity, size, value, etc.; "a in compositione sequitur suum simplex, v. g.; *chi cannen iandatsa* c'est une grande chaudière." (*Rad. Hur. 1751. Potier, p.* 1.)

"*Ariti* faire cuire ou mûrir quelque chose" (to have something cook, ripen, etc.). (*Rad. Hur. 1751, p.* 185.)

Consequently we have *tharita*, conformably with the rules to be observed in compounding words, already quoted above. The idea of stability or perpetuity is now added by means of an initial "e." See "Variae significationes particularum *ti, sti, k8i*, etc." (*Potier, Gram. p.* 81.) These particles are suffixes, but under note 4 we find "Significant perpetuam cum 'e' initiali; v. g.; *eochrati* perpetua est hyems," etc. The suffix *ti* does not modify the final *ta*, which conveys a sense of its own; but the initial "e" imparts to *tharita* its final form *Etharita*, with the meaning "The ever principal drying or maturing place," referring, no doubt, to the ripening and curing of tobacco, the staple product of the country.

tion is not ambiguous. "In the mountains, which we call Petun country, we had for several years two missions, in each of which two Fathers were stationed. The one nearer the frontier exposed to the enemy was that of St. Jean, the principal town of which bore the same name, and comprised about five or six hundred families." It lay also, in all probability, a little to the west; for had it been situated due south, and with more reason if to the southeast, it is not likely that Father Noël Chabanel would have passed through St. Mathias, as he did (*Rel. 1650, p. 16, 1 col.*), when he was endeavoring to obey an order to return from St. Jean to headquarters, then established at St. Marie II on *Ahoendôé*, now Christian Island. (1) It would, in such a hypothesis, have considerably, and to no purpose, lengthened a journey through a rugged and hilly country.

To sum up in a few words, St. Jean lay about twelve miles from St. Mathias in a southerly, or more likely in a south-westerly direction.

As for the nature of the configuration of the ground, all we can surmise is, that it must have had, though in the hills, a good southern exposure, since the Huron appellation denotes a place where things ripen or are dried, in allusion to the curing, or, perhaps, rapid successful growth of the indigenous tobacco plant.

DIAGRAM ON THE MAP EXPLAINED.

It is fortunate that there is a possibility of checking, to some extent, the accuracy of the foregoing inferences by collating the results with what another passage in the Relations seems to suggest. This passage was just mentioned above in connection with Father Chabanel; and not only for the sake of a more ready reference, but also that no incident may be overlooked, it is advisable to give it in full, and translate it as literally as possible. The letters within the brackets, which I have inserted in the text, refer to the map, on which F is assumed to mark the site of *Ecarenniondi* or St. Mathias and A, that of *Etharita* or St. Jean. The latter is placed on the arc N O; but there is no reason why it should occupy the point A preferably to any other on the curve, save what was said in support of the theory that its

(1) The construction of Fort St. Marie II, on the Island of St. Joseph, was completed in November, 1649. *Letter of the Ven. Marie de l'Incar-nation, March 17, 1650. Tem. I, p. 416.*

bearings were southwest rather than due south. Were I to hazard an opinion as to its more likely position, I should say that the site would eventually be found within the boundaries of Osprey Township (XXIV) and a little nearer to F—since the radius represents the full distance of twelve miles—and not far from its supposed site A.

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The other curve P M is the one referred to, as being from five to seven miles too far west, while dealing with the eastern limits of the Petun territory. Its centre will be found in the northeast part of Nottawasaga Township, marked by a dot within a small circle, lying just outside the Village of Stayner, or the Duntroon Road.

One last preliminary remark before citing the passage:—the various routes followed, as indicated by the letters and the dotted lines, are wholly hypothetical, and are to be accepted so far only as they explain more or less plausibly the text itself, and fit in with all the facts recorded.

RAGUENEAU'S ACCOUNT OF CHABANEL'S JOURNEY.

“ Father Noel Chabanel was Father Charles Garnier's companion on the mission [A] ; and when the Town of St. Jean was taken by the Iroquois two days had elapsed since they parted company in compliance with an order that they had received ; for our Fathers and myself had deemed it expedient not to keep

two missionaries exposed to danger, to say nothing of the famine which was so direful that sufficient food could not be found for two. But having borne together the burden of the same mission, God willed that they should not be separated by death.

"The good Father [Chabanel], while returning to where obedience recalled him, had passed by the mission of St. Mathias [F], where two of our Fathers were in charge, and had taken leave of them on the morning of December 7. With an escort of seven or eight Christian Hurons, he had made his way for six good leagues over most trying roads when he was overtaken by night in the depths of the forest [H]. His companions lay sleeping, while he alone kept a prayerful watch. Towards midnight he heard the noise and shouting of the enemy's victorious warriors [C] and of the prisoners, taken that very day at the Town of St. Jean, who were singing their war-song as is their wont. Startled by the sound, the Father roused his companions, who, without a moment's delay, fled through the woods. They eventually effected their escape by scattering on all sides, then by a circuitous route they headed towards the very place [A] whence the enemy was coming.

"These Christians, after this hair-breadth escape, regained the Petun country, (1) and reported that the Father had come a certain distance [H I] in his attempt to keep up with them, but that worn out with fatigue had sunk on his knees and exclaimed, 'What matters it if I die? This life is of little account, but what the Iroquois cannot snatch from me is the happiness of heaven.'

"At daybreak the Father bent his course in a different direction; and pushing on, all intent on joining us at the island [*Ahoendoë*] where we were living, came upon a river which lay athwart his path, thus barring further progress [L]. A Huron brought in this report, adding that he had ferried him across in his canoe. Furthermore, that his flight might be all the more unimpeded, the Father had disburdened himself of his hat, of a satchel wherein he carried his manuscripts, and of his blanket, which with our missionaries does duty as wrapper and cloak and bolster and mattress and bed, or any other accoutrement necessary; it even serves as a roof, when they are on the move, and, for the nonce, have no other shelter," etc. (*Rel. 1650, p. 16.*)

(1) Consequently, part, at least, of the eighteen miles (six leagues) covered after their departure from St. Mathias lay beyond what was considered Petun soil.

HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE TRAILS CONVERGED.

The only particular in this narrative that requires elucidation is the implied fortuitous converging of the two trails; the one followed by the Iroquois retiring after having dealt their blow, and the other, by Chabanel's party on their way to *Ahoendoö*. That the Father and his guides should have preferred a more inland route to the shore line in their retreat is intelligible. Journeying by the latter they would be more in view, and would have less chance of escape if pursued. To find an adequate reason for the direction taken by the invading bands after destroying St. Jean, we must turn back to page 8, of the same Relation. The passage, wherein the explanation is more than suggested, runs as follows :

“Towards the end of November, news reached us by two Christian Hurons, who had escaped from a war party of some three hundred Iroquois, that the enemy were yet undecided as to their future action ; whether, in other words, they should march against the Petun Nation, or attack us in the island we occupied. Thereupon, we held ourselves on the defensive, and detained the Huron bands, who were planning to take the field to meet the approaching enemy. At the same time, we sent word promptly to the Petun Nation, who received the news with rejoicing, counting as a certainty beforehand on the defeat of the invaders, and considering the invasion as a proffered occasion of triumph. They resolutely awaited the attack for some days, then, growing restive at victory's slow coming, they sallied forth to meet it—at least the braves of the village of St. Jean did so, being men of action and undaunted. They even hurried their departure lest the Iroquois should escape them, for they were eager to surprise them while yet on their way. They set out on December 5, and directed their march towards the quarter whence they expected the enemy [E]. But the invading bands were not met with ; they had chosen a roundabout route [D C A] ; and to heighten our misfortune, as they drew near the village [St. Jean], they seized a man and woman who were just leaving it. From these two captives they learned how things stood in the village, and of the absence of the best part of its defenders. Thereupon they hurriedly pushed on to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity to deluge in blood, and reduce the place to ashes.

“It was on the seventh day of December last, in the year

1649, about three in the afternoon, that this war-party of Iroquois reached the entrance of the town," etc. (*Rel 1650*, p. 8.)

INFERENCES DRAWN FROM THE QUOTATIONS.

That the Iroquois afterwards withdrew by a route, varying little in its general direction from B C D, there cannot be a shadow of doubt; otherwise it would have been impossible to have approached, near enough to be heard, any trail followed by Father Chabanel while attempting to make his way to Ste. Marie II. This alone goes to show that their base of operations—for it was part of their strategy to provide one in case of a reverse—was established somewhere towards the eastern extremity of Lake Simcoe, near Orillia.

This fact once admitted, leads necessarily to another inference, namely, that it was from that base, and along the same line, their bands made their approach towards St. Jean. In so doing they left no flank open to attack. To the north, it is true, lay the whole Huron peninsula, but it was cleared of its inhabitants and its palisaded strongholds dismantled. To the south their march was covered by the long reach of Simcoe Lake and Kempenfeldt Bay. This move accounts for, and this move alone can explain, the discomfiture of the *Etharita* braves, who, confident of meeting the hostile bands of the Iroquois, had very naturally taken quite a different course towards the south.

Another important point must be duly emphasized. The scene of the night's halt of Chabanel's party, and the eighteen miles covered after leaving *Ekaenniondi*, necessarily lay to the west of the Nottawasaga River; seeing that it was the only unfordable stream—and that towards its mouth—which intersected the comparatively low-lying lands between Huronia and the Blue Hills. Had that stream been already crossed before the enforced bivouac at H, Chabanel could not have stood in need of the apostate Huron's canoe.

All the inferences drawn from the passages quoted above would be very much the same even were the points F and A slightly displaced.

The Nottawasaga River, in its course from Essa to Flos, taken at any point, is eighteen miles distant from the western boundary of Nottawasaga Township, which is, at the same time, the county line. In Flos Township, the bend in the stream near

Vigo is about seventeen and a quarter miles from the same boundary. So it will readily be understood why our exploring party, in hopes of discovering the rock *Ekarenniondi*, or St. Mathias, directed its researches for a goodly stretch along the road dividing the two counties of Simcoe and Grey.

GROUND GONE OVER BEFORE REACHING STAYNER.

To omit nothing that might interest those given over to historical research, and to put on record failures met with as well as successes scored, it will be necessary to go back to the last entry in our field-notes.

On Saturday afternoon, August 16, the eventful day on which, by a thorough inspection, we had satisfied ourselves that east half lot 4, concession VII, Tay, was in reality the long sought for site of St. Ignace II, my reverend companion and myself boarded the train for Orillia, where we passed the Sunday. Rev. Father Moyna received us hospitably, and overpowered us with kindness. Mr. R. D. Gunn and Mr. Robert Curran, editor of the "*News Letter*" amicably and successfully conspired to render our short stay at "Champlain's Narrow's" a most agreeable one.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The afternoon of Monday, August 18, found us back at Coldwater, where Mr. Brokovski and Mr. George Hamilton were awaiting us. It was amusing to learn from the former, who had spent the interval since our departure from Coldwater somewhere in the vicinity of Severn Bridge, that rumor had already been busy on our account. We were, it appears, treasure seekers, and our search thus early had been crowned with partial success; for a sum—to be precise—of not less than thirty-five thousand dollars had been dug up; but we were greedily bent on adding to our treasure-trove.

This recalled the tales to which Father Wynne and myself had listened with unfeigned interest three years previous. Forty-seven years ago, Father Felix Martin, S. J., and a young Jesuit student, well known in after years, to New Yorkers as Father Patrick Dealy, had visited the Huron County in the interest of Archæology. They live yet in the memory of the "oldest inhabitants," but vested by time and fancy with a haze of mystery. Local traditions vary as to the specific object and success of their

quest; but the most coherent account credits them with all the astuteness usually ascribed to the Sons of Loyola. After securing the services of some sturdy field laborers, and guided by directions contained in certain musty and time-worn documents, which they consulted from time to time, they set the men to work with shovel and pick. Hours of delving brought nothing to light, though the excavations were many and deep. But towards nightfall, just when the workmen were convinced that they were on the point of unearthing sundry pots of gold, they were paid off, and dismissed with the assurance that all their labor had been in vain, and that there was certainly nothing of value to be found. They, poor fellows, were simple enough to accept the declaration, much to their regret later on: for was it not certain that the two wily strangers, under cover of darkness, had returned to the spot, and with a few well directed strokes of the mattock had laid bare untold treasures? With these they decamped, nor were they ever seen in the neighborhood from that day to this.

The manuscript account of Father Felix Martin's expedition to Simcoe County in August, 1855, together with several interesting plans and sketches, is still preserved in St. Mary's College Archives; and it is much to be regretted that it was never published. This by way of digression.

THE OLD FOX FARM AND BONE-PIT.

The horses were *inspanned*, and taking leave of Mr. Colley, our most obliging host of the "British Arms," who had done his utmost on this, as on a former occasion, to make everything comfortable for us at Coldwater, we drove out once more towards the township line. Our party was made up of the same four, and our objective point was Mount St. Louis, Medonte. In the sites lying northeast of this hamlet we were in hopes of detecting some feature that might lead to the identification of the spot where St. Ignace I had stood. So far, I perfectly agree with Mr. Andrew F. Hunter that the most likely site is that of the east half of lot 16, concession VI, Medonte. The distances from both St. Joseph II, *Teanaostaiöë* (The Cleland and Dunn farms, lot 53, concession I, Flos) and St. Jean Baptiste (near Hawkstone) would correspond with those given in the Relations.

Desirous, however, of visiting once more the old Fox Farm (St. Joachim), west half lot 20, concession X, Medonte, after

driving westward along the town line, we turned southwards into the road between concessions IX and X. The present occupant of the farm, Mr. Beatty, is the immediate successor of Mr. Gleadall. On the occasion of a former visit, while our party were closely scanning the fresh-turned furrows, in quest of shards, or any other trifle to bear off as a memento of the place, the ploughman volunteered the information that he was well aware that treasures were hidden on the land—were he only able to locate them.

This village, though strongly posted on rising ground, was not formidable by its position. The site at one time was looked upon as that of St. Ignace II, but it is far too remote from Ste. Marie I to admit of such a theory being tenable. It was in all probability here that the village of St. Joachim stood in missionary times.

From the Fox farm it was but a short drive to the old bone-pit lying close to the road on east half of lot 18, concession IX. Fathers Martin and Dealy had examined the ossuary as early as 1855. It has lost its symmetrical appearance from having been frequently disturbed. The bones, in some places, lie quite near the surface.

THROUGH THE REGION OF ST. IGNACE I.

Continuing on our way towards the south, as far as the side road, between lots 15 and 16, we struck westward through the hamlet of Moonstone, formerly Medonte. Our first disagreeable experience of bad weather began at this stage of our journey. From August 11, date of our departure from Montreal, it could not have been more favorable. It had held well to fair until Sunday evening, August 17, when we had a premonitory shower at Orillia. For the last few hours the clouds had looked sullen and threatening; and, just as we were drawing near that part of Medonte Township which held what most interested us, the rain came down in steady and business-like showers, rendering the roads, in some places, all but impassable. In fact, owing to washouts and to the barriers raised across the road as warnings, which were but dimly discernible in the dusk, we were, on one occasion especially, as we were descending a steep declivity, within a hair-breadth of disaster. And though the horses had no secure footing, and slid for yards at a time in the slippery

clay, our skilful driver managed in time to turn the obstacle without landing us all in the deep gully by the wayside.

This was all very unfortunate, the more so seeing that, on our last expedition across the township, we had just had such another disagreeable experience. To stop and examine the several sites along our route was, under prevailing difficulties, out of the question. Consequently, we reluctantly drove by the farms of Andrew Robertson (east half lot 15, concession VII), of Richard Watson (east half lot 16, concession VII), of Henry Heaslip (east half lot 16, concession VI, the probable site of St. Ignace I), of Anthony Hughes (west half lot 15, concession V), of Francis Barr (east half lot 15, concession IV) and of James Loftus (west half lot 14, concession V), all of which he had intended to examine. We reached Mount St. Louis by the road between concessions IV and V and proceeding westward on that between lots 10 and 11, called upon Mr. Fitzgerald, who had received us very hospitably once before.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

During our outing in 1899, we had endeavored to pay a visit to Mr. John P. Hussey, one of the pioneer settlers. He had heard, through the local papers, of our projected expedition, and had courteously extended to us an invitation by letter as early as March in that year. Meanwhile, he had removed from the immediate vicinity of Mount St. Louis, and thus, much to our disappointment, we failed to meet him. Mr. Fitzgerald informed us that he now resided with his daughter but a short distance down the line between concessions III and IV, so we determined not to miss him this time.

In his manuscript, "*Voyage et Recherches dans l'Ancien Pays des Hurons, Août 1855,*" Father Felix Martin gratefully expatiates on the very cordial reception given him by Mr. Hussey, and on the many services rendered by him and his generous fellow countrymen of the "Irish settlement," during the Father's stay in that district. In fact, without the co-operation of this most obliging host, Father Martin's trip might have proved anything but successful.

On our part, we were delighted with our interview, and learned much that was useful from the sturdy nonagenarian—some would say, centenarian—whose retentive memory might

well be exploited in the interests of local history. What with the rain beating down without, and with the verbal flow of many interesting reminiscences within, we were loath to take leave of Mr. Hussey. But, as all things must end, the session was adjourned, and wishing the veteran many more years of life and prosperity we once more faced the downpour and were soon on our way to Hillsdale.

After much discomfort, and with a general sense of disappointment at having been frustrated, throughout the day, in our attempts at identification of sites, we finally drew up before Mr. John Shannahan's hostelry.

SCANONAENRAT OR ST. MICHEL.

Tuesday, August 19, without being an ideal day, gave better promise than the last. Our objective point was Penetanguishene by rail from Elmvale.

The country around Orr's Lake, quite new to me, must always be of great interest, associated as it is with St. Michel or *Scanonaenrat*. So striking out on the Penetanguishene road we made half the circuit of the lake, to the east and north.

When it is remembered that the only certain test of the correctness of the positions to be eventually decided upon as those occupied by the towns of *Teanaostaiaë* (or St. Joseph II) and St. Ignace I, is the distance of St. Joseph II from St. Michel, and in turn, of St. Ignace I from St. Joseph II, it will be recognized how very important is the accurate placing of St. Michel on the map of Huronia.

The only data available which could be of any assistance in securing this result may be summed up in a paragraph or two.

And first, the meaning of the word. Deriving it from *Skat annona-ænrat*, *Scannonænrat* would mean "The one white sandy river bed;" though *annona*, besides the bottom of a lake or stream, means also, a cliff, a treasure, a provision laid by, a draught of fishes, a habit or custom, the back.

It lay on the trail from *Ihonatiria* to *Teanaostaiaë* (Rel. 1637, p. 161, 2 col.) It was three leagues from Ste. Marie I (Rel. 1646, p. 78, col. 1). It was, moreover, "*cinq quarts de lieue*"—league and a quarter—from *Teanaostaiaë* (Rel. 1639, p. 72, col. 1), or even less: "Our Fathers having arrived at the place called '*la mission de St Michel*' . . . set out again with the

intention of consulting with our Fathers at St. Joseph, one league distant." (*Du Peron's letter—Carayon's Première Mission p. 180.*)

Were we to be wholly guided by Ducreux's inset map, there would be no mistaking its approximate position. It is set down there between Orr's and Cranberry lakes, rather nearer the latter, and to the north of the watercourses issuing from the two, but, as Ducreux has it, joining them. Such are the data; but they cannot all be made to agree with mathematical precision. Nor have I heard of any sure indications of Indian villages having been found along the arc whose radius would be three leagues with the centre of Ste. Marie I. Still as this distance is given it must be taken into account.

TEANACSTAIAË OR ST. JOSEPH II, THE CLELAND FARM.

I have spoken with assurance of the Cleland farm being the site of St. Joseph II. The indications of a large village on the spot are unmistakable. An arc having for radius one league and a quarter and its centre on the Cleland farm would intersect the arc mentioned above (rad. 3 leagues, centre at Ste. Marie I) to the west of Orr's lake, about lot 69, concession II., Flos. The Cleland site is the most southerly of all the Huron villages, on the direct trail south to the Neutral Nation. (*Cf. Rel. 1641, p. 74, 2 col.*)

The other requirements as to distance, are fairly well satisfied. It is, however, but four and two-ninth leagues from *Ossossanë*, while five or six are mentioned in Du Peron's letter of August 27, 1639. The distance of St. Joseph II from Ste. Marie I is given in relation 1646 (p. 79, 1 col.) as five or six leagues, and as five in relation 1644 (p. 76, 2 col.); while the distance from the Old Fort, necessarily around Orr's Lake, to this spot is four and a quarter. From *Ithonatiria* (Todd's Point) St. Joseph II was seven or eight leagues distant; the Cleland farm is seven and a half from the same point.

But what is strongly in favor of this site, is that from it alone of all known village sites, with a stretch of one league and a quarter, (the distance of St. Joseph to St. Michel), some portion of the ground lying between Cranberry and Orr's Lake (probable position of St. Michel), may be reached. For it strikes one as quite inconceivable that a principal town like St. Michel, representing in itself a whole separate tribe, should have been set down

between two such salient topographical features as the twin lakes, unless with forethought and most deliberate intention. So it would seem almost illogical to seek for any remains of its site elsewhere ; for instance, to the east of Orr's Lake.

THE FLANAGAN HOMESTEAD AT TEANAOSTAIAË.

And yet there is a site, other than the Cleland Farm which, in some respects, if not in this, has stronger claims to the distinction of being the "Bulwark Village of the South," that is, the site on the west half of lot 7, concession IV, Medonte. In the first place it occupies a more commanding position than the former, which would seem to tally better with Bressani's observation (p. 247) : "As (the enemy) could approach it on one side only, on account of the elevation of its site, those of the inhabitants who were so inclined had time to escape on the other side." As yet I have not had the advantage of visiting this site myself; but Mr. Andrew F. Hunter, in his monograph on Tiny Township (p. 77), says that it is on the top of a very steep hill, 250 feet or more in height, that thick deposits of ashes have been found there together with many Indian relics.

Though Father Martin makes no mention of the number either of lot or concession, this is certainly, from the description given, the site he visited at the "Irish Settlement" in 1855, and of which he speaks on pages 92 and 93 of his manuscript : "I examined this site," he says, "with care. There is no doubt as to there once having been an extensive Indian settlement on the spot. Unequivocal signs of this are yet discernible. The surface soil is still littered with shards of pottery of Indian make. The most interesting article found, a short distance away, and at about the distance from the village at which the missionaries' cabin might have stood, was the remains of the base or [rectangular] stand either of a candlestick or crucifix in brass. (1) It had been turned up by the plough. It must have been subjected to the intense heat of a conflagration, as part of the metal was fused. The site of which we speak is moreover admirably fitted for defence. It crowns the height of a bluff, from which the view

(1) Among the colored sketches, added in the form of an appendix to the MS., all of which were executed by Father Martin himself, there is an excellent one of this relic. It is not said to whom it then belonged, nor have I ever heard of its being mentioned since.

ranges far and wide over a broad valley, watered by the stream whose outlet is near Coldwater."

In a straight line this site would be five leagues from *Ossossanē*, a little over four from Ste. Marie I, and not quite eight from *Ihonatiria*. Comparing this position with that of St. Joseph, as set down on Ducreux's map, it will be remarked that its bearings from Orr's Lake are much the same. Its proximity, also, to the upper reaches of Coldwater is quite in keeping with Ducreux's mapping.

All these particularities would seem to bear out admirably the theory that it is really the spot where St. Joseph II stood—its commanding position, its correct distance from several known sites, and the finding there of the half-melted rectangular stand resembling far more that of a crucifix than aught else. Such a base precludes the idea of a portable crucifix; while, if it belonged to a candlestick, it would be far too elaborate for anything of that kind in use in a missionary's wretched cabin. In either supposition it could only find place on an altar. The burning of the village is described in *Relation 1649* (p. 4, 1 col.), and that of the church is expressly mentioned. It was into the flames consuming the structure that the lifeless body of Father Antoine Daniel was cast.

On the other hand, though it could be considered the most southerly site, it could scarcely be said to lie on the direct trail to the Neutral Nation. But the two leagues separating it from the nearest point on the western side of Orr's Lake, is the most perplexing difficulty to explain away. Father Du Peron's estimate of one league from "*la mission de St. Michel*" might possibly be interpreted to mean one league from the nearest encampments scattered around Orr's Lake, some possibly to the east, all of which, together with the town itself, would go to make up the Mission of St. Michel. But the *cinq quarts de lieue* to the residence of the local missionaries, written out in full in its quaint phraseology, *five quarters of a league*, cannot be explained by a mistake of the printer, who might, were it written in figures, take one for another. So that, if we accept this distance as correct, and set down St. Joseph II on the west half lot 7, Con. IV, Medonte, St Michel must be ousted from its well defined position, and placed to the east of the lake (B). This would be taking a very great liberty with the work of one who had his information at first hand.

OUR LADY IN A PAGAN LAND.

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin Mary is of a cosmopolitan character. It has found a congenial soil in whatever corner of the globe the Catholic religion has shed its enlightening rays, whether it be among the barbarous and most inhuman tribes or the refined and polished portion of humanity. The reason whereof is not far to seek. For, there is between them an inborn kinship, which blends the two together in such graceful harmony, that as the shadow follows the body, so, where one has set itself up, the other almost spontaneously grows and thrives. It is a fact, which needs no proving and calls for little surprise even from the smallest child, well up in his catechism. Taking a correct view of things, from the only reliable standpoint of Catholic faith, who, I ask, next to Christ, has figured so prominently and played such an important part in bringing about the salvation of mankind, as this "cause of our joy," this star of the first magnitude, to whom the whole of mankind owes the deepest conceivable debt of gratitude.

The world at large is dazzled by the marvellous power of Mary, manifested in countries Catholic to the core and chiefly in the nurseries of her cult, the world-renowned sanctuaries of Lourdes, Pompeii, Montserrat, and others. Stirring accounts of the same reach us, through the medium of the many magazines devoted to her honor and all her true children, hail them as welcome news of the prowess of their heavenly mother. In the face of these pleasant facts, it is at least worth the effort, to make known to the world, what place Mary holds in the devotion and piety of a people, living in a land not Catholic, but *decidedly pagan all over*. It goes, however, without saying, that this unassuming attempt is quite in keeping with the tone of a magazine, which has Catholic interests deeply at heart and the writer of these few lines should consider his labors amply repaid, if they should redound, in any insignificant way, to the knowledge, honor and glory of her, whom the Catholic

world proclaims as the "morning star"—which, unlike the sun, sheds the light of her motherly protection all over the world at the same time.

To say that we are living in a pagan land would, perhaps, be to put things rather mildly, when the actual fact is that every Catholic is overwhelmed by nearly a dozen pagans, and for every Catholic church there is a like number of pagan temples. Yet the meagre Catholic element of this district of South Canara is a pious and well-organized body, about 80,000 strong, living in the town of Mangalore and scattered pell mell in the adjacent villages, which are partitioned out in several parishes, each extending over numbers of miles, manned by a devoted and zealous clergy, the majority of whom, be it said to their praise, are natives of the place. Passing over, as alien to our theme, the several reverses and turmoils with which this small community, like a barge on troubled waters, was tossed up and down in fiery days gone by, it is highly consoling to see how the fatherly Providence of God has watched over this insignificant portion of the true fold, and kept their faith from being sullied and tarnished in their harassing trials from within and without. Though we are gratefully indebted for the most precious jewel of our faith to the indefatigable labors of the pioneer missionary of India, St. Francis Xavier, yet we should be guilty of an unpardonable neglect were we, side by side, to overlook the claims on our gratitude of that most Catholic Portuguese nation, once mighty over seas, whose splendid services in the cause of religion, especially in the heyday of her glory, entitle her to the most unstinted praise of friend and foe alike.

In this strip of land, lashed on one side by the blue waters of the Arabian Sea, extending about a hundred miles in length and some ninety in breadth, there are about twenty-nine churches, of which a quaint and uncommon peculiarity is that the majority of them are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, under one or other of the several titles, by which her children all the world over fondly designate her. The statue of the Blessed Virgin always stands out prominently on the high altar and receives its full regalia of decorations on the parish feast day,

whose solemnity makes a yearly epoch in the parish life of the respective people. The pious congregation, which attends the Sunday Mass, often clearing a distance of several miles, through uneven, break-neck hill paths, has the time-honored custom of singing in Konkany (the language of the Catholics of this place) the invocation proper of their patroness, before they break up and take to their distant homes.

The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary—that beautiful compendium of Marian Piety—holds a decidedly important place in the practices of devotion to Mary, which are in vogue among the Catholic people here. It is extremely edifying to see how all the members of a family assemble every day at night-fall, before their little, unpretentious home altars and tell their beads in common, adding thereunto the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and a beautiful canticle, in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel, which is called here—“Rosary of Carmel.” It consists of seven invocations of the Blessed Virgin with as many petitions including, also, that of being delivered from purgatory, the first Saturday after death, interspersed with seven Paters and Aves and the whole wound up by a prayerful little supplication, which invokes the special aid of the Blessed Virgin on the Catholic Church and her magnificent organization. The Rosary is also recited or sung by the whole congregation assembled in the church for Sunday Mass. That this simple and public manifestation of honor to Mary, breathes an odor of unfeigned piety is plain even to the casual looker on. The Cathedral of Mangalore is also dedicated to our Lady of the Rosary and the titular feast of the same is celebrated in a manner every way worthy of the title.

The mission, which is now worked by the Jesuit fathers, had the Carmelites, of grateful memory, as their predecessors and this is one of the reasons why the devotion of the Scapular of Mount Carmel has agreeably struck deep root in these places. After first communion, every adult is anxious to be invested with the scapular, which is considered a mark of Mary's special friendship and protection and is also worn faithfully by persons of both sexes, together with the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which also holds a sufficiently conspicuous place, even

among the ornaments of women around their necks. The feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel is almost taken for a general communion day, especially in the villages where the confessional is literally besieged, not only on the occasion of the feast, but often during the whole week, by people coming from long distances, and the only priest, who has to sit up for hours, has his strength unduly taxed, by the pious demands made on him. The Scapular of the Immaculate Conception is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated.

Due solemnity is given to the several feasts of the Blessed Virgin, with which the Catholic Church in her thoughtful piety has beautifully interspersed her calendar year. On these occasions the faithful approach the Holy Table in numbers, thereby showing their unadulterated loyalty to our dear Mother. The feast of our Lady of Dolours, however, claims a greater attention than the rest, on account of the confraternity erected in some parishes under that title. The members wear the insignia of a small silver or plated heart, pierced with a lance, pinned on their confraternity badges. The feast is heralded by a novena of eight days, commencing daily at sunset, and the fact of its being gone through under the sombre canopy of night gives it a peculiar gravity and devotion. It begins with the Rosary, followed by a discourse on one of the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin. A grand Litany of the Blessed Virgin is then chanted by a number of trained voices, after which the *Salve Regina* is sung, and the so-called "Salve Devotions" are brought to a close by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. A beautiful custom has been in vogue of having the *Salve Regina* sung by a number of small boys, elegantly decked as angels with wings, who marched in the nave of the church in a slow, measured tread, quite in keeping with the musical rhythm of the tune they were singing. The dulcet echoes of their tender, melodious voices rang through the church and soared high to the Virgin Mother, whose praises these little ones were so charmingly warbling. It is needless to say that these time-honored "Salve Devotions" go a great way in cherishing and fostering the devotion of the faithful towards the Blessed Virgin.

The month of May, which deserves to be specially chronicled, dons here quite a festive apparel in honor of our Lady, to whose special cult Catholic people have everywhere piously consecrated it. Every day during the month, either in the morning or evening, the soul-stirring meditations of Father Muzzarelli, of the Society of Jesus, with the illustration, invocation and daily practice, are read out to the congregation, which grows larger than usual. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin, songs and hymns go to form a part of the services. The altar of the Blessed Virgin is handsomely decked out with lights and other embellishments during the whole month. In the St. Joseph's Seminary grounds a fac-simile of the Grotto of Lourdes is erected, and the May devotions throughout are held before it, the people kneeling in the open air. The neat little grotto, girded in and enveloped by moss and shrubbery, is profusely lighted by glass lamps, of various tints and hues, which are made to take the shape of M A, or a crown, or any other emblem of the Blessed Virgin. The closing of the month of May devotions is also very decently kept up. The statue of the Blessed Virgin, very tastefully decorated and lighted, is carried in procession, amidst a gay chanting of hymns and canticles.

It is also delightful to observe that the October devotions, upon which the present Pontiff "of the Holy Rosary" has set his seal of approbation, have obtained a pious currency in this out-of-the-way nook and corner. With hearts throbbing with loving pride, we endeavor to act up to the wishes of our Venerable Father, by publicly reciting the Rosary every day during mass. A small work on this theme, by Bishop Peter Rota, has been translated into Konkany, and made such use of as time and circumstances permit.

Some peculiarities hang about the festival of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, which are too interesting to be passed over unnoticed. It is one of the few feast days upon which people, especially in the villages, make it a point to come to the church whatever the distance may be. New crops (paddy) are solemnly blessed on this day either in the church or on a stand outside it and after Mass the newly blessed sheaves are

distributed among the officials and people of the parish. In several parishes the eight days of the novena are characterized by what is termed here—"the strewing of flowers" in honor of our Lady. It is a time of the year, when nature bursts forth into freshening smiles. The heavy monsoons, which begin to close in, light up the rich vegetation into a lovely smile and woo every bud and flower to unfold its fragrance and beauty. Fresh flowers, gracefully arranged on small, handy trays, are brought by the boys of the parish school to the church, where they occupy the nave in two rows. After Mass, as the special canticle of the feast is being sung, the flower bearers proceed two by two, to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed in the centre of the church, and after decking it with the choicest flowers their respective tray affords them, fling the remaining flowers up in handfuls, as they slowly march back to their places. Kissing the statue of the Blessed Virgin on this and like occasions, should also be put down among the pious practices common here.

The faithful here are not unfamiliar with the pictures of the Blessed Virgin Mary, illustrating her various titles and prerogatives. There is hardly any house or dwelling, however modest and unhandsome it may be, which does not make its pious parade of the picture of the Madonna either on its walls or on its tiny altar. Those who can read keep it with loving reverence in their prayer-books. It is common to find persons of the name of "Mary" hallowed by age, and enshrined in the affections of the countless generations. Votive offerings to the Blessed Virgin are also a pleasant and consoling feature of the devotion with which this small community cherishes the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Singing is an agency which awakens and fosters a spirit of fervor and healthy religious enthusiasm among the devotees. It has a high and holy sanction, as we see from Holy Writ, and appeals forcibly and pathetically to our reason and emotional nature. That the Blessed Virgin Mary is everywhere praised and applauded and extolled in chant and song, as she richly deserves, is as plain as it can be. It is, then, a mere matter of course, that it is no less so in this far away corner

of the world. The devotional feelings of this people towards the Blessed Virgin are nursed by quite a number of hymns, songs and canticles and Litanies, in English and Konkany. The Litany is sung to a number of simple tunes; the grander ones make their appearance on the more solemn days. The Rosary and the other Marian hymns are sung during Mass, processions, salves, Benedictions, funerals and other pious exercises. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and the Nativity have special canticles in Konkany set to very tuneful melodies. The Konkany hymns in general are very pretty and euphonious.

While saying a word about Marian literature here, I may be allowed to preface, that, in these places education has not made great headway as yet, and the paraphernalia of modern civilization are just beginning to peep in. Yet allowing a discount for these drawbacks, we are not consummate paupers in works of piety on the Blessed Virgin. Of course, our Konkany language shows a small bill on that score, but works on the Blessed Virgin in English are not uncommon, nor are they a dead letter. Konkany counts in its sphere the month of May, the month of October, Visits of St. Alphonsus Liguori, a pretty little work entitled, "Mary, My Mother," some small brochures on our Lady of Pompeii, and a few other prayers to the Blessed Virgin. It may not be out of place to mention here that, notwithstanding the distance between the two hemispheres, the *Ave Maria* magazine is subscribed to and eagerly relished by several of our priests here. It also finds an acceptable place in more than one reading room.

Combination of unit forces for a common end is very suitably realized in the numerous sodalities, set up all the world over, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Such organizations, wherein several unlike characters are thrown together, and dissimilar views are allowed free play, go to form mighty forces for good both within and without it. They are highly serviceable in bracing up individuals as well as in elevating the moral tone of society itself. We are fortunate in having more than one such sodality here, erected under the title of the Immaculate Conception, Presentation, etc. The sodalists wear

their insignia of a blue ribbon, to which a medal is suspended. The officers have on grand occasions ribbons on which flowers are worked with gold thread and silk sashes. They hold their meetings or reunions every Sunday, during which they recite the office of the Blessed Virgin, and are treated to a discourse having some bearing on the Blessed Virgin or on their duties as members of her company. Twice every year, on the feasts of the first and second patrons, a solemn admission service is held and a number of new candidates are received into the sodality. When a member of the sodality dies, the whole sodality goes to the funeral in a body. The titular feast of the sodality is celebrated with much pomp and splendor. During the benediction that evening all the sodalists in a body renew the act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin with lighted tapers in their hands.

While jotting down these interesting details, which I am about to bring to a close, I feel I cannot draw an easy breath, unless I say a few words on our "Lady of Pompeii," before I get to the end of this theme. The whole world is just now ringing with her praises and every tongue panegyricizes her marvellous power in the whilom pagan valley of Pompeii, whence she darts the mellow rays of her benevolence throughout the whole world. This world-wide devotion was ushered into this place, by a worthy priest of the diocese, who gave it a vigorous currency by the distribution of pictures, medals, and other objects of piety having special relations to our Lady of Pompeii, as also by the timely publication of some brochures. She has set up her throne of kindness here, in a small parish church on the outskirts of the town, whence she dispenses her favors to her devout clients, who often visit her and drop at her small altar-shrine the tokens of their gratitude. The feast of our Lady of the Rosary, on the second Sunday of October, is celebrated in this church, with magnificent splendor, preceded by a full eight days novena. The attendance of an immense concourse of people throughout and especially on the feast day, amply shows how this devotion is universally esteemed and how it has gained a well-deserved popularity in this place.

From these lines, it is plain that Mary spreads the wings of her protection, not only over countries radiant with the sunshine of the true faith, but also that she holds her own sway in lands still sunk in the darkness of pagan practices and superstition. They are a fresh proof and a striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the Mother of God. Her heart does not yearn with less sympathy for her ill-starred children than for those who live in a purely religious and godly atmosphere. She is the self-same compassionate and tender mother of the whole human family, whether its members are in the wintry, polar or tropical regions. How consoling it is to have a mother, who makes no difference in her children, however forlorn they may be ! They are always sure to find a warm spot in her affections. While it is our bounden duty to thank this heavenly Mother for her special protection, we feel it no less so, to beseech her earnestly to cast a look of loving kindness on countless of our countrymen, who are still sitting in the darkness of paganism and we kindly request the readers of this beautiful magazine to join us in our charitable prayer.

O Maria sis mihi propitia.

S. VAS.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

There was no mass at Auriesville this year on the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tekagwitha. Although Father Wynne left New York with the intention of visiting the Shrine and offering the Holy Sacrifice there that day, other duties prevented him from going to Auriesville at all, and he was obliged to defer even the usual annual visit until the first week in May.

Friday, April 17, Father Wynne lectured before the Onondaga Historical Society, in Syracuse, on the subject of the "Early Missions and Missionaries among the Onondaga Indians," in the assembly hall of the new High School. As most of the readers of THE PILGRIM are aware, the Onondaga Country was the centre and capital seat of the Five Nations of Iroquois, and although it was not the first place visited by the missionaries, Auriesville, the easterly village of the Mohawks having had that distinction,

it was the site of the first organized mission, and the spot on which the first Catholic chapel in the State of New York is to-day the property of the Onondaga Historical Society. Thanks to the researches of several members of this society and to the publication in English of the most important of the "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," a work for which we are indebted in some measure to the interest which scholars living in and about Syracuse had aroused in these valuable records, it is a comparatively easy matter nowadays to review the history of the Onondaga and other Iroquois missions.

After telling of the value of the Jesuit Relations and other sources of this history, Father Wynne recounted how, at the most critical moment in the experience of the missionaries, the Onondagas, who, with the other Iroquois Nations, might have forced the French to retire from Canada, instead sent messengers of peace to ask for a cessation of hostilities and the introduction of Christianity among their people. The work of Fathers Le Moyne and Chaumonot, the gradual growth of Christianity, the interruption of the missions by treachery and war, the methods of the missionaries and statistics of their success, all made an interesting story, amply justifying the proposal made at the close of the lecture to memorialize the pioneers of the faith among the Iroquois in Onondaga County, just as Jogues has been commemorated in Ossernenon, and others, like Marquette, Padilla and Serra, in the territory they have immortalized.

A lecture on Isaac Jogues, Missionary and Martyr, will be given at Saugerties, Wednesday, May 6, by Father Wynne, with illustrations. Father Murray, pastor of St. Mary's church in that city, wishes to show his appreciation of the fervor with which his people attend the annual summer pilgrimage to the Shrine.

On April 17, we regret to record, the house occupied by Mr. Quackenbush, east of Mr. Mabie's, and the two large barns between the road to the north and the canal, were destroyed by fire. It is supposed that sparks from a passing locomotive caused it.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

G. H., St. Paul, Minn.	\$5.00
S. R. S., Libertytown, Md., for the Sacred Heart Statue	1.60
M. H., Troy, N. Y., for the new Chapel	5.00

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 6.

WHY SHOULD ISAAC JOGUES BE CANONIZED ?

THE first step leading up to the canonization of Father Jagues and of the other martyrs of the Society of Jesus in the French Mission of North America, has at last been taken. It consists in the issue of what is called a "Declaration" of the various points which the Postulator of the Cause, Father Camillus Beccari, S.J., proposes to prove to be true, so as to warrant the plea which he wishes to present for a formal canonization.

There are one hundred and twenty-six points advanced. Each point or claim is expressed in a single paragraph ; each paragraph ends in the proscribed legal fashion, with the words, "as shall be hereinafter proved." Some of these points are mere facts of history, such as birth, baptism, occupations, studies, etc., while others deal more at length, with the sentiments which actuated the martyrs in their work of extending the kingdom of God as well as the motives which prompted their executioners to put them to death. The latter, especially, are of primary importance, so as to forestall the objections which are commonly made that they were killed merely because they were regarded like all Frenchmen, as enemies of the Indians.

Taking that part of the document which pertains strictly to Father Jagues, René Goupil and Jean De la Lande, we find first a careful and detailed statement of the birth-places, family and early home-training of Jagues ; but of De la Lande nothing, except that he came from Dieppe ; and of Goupil only that he was a native of Anjou, and when quite young asked to

be admitted to the Society, a request that could not be granted for reasons of health.

Naturally less is known of them than the priest. As regards Jogues his piety and studious habits at college, and his first aspirations to the religious life and his final entrance into the Society of Jesus at Rouen on the 24th of October, 1624, are set forth. It was about this time, the Declaration informs us, that Father Lalemant, the brother of Gabriel Lalemant, the martyr, predicted that the young religious would surely die in Canada. The narrative of the martyrdom of Father Spinola, who had been burned to death at the stake in Japan two years before, as well as the accounts which were then being sent from the Canadian missionaries, had the effect of urging the young religious to ask to be sent on the perilous mission of Ethiopia. Later on, during his theological studies, he was noted especially for "his rare prudence and the punctual observance of his rules."

Although the life of Father Jogues is so well known, we think it desirable to go over the main outlines of the sketch as it is drawn in this official document. It is an ecclesiastical lawyer's way of putting it before the court for adjudication.

Ordained priest in 1636, he was appointed to the mission of Canada, and accepted the work with the greatest manifestation of joy; writing to his mother on that occasion, "the love of God which calls me to this mission, and the desire we have to do something for the conversion of the savages there, have had the effect of making everything so sweet that we would not exchange these sufferings for all the happiness of earth."

At this point in the Declaration occurs mention of Goupil. Unable to enter the society in France, he had come to Canada, and after spending two years in the lowest and meanest offices of the house, and also in caring for the sick and wounded in the hospital, he was, at his earnest request, sent to join the missionaries among the Hurons. Fully aware of the dangers before him, he received the appointment with the greatest delight.

Father Jogues' career seemed just at this moment to be

about to end. Six days after his arrival among the Indians he was at the point of death and, though besides his illness, he endured the greatest poverty and destitution, he gave evidence of sublime patience and resignation and professed his complete indifference either to life or death. On his recovery, which was effected by the medical skill of the future martyr de Brébeuf, he applied himself with great zeal, even during his convalescence, to study the Indian language, and to habituate himself to the hardships of life among the savages. He accompanied de Brébeuf on his journeys and at this early stage of his career was able to gain many to the faith.

In 1640, he went with Father Garnier to the Petun Indians. On the long journey, which was made on snow-shoes, the missionaries were abandoned by their guides, compelled to sleep on the snow, and finally, in a starved condition, for they were without food, reached their destination; but, being taken for sorcerers, they were driven out and threatened with death, and found their way back as best they could to the mission from which they had started.

In 1640 Father Jogues was sent to Sault Ste Marie, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles in canoe, and from there he had to return all the way to Quebec, a journey of five days, threatened by hostile Indians on either bank, and spending his time in caring for his sick companion and in attending to the spiritual needs of the men who were with him.

After ten days in Quebec he set out with René Goupil and others. But their party fell into an ambuscade of the Iroquois and in the battle which ensued between the Hurons and their enemies, though in the thick of the fight and in constant peril of his life, Father Jogues remained at his post to give absolution and baptism to the wounded and dying. In this work René Goupil assisted him, standing at his side and sharing his perils. Goupil was taken prisoner, and though Father Jogues could have escaped, yet, in order to devote himself to the salvation of the captive Hurons and French, he voluntarily delivered himself up to the enemy, exclaiming as he embraced Goupil: "Oh, my brother! the designs of God are mysterious in our regard; but He is the Master and doeth what He judg-

eth best. He has accomplished His will. May His holy name be blessed!" Hearing these words Goupil fell at the father's feet, made his confession and offered himself as a sacrifice to God.

Availing himself of a momentary liberty, Father Jogues baptized his catechumens and administered the sacraments to the other Christians. Remarking this, the Iroquois fell upon him with clubs and stretched him half dead on the ground. When he recovered consciousness, they tore out his nails with their teeth and chewed the ends of the forefinger of each hand until they reached the bone, which they then wrenched out. On this occasion also, Goupil was treated with the greatest cruelty.

On the journey to the Indian settlement they were given no food and were not allowed to sleep at night; the excessive heat, the swarms of insects, their open and rotting wounds which the worms were devouring and which the younger savages amused themselves in tearing open still wider or in irritating or poisoning them, caused intolerable torture. What parts of their bodies were not injured were torn by the nails of the Indians or prodded with sharp points, the most sensitive portions being chosen to augment the pain.

On the march Father Jogues was made the principal victim. Besides other outrages his beard and his hair were torn out, but his chief suffering, and one that brought tears to his eyes was the thought that the chief supports of the infant Huron Church were being destroyed. On the ninth day a party of savages were met on an island. To amuse these friends the prisoners were stripped naked and made to run the gauntlet between two lines of Indians who showered blows on each victim as he passed along. Father Jogues was the weakest and came last.

He, himself, narrates that at the end of the line he was dragged on a platform, half dead and all covered with blood. They burned off one finger and ground another with their teeth. One furious Indian seizing him by the face flourished a knife over him and was about to cut off his nose. "Not only that, O Lord," cried the martyr, as he stood motionless awaiting the stroke; "but my head if Thou willest." For

some reason or other the savage desisted; he raised his knife again but a second time in spite of himself he stopped and then went away.

Similar sufferings were inflicted each time any Iroquois warriors were met with. During the interminable journey no food was given to the captives except the wild berries that could be plucked from the trees; the heat was intense, and the victims, who had been almost stripped of their clothes, were crushed by the heavy burdens they were compelled to carry.

During the journey Father Jogues counselled René to escape under cover of the night. "What will become of you, Father?" was the reply. "As for me," said the Father, "there is no question of my leaving. I will suffer everything rather than abandon those so near death and whom I can nourish and strengthen with the blood of my Saviour." "Let me remain with you, then," said the faithful René.

After thirteen days march they reached the village of Ossernenon (Auriesville). The whole tribe received them with blows of sticks and rods. Father Jogues was especially maltreated, having his flesh torn almost to the bone by their nails. He was put on an elevated platform and almost killed by the blow of an iron ball which was attached to a rope, and with which he was hit in the small of the back. A female captive was then compelled to chew off his left thumb; Goupil's right thumb was meantime being sawed off with an oyster-shell. They uttered no cry, but offered themselves, with all their heart to the Heavenly Father, to use Father Jogues' own words, "as victims of His good pleasure." The priest even took up the severed thumb from the ground, and offered it as an expiation for whatever want of love and reverence he might have been guilty of whenever he was offering the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

The same tortures were repeated in two neighboring villages. In the midst of his sufferings, Father Jogues preached the Word of God to some Indian captives, and when he was commanded to sing during his torture, as the savages do, he began, as he said himself, to "sing the canticles of the Lord in a strange land."

It was at first resolved to put the captives to death by fire, but the sentence was revoked in the case of Father Jogues and René Goupil, and it was determined to keep them as slaves in the Indian village. By this time they were unable to stand; they could only crawl painfully on the ground; their hands were in such a pitiable state they could not help themselves and had to be fed like infants. A little Indian meal was given them and sometimes half-cooked squash. They had no bed but bark; nothing to cover themselves with but a deer skin alive with vermin; their wounds were unwashed and raw and constantly irritated by the sting of insects. Some women took pity on them and endeavored to care for their wounds. René was dying with exhaustion and ill-usage, but suffered with admirable patience. He was finally put out of pain by the blow of a tomahawk, and Father Jogues was left to suffer alone. He was given as a slave to a family, but was constantly menaced with death, and with his masters he had to make long journeys wherever they went. All these details are set forth in the document, and as we have said, after each is added the formula: "as shall be hereinafter proved."

With these external sufferings came great interior desolation to Father Jogues, and thinking of the happy death of Goupil he seemed to himself to be rejected of God, but found consolation in meditating on the Holy Scripture. In spite of the abandonment in which he found himself he applied himself to the study of Iroquois, and as the cabin which he occupied was used for public assemblies, he often seized the occasion to speak to the chiefs of the truths of religion. He succeeded in baptizing not only many children but even some adults who were dying and he was unremitting in his care of the captive Hurons, among whom there was a certain number of Christians. The mother of the family advised him to escape, but he not only refused but succeeded in getting a letter to the Governor of Montreal, begging him "not to let any consideration for his sufferings interfere with whatever plans that might have to be taken for God's glory." It was only much later when the Dutch settlers at a distant post exhorted him to escape that he took the resolution, after a night of

meditation had convinced him that he could better serve the interests of the Church in doing so. For six weeks he remained in concealment, constantly in danger of being captured and slain, and finally reaching the Island of Manhattan from which he was sent to France on the 5th of November. While among the Protestant Hollanders he was treated with the profoundest reverence, and in France Queen Anne of Austria shed tears over his lacerated hands. His humility strove to avoid the honor which he was compelled to receive in being brought to the royal court.

The servant of God longed for his beloved mission, with which, as he said, he had contracted an alliance cemented in blood. He remained only a few months in France, arrived in Quebec at the end of June and was immediately despatched to Montreal.

From there he was sent with a trader to make a treaty of peace with the Indians. The letter of his superior found him in retreat. He confessed to some shrinking of nature at the remembrance of the past, but added, "God gave me peace of soul and will give me still more. Yes, Father, I wish whatever our Lord wills if it cost a thousand lives. How I should regret to have lost such an opportunity." The treaty was made but the Father profited by the occasion to exercise his ministry with the captives whom he found there; after which he returned to Quebec.

In the opinion of Father de Brébeuf, "an Indian missionary needs affability, humility, patience and generous charity." Father Jogues possessed these qualities to a very eminent degree.

His devotion to the Blessed Eucharist was most intense, and there was in him a heroism that made him dare anything to administer baptism. Even in the time of his captivity he baptized sixty persons.

He always availed himself of the opportunity of praying when the Indians were off on the hunt, and for hours knelt in the snow before a cross he had cut in a tree in the forest. He carried the Holy Scripture always with him, and succeeded in saving from the plunder of the savages the Epistle of St.

Paul to the Hebrews. This and a little wooden cross which he made himself and an indulgenced picture of St. Bruno he carried on his person. The desecration of the sacred vestments by the savages caused him unutterable grief.

René Goupil honored God chiefly on the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation and the Blessed Sacrament. He was tenderly affectionate in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and all his life was burning with a desire to enter the Society of Jesus; a grace which was granted him just before his death. His patience, his hope, his faith, were unalterable in the midst of his sufferings.

An instance is adduced of the heroic charity of Father Joggles, when in spite of his maimed and suffering body he rescued a poor woman and her child from a raging torrent at the risk of his own life, and his tenderness was manifested by the tears he shed when an Indian was being burned to death, though his eyes were dry in the midst of his own sufferings, nor did he even show the slightest aversion for his tormentors, but nursed them tenderly and bound up their wounds when they were injured with as great affection as he had shown to the sick in the hospital of Quebec. So likewise his prudence in managing people who were difficult to deal with was most remarkable, and for that especially was he chosen by the Governor to bring about the treaty of peace. His escape from his enemies was not due to his fear of death but in order to better work for their salvation. Both he and his companions were most assiduous in fulfilling all their duties to their Creator, of adoration, gratitude and prayer, and in acquitting themselves of every task which their cruel masters imposed on them. The humiliation of beggary in being compelled to appeal for rags to cover himself, filled him with joy; and he overcame the disgust in being compelled to drink the water given to him in a vessel used for lye, although starvation and this atrocious drink caused him intense agony, and all this while gangrene caused by a bad remedy was devouring his leg. Even after his rescue he would refuse all but indispensable assistance and relief in his many ailments.

Although so meek and mortified in his own person, he was

unyielding and energetic when there was question of the honor of God and religion. When warned by a savage that the sign of the cross was a source of danger, he replied : "Never mind, I will make it, come what may."

The declaration thus takes up virtue after virtue and shows to what a heroic degree they were practiced by the servant of God. Following this we find reference to the supernatural visions which were also vouchsafed to him, and whose reality are to be duly substantiated.

The death of Father Jogues on October 18, 1646, and that of De la Lande on the 19th, are then briefly described, after which an outline is given of the various proofs that are to be adduced in order to show that the death of all of them is to be ascribed to no other motive than hatred of Christianity.

The document concludes with an enumeration more or less complete of testimonies to the saintly life and death of these men. Among others is that of Father Charles Garnier, who himself was soon to be a martyr. The opinion of the Superior of the mission is positive in pronouncing their death to be genuine martyrdom. Most satisfactory, perhaps, is that of Father Jogues himself, who in writing of Goupil two years before, described him as dying for the faith. Much more truly can this be said of himself. The last testimony is that which is given by Auriesville itself, viz. : the presence of a chapel there and the attendance of numberless pilgrims at the shrine.

Only one miracle of any importance, however, is as yet known to have occurred.

Such is the character of this important document. We trust that the long delay in taking up the cause of these great servants of God will be a reason for accelerating whatever remains to be done to complete the work.

"PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM."

WHO that has been to Rome is not familiar with the "Trinità de Monti," and has not been to Benediction there on Sunday afternoon? Everyone goes there—Jew and Gentile alike. Mendelssohn has written of the sweet singing of its nuns, and so have scores of others. But there are so many churches in Rome where one may hear beautiful music, how account for the strange attraction to this one in particular? Well, first of all, it is situated on the Pincian Hill, close to the Gardens, and the guide-books advise the sightseers to drop in there as they return from their afternoon promenade. In obedience to its behests, two young girls, "forestieri" of the "distinti" type, had taken their places, I shall not say among the worshippers, but among the curious on this Sunday afternoon in early spring. They had worked their way up to the grating which separates the body of the church from the sanctuary and small portion reserved for the nuns and their pupils. They peered curiously into the enclosure, and the scene which met their gaze, to us a simple one, indeed, to them, non-Catholics, had all the charm of novelty, and to such as were imaginative something of the weird and mysterious: a band of young girls, wearing black dresses and with white veils upon their heads, were filing slowly into their places with downcast eyes. As she reached her place, the leader of the band raised hers for an instant, and the eyes were so beautiful. Rosalie, one of our young friends outside the barrier, could not restrain the involuntary expression whispered into the ear of her sister, Estelle: "Oh! what a beautiful face—did you see it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the latter, "and it is the first time I have felt glad that Reggie was not at my side, but far away, for no one could look at that face unmoved."

"It may seem a strange coincidence, but Reggie's eyes were raised in prayer at that very moment as he fell on the field of battle in the distant Boer land. Reggie was Estelle's fiancé, and on his return in June, which they had never for a moment looked upon as doubtful, they were to be married in London.

As for Rosalie, she was as yet fancy free. The little angelic creature behind the "grille" had just uttered a prayer for the souls departing; let us hope that it brought pardon and peace to the brave young officer dying so far away.

The Benediction over, our young friends sallied forth, and stood for a few moments on the steps of the Trinità, as everyone does, entranced by the view, one of the most beautiful and interesting which the world affords. All Rome lay at their feet bathed in the splendor of a more than usually gorgeous sun-set. Waiting for them, enjoying it all, seated in their carriage at the foot of the steps was our young friends' chaperon, Aunt Eliza. She loved Rome for the pleasures of sense it afforded, the perfume of its flowers, the light of its skies and the soft balmy breath of breezes. As for its churches and "Romish" ceremonies she found no pleasure or entertainment in them.

Soon the luminous scene was left behind, and all three were driving briskly through the long Via Sistina and its continuation the Quattro Fontane to a palazzo in the Esquiline Quarter, where, according to Italian fashion, was being held a Sunday reception. The hostess, the Contessa L—and her daughter did the honors in the sweet gracious way peculiar to Italians, devoting themselves especially to the English girls. Estelle gave her opinions freely of all they had been seeing in Rome, telling of course of their visit to the Trinità that afternoon, adding: "I feel sorry for the poor girls shut up there, how anxious they must be to get out."

"Well, I know of one who is not," answered the Contessina, "my little sister Claire, why we can hardly coax her to come home for her holidays, and even then she spends most of her time in the Convent of the Reparatrice; it is in the Piazza Lucchesi, have you been there yet?"

"Oh, no! do tell us all about it," exclaimed Estelle, "the convents interest us so much."

"All about it?" said the young Contessa. "Well, by that I suppose you mean how the nuns dress and how they sing, of that I can tell you, but it is, I assure you, far from being all about them, for that is God's secret. Their name 'Repara-

trice' implies that their lives are devoted to repairing the outrages committed against the Divine Majesty by the impious."

Estelle feels rebuked and listened in silence to the account of the beautiful church connected with the convent where the Blessed Sacrament is always exposed and the nuns always in adoration.

Then followed a description of the beautiful habits worn by the nuns, of light blue and white, with long trains, over which drop long white veils covering head and face, from which they are never lifted except when the faces are turned towards the altar. Estelle was now deeply interested and longing to be peeping through the grating into this other cloister upon these, to her, mysterious beings.

Meanwhile Rosalie was talking of other matters to young Eduardo, the Countess' son; he was one of the "Guardia Nobile" of the Papal Court, and a fine looking fellow, as they all are; he was, in fact, a manly reproduction of the angel of the F"rinità" who had bewitched them all that afternoon. Our little Rosalie was, as it were, bewitched for the second time, not so much by his magnificent appearance as by the nobility of his sentiments and an unmistakable grandeur of soul. His talk was so different to that of the average society young man she was accustomed to meet in the London drawing-rooms. Their conversation was cut short by Aunt Eliza, who had just learned that the uniform worn by the young man talking to her niece was actually that of an official of the Papal Court; that he was a sort of remnant of the temporal power. This information made her uncomfortable, and she was anxious to get away. The young girls were loath to leave, for, though in a different way, they were both enjoying their visit. That evening Rosalie was decidedly *distracte*; it was evident that she was no longer fancy-free. She was already wondering how she could arrange to prolong their stay in the Eternal City, and what pretext she could invent to remain in Rome, even did her sister leave at the time decided on. Alas, little did they then know of the way in which their plans were to be altered, and that the blasting of Estelle's earthly hopes was to pave the way to happiness for Rosalie. But so it was; the

news came all too soon. To Estelle the blow was a crushing one; she fairly reeled beneath it. The very thought of London and home was distasteful to her; it was her desire to stay on where they were. This plan, needless to say, suited Rosalie admirably, but Aunt Eliza would not upset her own arrangements even in view of her niece's bereavement, and carried out her original plan of leaving for home the following week. It was decided that the young ladies should remain with the Contessa L——, who cordially opened her doors to them. The gay little Contessina Isabel was deeply grieved at her friend's trial, and did what she could to console, but it was the gentle Claire who proved her true consoler. She was now home for her holidays, and Estelle daily accompanied her in her visits to the "Reparatrice." On the first day she whispered to her: "It is not I who invites you to come, but the Sacred Heart, who says to such as you: 'Come to Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will refresh you.' " She knew that none who go to that source of refreshment ever fail to find it, nor did she. Her heart now emptied of creatures opened its door to Him who stood there and knocked, her Creator, and He led her softly into the Ark of safety, His One, Holy, Catholic Church.

Meanwhile Rosalie was being led there by a different road; she was being drawn with the chains of love. Eduardo was her ideal of all that was high and noble, and she was convinced of the truth of a religion which could so ennoble and uplift man. When plighting her troth to him she had promised to place herself under instruction.

The two girls were baptized on the same day in the Convent chapel, not of the "Trinità," but of the "Reparatrice," where one of its little doves had flown. That morning Claire had received the blue and white habit and the veil which was forever to hide those lovely eyes from all but the angels of the sanctuary. Her place at the "Trinità" was soon to be filled by Estelle, who was about to enter not as a pupil, but a novice. These young brides of Heaven bid farewell to the little bride of earth, promising her the aid of their prayers, should she, too, ever be called upon to tread the rugged road of the Cross.

ROMANA.

MARTYRDOM OF FATHER GARNIER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

AS soon as the fugitives arrived on St. Joseph's Isle, they set to work. They felled the forest trees, they dug ditches, and erected a palisade, built cabins, and constructed a stone fortress one hundred and twenty-three feet between the angles of the two bastions, with a wall seventy feet long uniting these defences. The ruins of the bastions and the wall are still there in the village on the south-east side of the Island which was the place of the missionary chapel and house, and easily traced by those who have read the old *Relations*. The new residence was called St. Mary's in remembrance of the one that was left on the mainland.

The work was kept up with such energy that before winter the shelter of the fort assured them against all attack. The land was ploughed and sown. Spurred on by the French, the Hurons proved hardy workers ; and what was better, their life was exemplary and their piety most admirable. On the 13th of March, 1650, Father Ragueneau wrote to the General of the Society : "Never have we reaped such a harvest of souls ; never has the Faith struck deeper in their hearts ; never was the Christian name so glorious as in the ruins of this unhappy nation. Last year we baptized more than three thousand Indians. We are realizing the truth of the text : "God chastiseth every son whom He receiveth."

Fort St. Mary's was being finished when the Indian runners brought Father Ragueneau the news of another woe which fell on the mission. After the Iroquois had ravaged the Huron territory, and had slain, or captured, or put to flight all the inhabitants, they had come in the dead of winter into the mountains of the Petuns and were already a short distance from the village of St. John.

Skillful and courageous fighters, the warriors quietly waited for them for some days ; and not seeing them put in an appearance went out to meet them. It was a mistake. The Iroquois who had been watching their enemy executed a great

flank movement, covering up their tracks, and while they were being hunted for, swooped down on the village uttering their fearful war-cry. The old men, women and children hurried to their cabins and some took to flight. Everywhere there was terror and confusion.

Father Garnier who was instructing some catechumens in a cabin hurried to the church. "We are lost, my brothers," he cried. "Pray to God and flee wherever you can. Keep the faith while you live and let death find you thinking of God." His neophytes urged him to flee with them ; but he refused. The priest's place was in the midst of those who needed his help. He gave them all a general absolution, and then hurried to the cabins to baptize the children and catechumens, and to prepare the Christians for death.

Meantime the foe were setting fire to the cabins and slaughtering the inmates. The Father was struck by two bullets and reeled over bathed in blood. Although mortally wounded he summoned what strength was left, and so as to die in the exercise of his apostolic work, he dragged himself to the side of a Christian who was dying near him. An Iroquois saw him and with two blows of the tomahawk on either temple despatched him where he lay. The martyr was only forty-nine years old.

The work of destruction did not last long. The Iroquois fearing a return of the absent Petuns hurriedly left the settlement that night. It was December 7, 1649.

When the warriors came back two days later they found only smoking ruins and mutilated and charred remains. Their grief was indescribable. Seated on the ground amid the ruins of their village they remained the whole day like bronze statues, silent, motionless, their gaze fixed on the earth. Not a moan, not a tear ; moans and tears are unworthy of a man, say these savages.

Informed the evening before by the fugitives of what had happened Fathers Garreau and Grelon, who lived at St. Mathias, had come for the precious remains of the dead missionary. They found him under a heap of ashes, stripped of his garments, his body all gory, his head split open on both

sides and his face all disfigured. They covered him with their own clothes and buried him in a grave hollowed in the midst of the wreck of the chapel.

Father Garnier had written to his brother, in France, on April 25th of that year, five weeks after the death of Fathers Lalemant and de Brébeuf: "Thank God for me that He has given me for brothers martyrs and saints who long every day for the crown. Ask Him to give me the grace to serve Him faithfully and to accomplish the great work He has confided to my hand so as to consummate my life in His service. Truly, I regard myself henceforward as a victim that is to be immolated." Like his brethren who had preceded him in the bloody combat he yearned for martyrdom. But that was the hope of all the missionaries of the Hurons. "They are ready for anything," wrote their superior; "crosses, dangers, tortures, nothing frightens them; death, they desire it."

Father Garnier desired it more than the others: On August 12th, 1649, he wrote to his brother: "If my conscience did not reproach me with infidelity to my good Master, I could hope for some favor such as He has vouchsafed to those blessed martyrs. But His justice makes me dread that He will find me unworthy of the crown. Nevertheless I hope that His goodness will give me the grace to love Him some day with all my heart; and that will suffice. Ask Him that for me, and if He gives me that it will matter little what death I die."

This grace of martyrdom which he so much desired, but of which he deemed himself unworthy, the Lord gave him. He had made a vow to defend with his life the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He died on the eve of the feast and solemnized it in heaven.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

BY a decree dated April 22, 1903, the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, ordains that the title, "Mother of Good Counsel," be added after "Admirable Mother" in the Litany of Loretto.

"From the moment in which the most Blessed Virgin Mary, filled with the grace of the Holy Spirit and illuminated by the splendor of His light, received with entire homage and affection of mind and heart the eternal Counsel of God and the mystery of the Incarnate Word, having become the Mother of God, she deserved to be also called Mother of Good Counsel. Instructed furthermore, by the oracles of Divine Wisdom, those words of life which she had received from her Son and preserved in her heart, she poured forth abundantly on her brethren. Nor was it only at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee that those who ministered followed the counsels of this new Rebecca; it is but just to believe that the pious women and the other disciples of our Lord, including the Holy Apostles themselves, heard and obeyed her words of wisdom. Which prerogative of the Virgin Mother of God we find acknowledged and confirmed when Jesus, about to die, seeing His Mother and the Disciples, whom He loved, standing near the cross, said to His Mother: "Woman, behold thy Son." Then He said to the Disciple: "Behold thy Mother." And from that hour the Disciple took her unto his own. But that John represented at that moment all the faithful of Christ, the Fathers of the Church have handed down to us as a sacred tradition. Moreover, from time immemorial, and with the full approval of the Holy See, the clergy and the Christian people united in imploring her aid, have saluted the Most Blessed Virgin with the glorious title, Mother of Good Counsel. Finally, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, through his singular piety and that of the faithful towards the Mother of Good Counsel and her sacred picture which is venerated, particularly in the sanctuary of Genazzano, after a new office and Mass had been approved by the Congregation of Rites, in A.D. 1884, and a new indulgenced Scapular had been allowed in 1893,

elevated the Sanctuary itself, increased by his beneficence to the dignity of a minor basilica with all due rights and privileges. And to increase the honor and veneration of this title of the Blessed Virgin Mother, His Holiness decreed that it be inserted in the Litany of Loretto after the words, "Admirable Mother," being firmly convinced that, amidst calamities so frequent and darkness impenetrable, the Pious Mother, who is styled by the holy Father "the treasurer of heavenly graces and counsellor of all," will, if invoked by the Catholic world under this title, prove herself to be to all a Mother of Good Counsel, and obtain that light of the Holy Ghost, the gift of Good Counsel, which enlighteneth all minds and hearts of men."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Even the drought has not damaged the Shrine grounds to any extent. The trees and hedges have been watered daily, and with the rain promised they will all look as well as ever this year.

The trees which were not doing well, some of the hemlock especially, about forty in number, have been replaced, the arbor vitæ hedge has been extended down the roadside and privet hedges planted in various places on the grounds and in the ravine.

A new bridge has been thrown across the creek in the ravine, forty feet long by eight feet wide. It is south of the sepulchre and leads over to the site chosen for the old statue of the Pietà. The east bank of the creek has been cleared and levelled, and makes quite a spacious and beautiful sward. The terrace below the grotto has been renewed and a small bridge thrown across the creek to the west of the bank below the grotto.

A cyclone blew over the Shrine on the first Friday of May and destroyed the memorial cross. It will be replaced in good time for the pilgrimages.

The Shrine will be opened in July and the pilgrimages will be continued during that month and August.

We need not urge our readers to respond generously to the appeal for aid for the Shrine which we are going to issue the first week of June. It tells the need of the place for this year, and the prospect of beginning the new chapel just as soon as we can provide the necessary funds.

MISSION NOTES.

THE NEEDS OF NORTH AFRICA.

The Archbishop of Algeria, Mgr. Dury, writes of the zeal and self-denial of his missionaries in their laborious work of "extending the kingdom of Christ in these vast regions where the Gospel is less known and obeyed than the Koran." Much has been done, but little in comparison with what remains to be accomplished. It is the same sad state of humanity as in our Saviour's time—the harvest is great and the laborers but few. Many villages in which Christians live can be visited only once a month. The faithful see their pastor only for a few hours. The stations are scattered at distances of twenty-five and thirty miles from the central residences, and so poor are they that the missionary cannot find in them even a shelter for a night. Thus we see the difficulty of Christian instruction and training, particularly in the case of children. Around them are all the evil influences of Mahometanism, immoral in doctrine and life, and fanatically opposed to the Christian faith.

Many Christians suffer keenly on this account.

In one of his pastoral visits the Archbishop was thus addressed by one of his flock: "I have seven sons who toil with me in this village, where we are deprived of all religious aids. We work like the animals of the field, and like them we have to die. If within a year we have no priest to minister to us, we shall certainly leave this place and go to another village, no matter of what sort, in order to be able to live as Christian people."

"Our difficulties," writes the Archbishop, "increase rather than diminish. Each year new villages are established and new colonists arrive, but through lack of resources and of men, we cannot attend to them. It is true, that from time to time the civil authorities enable us to erect a church or residence; in the entire colony six such centres were established last year. But the official assistance is not enough for our increasing needs."

One of the most urgent demands is for a central seminary, in which young missionaries may be trained. Until a recent date Algeria had to call for missionaries to the dioceses of France. The answer was generous; many gladly left their fatherland to toil on the sun-scorched plains of North Africa. It was by those devoted men that the ruins of the ancient Church of Africa have

been rebuilt. But at present the dioceses of France need all their priests. And, moreover, the opinion has gained ground that the missionaries born and trained in Algeria have an advantage in better knowledge of the land in which their career is spent. They know better the people of Algeria, their character, their ideas, prejudices. They will be better able to stand the strain of climate and labor. Nor are most promising vocations lacking in this country which was sanctified so long ago by the blood of many martyrs.

The anti-religious policy of the present government in France is keenly felt in Africa, where all the colonists as well as the officials largely depend on the favor of the rulers. Hence the tendency will be to send in future to government schools children hitherto confided to religious teachers. And so vocations will be fewer, and temporal resources less. The Catholics of France, even in the midst of trial, must still be the chief support of missionary work in Algeria, where, although it is officially a French colony, the exile, the labors and the privations of more remote mission fields are not by any means unknown.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

"Otaron, which Mgr. Berlioz, Bishop of Habodata, has commissioned me to evangelize," writes the Abbé Armand Pouget to the *Missions Etrangères*, "is a town entirely new and full of promise. Its population has grown in ten years from 18,000 to 80,000 souls. Its geographical position to the west of Hokkaido, on the bay from which it has taken its name, in front of the Russian positions in the extreme East; and its nearness to Vladivostok, the terminus of the trans-Siberian railroad, makes it a port likely to become more important than Hokkaido, and even one of the principal ports of Japan, especially when the network of Russian railroads will have been completed. What proves its importance even now is the fact that the Protestant missions have completely invaded it. There, already, five American religious bodies compete with the orthodox Russians. Their schools, churches, hospitals, catechists, multiply unceasingly; their material means are far greater than ours. I have been appointed a year already to this post, and have not yet been able to erect even a temporary structure. The bishop himself is unable to assist, since he has to beg in order to repair the ruins caused by the last typhoon."

THE AFRICAN SLEEPING-SICKNESS.

Missionaries in Belgian Congo state that the sleeping-sickness is menacing the existence of entire villages of from 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants. Great care is taken to isolate the natives as soon as they have been stricken. This is by no means easy, for the sickness comes on as the victims are standing in open day amidst their companions, while they themselves are quite unaware of danger. A missionary tells a story of a native aged eighteen who, while planing a board, began to sleep. After two weeks he could no longer quit his hut, but slept continuously. His slumbers continued two months, and ended in the deeper sleep of death. In some cases, persons when seized by the sleeping-sickness become violently insane, and after three months of unconscious slumber die. It was often possible to baptize the native pagans after very brief instructions when it was understood that death was drawing near. A young girl, apparently in perfect health, was brought to the mission station and offered for sale at a small price. This was suspicious, for, according to the degraded heathen custom, a much larger sum is usually demanded. She was bought, and death soon set her free after she had been baptized.

CARDINAL MORAN ON A GREAT MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

During his recent visit to his native country, Cardinal Moran paid this tribute to the great missionary College of All Hallows, near Dublin :

“ But in this reference to the foreign mission field there is one college whose merits are preëminent, and whose incomparable work has added new lustre to Ireland’s missionary fame. Needless to say, I refer to the All Hallows great missionary college at Drumcondra, which was founded and which attained all the perfection of its present mature growth within the past sixty years. I remember well the memorable day, November 1, 1842, on which it entered on its marvellous missionary work, for I was on that very day sailing from Dublin to enter upon my ecclesiastical studies in Rome. Three priests inaugurated the institution on that day, one of them, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock. It is truly surprising to find that within the span of one missionary career, a work so vast and so fruitful would have been begun, and have overcome all the difficulties that beset its early course, and attained its full maturity. On that

opening day the first student entered ; Mass was said in a borrowed suit of vestments ; the furniture of the house consisted of a three-legged table and two or three broken chairs ; the mansion house itself was in the first stage of ruin ; such were the beginnings of the college which, with its vast and stately edifices, now adorns the wide-spreading meadows of Drumcondra. Fifteen hundred priests have gone forth from its hallowed walls, and the missionaries from All Hallows are to be found bringing the consolations of religion to the scattered exiles of Erin whithersoever they may have roamed."

It was of All Hallows that Aubrey de Vere wrote :

" Hope of my country ! House of God,
 All Hallows ! Blessed feet are those
 By which thy shadowy courts are trod
 Ere yet the breeze of morning blows !
 Blessed the winds that waft them forth
 To victory o'er the rough sea foam—
 That race of God which conquers earth—
 Can God forget that race at home ? "

FROM THE JAMAICAN MISSIONS.

One who has not been in the missions amongst the poor negro people in the West Indies, can scarcely form any idea of their poverty and helplessness. The readers of *THE PILGRIM* remember the pathetic letters of good Father Rapp, S.J., who died soon after his return to the United States, after having labored long and faithfully in the missions of western Jamaica. The successor of Father Rapp sends us the letter printed below.

Father Emerick, S.J., writes from St. Ignatius' Mission, Brown's Town, of his success amongst the poor in his scattered and needy mission-field. The people have plenty of good will, and respond quickly to missionary devotedness. With almost no pecuniary means, Father Emerick has developed his several missions, supplying them all, as far as possible, with schools. The schools have been very successful, particularly since they have been placed under the charge of Sisters of Mercy, some few of whom went to those country missions from Kingston. It is a revelation of this mission land how the Sisters have been able to live, and how the zealous missionary has been able to keep his schools and churches in fairly good order without money. The people do much without recompense, and

the mission staff live on the slenderest means. Books of instruction, hymn-books, etc., have also been distributed amongst the people.

READING, Montego Bay, Jamaica, May 7, 1903.
The Editor of The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, New York.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—May I kindly ask you to make known to the readers of your invaluable periodical the present need of these missions, namely, two horses and buggy, wanted for the Missioner in order to reach his people—there being no other way of getting to them—as the old material has become utterly useless. Father Rapp, S.J., in May, 1896, received and acknowledged in your paper a contribution of \$25, and this is what has given me confidence to write to you.

May Our Blessed Lady reward those who will give ear to my appeal. Thanking you for this favor, allow me to be, Very Reverend and Dear Sir,

Yours gratefully in Christ,

FREDERICK BARIN, S. C.
 (Priest of the Society of Don Bosco.)

AMONGST THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

The Indian Sentinel thus writes of the reopening of the Indian Industrial School at Santa Fe by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament :

“Mistrusting their own weakness, and relying on Him Who said ‘Power is made perfect in infirmity,’ they reopened St. Catharine’s Indian Industrial School.

“Many of the old pupils returned, and, shortly after, the Sisters announced their intention of accommodating girls also. This announcement was soon made known to the old Indians, and with a feeling bordering on suspicion as to the wisdom of sending the girls, a few brought their daughters.

“Only those who know what a deep, intense love the old Indian has for his little ones can realize what a sacrifice it is to send them off to school. Much harder is it to part with the girls, and many who came that first year to St. Catharine’s had never before left their pueblos.

“How could those poor children of nature, who had been so often betrayed, deceived and wronged by their more privileged brethren—how could they know that in transplanting their little

daughters from the pueblo to the Sisters' school, they would find in these Sisters devoted hearts ready to be all things to them that they might gain them for Christ?

"It was pathetic to watch their first experiences in bringing girls to school. They followed the little ones everywhere—to dormitory, classroom, dining-room, playground—and having convinced themselves that the Sisters would be kind to their children, they gave their parting blessing to the little ones, who, with reverently folded hands, on bended knees, received this farewell token of affection.

"Many and many a time that first year must their thoughts have turned towards their little nestlings away from their adobe dwellings, rude though they were, and frequent indeed were their visits to St. Catharine's.

"But as time wore on, their confidence grew, and within a year the number of girls had so greatly increased that the Sisters were obliged to build a special department for them. They placed it under the protection of Our Lady of Guadalupe—the Indians' Blessed Mother. She is the good Mother of all her children—the Mother of beautiful love and holy hope—and her aid has not been wanting to the good Sisters who daily ask her assistance in spreading the good tidings, the Gospel message of peace and love to these poor little Indian children, who wish with all their hearts to love the Saviour Who died for them.

"Many of these poor, untutored souls in their simple, primitive innocence, and life untainted by the ways and wiles of more attractive surroundings, are led to love and serve, with their whole hearts and souls, Him Whom only lately they had learned to know.

"Instances are told of several Indian boys who, in order to avoid being entrapped into a dance which they feared savored of idolatry, left the pueblo and under cover of night walked miles to receive sacramental absolution and be fortified with the Bread of the Strong, and thus were enabled to remain firm under the pressure of repeated solicitation and long-standing custom."

REVIEW OF ONE YEAR'S WORK.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children was first suggested by the late Archbishop Corrigan. It was inaugurated in the autumn of 1901, and at once received the approbation of his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, his

Eminence, Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli, and of the Most Reverend Archbishops Corrigan, Ryan and Keane. The *Indian Sentinel*, an annual, published with a view to keeping the people informed on the condition of the Indian missions, was first issued in the spring of 1902. The result of a little more than one year's effort may be stated thus :

Amount collected through the direct efforts of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions by appeals in Catholic papers, personal appeals, and the efforts of priests who have generously devoted a portion of their time to furthering the interests of the Society, \$11,089.19	
Amount collected in the Diocese of Cleveland, as a result of the establishing of the Society by Right Reverend Bishop Horstman, ...	9,531.43
Amount collected in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia through the efforts of Reverend H. G. Ganss, ...	8,672.24
Total, ...	\$30,192.86

Notwithstanding the fine showing made by this total, it supplies less than *one-fourth* of the amount required for the running expenses of the schools—hence the necessity of speedily increasing the membership of the Preservation Society.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions desires to express its appreciation in an especial manner of the generosity of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia and of the Diocese of Cleveland ; of the notable interest manifested by Right Reverend Bishop Horstman, and of the zealous, untiring and fruitful efforts of the Reverend Father Ganss.

It is apparent that the Preservation Society has been a success. With another year of equal results it will have gone a long way toward solving the knotty problem of the support of the Mission Schools.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

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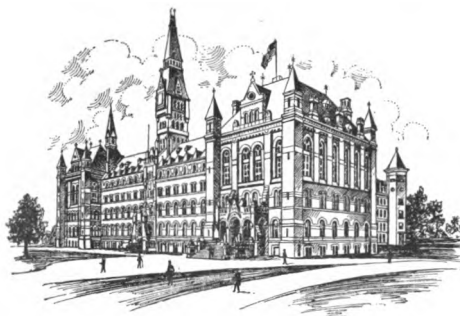
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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

JULY, 1903.

No. 7.

FATHER CHABANEL, A VICTIM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

ON the day after the martyrdom of Father Garnier, another Jesuit, Father Noël Chabanel, was killed by an apostate Huron. At the command of his superior he had left St. John and was on his way to the new Fort St. Mary's, accompanied by several Hurons. It was the night before the eighth of December, and the travelers had stopped in the forest, and all but the missionary were asleep. Towards midnight he heard the sound of footsteps and confused shouts. It was the Iroquois army returning from victory and carrying with them a small number of captives. He awakened his companions, who fled in dismay. Unable to follow them, on account of his fatigue, he stayed behind with one of the Hurons. "It matters little," he said to them, "whether I die or not; life is of little consequence. The happiness of Paradise is the only true good, and that the Iroquois cannot take from me."

The enemies passed by, however, without seeing him, and at daybreak he set out with his companion. They were soon halted by a river. Bressani adds: "We do not know what became of the Father after this, whether he was killed by hostile Indians or lost in the woods; whether he died of cold or hunger, or was murdered by the Huron, who brought the last tidings of him and returned clad in the Father's garments. But it is natural to believe that this Huron had killed him, for he had boasted shortly before that he would kill a Jesuit." The *Relation* of 1650 is not more precise in its account, although it expresses the same suspicions. They were only

too well grounded. The Huron was an apostate, and from a renegade savage anything can be expected. In fact, a long while after, he openly declared that he had killed the missionary out of hatred for the faith, because, since he and his family had become Christians, misfortunes had showered upon them.

Father Chabanel, still in the vigor of manhood, might have rendered great services to the Indian missions, as he was a man of talent and of literary attainments. He had taught classics and rhetoric for several years in France. Yet it would be hard to find a man less talented for savage tongues: after four or five years of study, he could hardly make himself understood in the Huron language. Moreover, everything about the missionary's life was repugnant to him—the food, dwelling, way of sleeping, the travels and the dangers he encountered. Hence during his first years among the Hurons he was at times disheartened and distressed. Inability to teach the savages or to make himself understood, horror or fear of everything, were sad trials for an apostle. Frequently he said to himself: "Would it not be better for me to go back to France where I could be more useful than I am here? There the manner of life is to my liking, my occupations would suit my talents, I would live a devoted, religious life. God does not ask the same sacrifices from every one, the same degree of mortification or devotion. If He wanted me here, He would give me the means of making myself useful and the grace to overcome this intense repugnance that I feel, in spite of myself, everywhere and in everything." Such thoughts troubling his soul, soon began to tell on his health and his brethren perceived the hard struggle that he was having. Those who were more intimate with me did all they could to encourage and console him, telling him that in time it would be all right, he would soon be able to devote himself to his work and that he had already acquired sufficient knowledge of Huron to labor for the salvation of souls. They added also that our Lord had permitted this grievous temptation to prove and to sanctify him.

It was, indeed, a temptation, all the more dangerous, as it appeared under the semblance of good. True to the motto of

St. Ignatius, "All for the greater glory of God," the Father asked himself and had a right to ask whether he would not do more for God's glory in France, than in Canada. No one who has not experienced such a trial can understand the agitation of a soul that is seeking to know its duty or to find out, at least, the best course and, in the midst of contrary feelings, is unable to come to a decision.

Father Chabanel had come to the Hurons in August, 1647 ; for three years he had been thus harassed with doubts whether he was really at the post that Providence designed for him ; in suffering and prayer he had been unable to solve these doubts or attain peace of mind either from the light of grace or from faith-enlightened reason. However, one day, the twentieth of June, 1647, he heard a voice in his heart, urging him to put an end to these cruel waverings and, rising above all purely natural considerations, with generous self-denial he bound himself by vow to live and die in the mission of Canada. The words of this vow are too beautiful to be omitted :

"Lord Jesus Christ, who hast by the admirable disposition of Thy paternal Providence wished me, although most unworthy, to be the assistant of the saintly Apostles of this Huron vineyard, I, Noël Chabanel, impelled by the desire of obeying the Holy Spirit in promoting the conversion of the savage Hurons to Thy faith, vow before the most Blessed Sacrament of Thy Precious Body and Blood, the Tabernacle of God with men, perpetual stability in this Huron Mission, understanding all things according to the interpretation and disposition of the Society and its Superiors ; I beseech Thee therefore to accept me as the perpetual servant of this mission and to make me worthy of so high a ministry. Amen. June 20, 1647. Feast of Corpus Christi."

It has been said that crosses are everywhere ; if you run away from them you will surely find them. The happiest are those who welcome them. The vow made by Father Chabanel did not put a stop to trials and crosses. As in the past, he experienced the same difficulties in the study of the Huron language, the same repugnances for the hard life of a missionary ; but he no longer looked back ; he em-

braced his cross with generosity and began with the help of divine grace to wish for this unbloody martyrdom and for the martyrdom of blood also. "I beg all the Fathers of our Province," he wrote to his brother in France, "to remember me at the Altar, as a victim destined perchance for the fire of the Iroquois ; that by the protection of so many saints I may win victory in so hard a struggle."

Setting out for the Petuns, whither he was sent by his superior a short time before his death, Father Noël said to one of his brethren : "Oh, that I may give myself to God this time and belong to him entirely." Then he added : "I don't know what there is in me, and what God wishes to do with me, but I feel altogether changed in one respect. Naturally I am very timid, yet now that I am going to the greatest danger, and that it looks as if death were not far off, I feel no more dread. This disposition does not come from me." It came assuredly from God, who was thus preparing him for the supreme sacrifice.

At the village of St. John, where he labored under Father Garnier, he manifested neither timidity nor fear. Distrusting his own weakness, he awaited all things from the Divine Power ; he fled from no suffering, avoided no difficulty and had no fear of death. He wrote at this time to his brother : "I am striving to act the hidden martyr, *martyrem in umbrâ*. . . . Your Reverence has very nearly had a martyr for your brother, but alas ! virtue of a very different stamp from mine is needed in God's sight to win the martyr's crown." Nevertheless he won it, and the martyrdom resembled the hidden martyrdom that he encountered night and day in his apostolic life, witnessed only by the eye of God. The shadow of mystery surrounded his last days on earth ; but, as the historian of New France truly says, "although his death had not so much glory in the eyes of men, it was none the less precious in the sight of Him who judges according to the dispositions of our hearts and counts no less what we have wished to do for Him, than what we have actually done and suffered (1)."

(1) Father Noël Chabanel, born February 2, 1613, in the diocese of Mende, entered the Society of Jesus at Toulouse, February 9, 1630. He

The news of the glorious death of Fathers Garnier and Chabanel and of the ruin of the village of St. John reached the island of St. Joseph towards the end of December and caused there great sorrow.

Here, too, there was deep mourning and general consternation. Thousands of savages, almost all of whom were Christians, had taken refuge among the missionaries, without thinking whether it were possible to find support on a spot where the soil had not yet been upturned. The Jesuits, on their part, were glad to see these children, whom during the last years they had begotten unto Christ, gathered around their modest chapel. No one seemed to foresee or wished to think of the sad consequences of such a large assemblage of men.

It is true, the first arrivals in the island had sowed the ground, but the harvest that was sufficient for the support of a few families could not nourish several thousands. It was soon exhausted. For want of better food, most of these newcomers lived during the summer on roots, wild fruit and a few fish, and this meagre fare did not appear to injure the health of these Indians, accustomed from childhood to undergo the most severe privations. When winter came even these supplies ceased, and in all the huts there was awful misery.

The Jesuits had brought from Fort St. Mary's a rather large supply of Indian corn, and had, moreover, gathered in the neighboring woods and set aside a large quantity of acorns and roots. They knew of old the improvidence of the savage, and that after a certain period the Fathers would be forced to come to their assistance or see them die of starvation.

Unfortunately, the resources at their command were very little for so large a throng. They offered them to the Indians, reserving only what was strictly necessary to sustain as best they could the *donnés*, the servants, the soldiers and the Religious. "We endeavor, in all charity, to supply the extreme

studied philosophy at Toulouse (1632-1634), taught there for five years the three grammar classes, poetry and rhetoric, made his theology in the same city (1639-1641), and then taught rhetoric at Rodez (1641-1642). After his third year of probation he was sent to Canada, arriving at Quebec August 15, 1643. He spent one year at Quebec and then went to St. Mary's among the Hurons. He died December 8, 1649.

needs of our poor Christians," Father Ragueneau wrote. "There are none who do not live on our alms, so that we are publicly called the fathers of the country, and we are so indeed. . . . As for the future, the Lord will provide. . . . 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' All our nourishment consists of a little corn, dried fruits and roots; our only drink is cold water. The skins of the wild beasts serve for our clothing. Yet, although all should be wanting, we hope, with God's grace, that courage, confidence and patience will never be wanting. That I can promise you in the name of all the Fathers who are here."

In the same letter Father Ragueneau adds: "We have two great causes of fear; one, the hostile Iroquois, the other, the lack of food. And we are unable to see how we can obviate this last difficulty."

In fact, it was impossible. The provisions of the Fathers ran out and the ground being covered with snow, the rivers and lakes all frozen, there was absolutely nothing at hand. Famine commenced. "It was a horrible sight to see men turned into living skeletons, like the shades of death, rather than living bodies, going around and taking as food things most repugnant to nature." "They dug up the corpses and brothers ate the flesh of their brothers, mothers their children and children their parents. This horrible spectacle was witnessed more than once; our savages abhor such viands no less than Europeans; but hunger leaves no place for reflection."

Famine never comes alone; it is either accompanied or followed by contagious diseases and these two scourges brought death to countless victims.

War alone was now wanting to complete the destruction of this unhappy nation and it did not delay long. Hunger, they say, will make the wolves leave the forests. As soon as the ice began to melt and the ground to reappear, the starving Hurons set out from Fort St. Mary's to catch some fish. "But where they hoped to find life, they met with slavery or death. They fell into the hands of the Iroquois, who hunted them everywhere, especially during the night." To add to their calamities, they were forced to be on guard night and day, because

the Iroquois had come in large numbers to the island and were waiting for a favorable hour to enter the fort and massacre all the inhabitants.

The situation had become unbearable. So, when spring came, two Huron chiefs came to the Superior and said in the name of all: "To-night in a council we have resolved to abandon this island. The greater number wish to retire into the woods where they can live alone, far from their enemies; some intend to journey for six long days from here; others will join our allies, the Andastes; and others will throw themselves into the arms of the enemy where they have many relatives who want them. . . . You alone, my brother, can give us life, if you will make a bold stroke. Choose a place where you can have an assembly and hinder this dispersion. Turn your eyes towards Quebec and transport thither the remnant of this ruined land. Do not wait until famine and war have killed all. You carry us in your hands and in your heart; death has robbed you of more than *ten thousand*, if you delay longer, not a single one will be left and you will then regret that you did not save those whom you could have rescued from the danger and who proposed to you the means of doing so. If you listen to our desires, we shall build a church under shelter of the fortress of Quebec. Our faith will not be extinguished there."

These words prompted by high sentiments of faith, touched Father Ragueneau very deeply. They gave, indeed, the only solution that was possible or reasonable in the grave difficulties that beset them; they pointed out the only true way to save the dispersed remnant of the Church and the Huron Nation. The Superior of the Jesuits and his brethren after careful discussion, agreed to it unanimously; yet it was not without much heart-bleeding. How could they leave without regret, without bitter sorrow, a land so long sterile and now fertile, a soil watered for sixteen years by the sweat of apostles, reddened by the blood of five martyrs! And, moreover, in leaving this outpost in the wilderness, were they not, perhaps, shutting behind them forever the door that would lead to Christianity among the countless tribes of the West?

ROSE MEMORIES.

I MISS the roses—they are gone ;
Last night a prowling wind
Stole in and out the garden close
And left no bloom behind.
The petaled joy that was so sweet—
Brief was its day and all too fleet.

I miss the roses—miss them so !
With them the June-time fled.
Born of the perfumed wind and air
Something that was, is dead.
But mem'ry holds a fairer rose
Whose home is in no garden close.

HELEN MORIARTY.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

THERE is no page in American history more touching, more rich in dramatic situations, more full of heroic achievements, of inconceivable self-sacrifice, of patient toil, of untold suffering cheerfully sought after and endured, than that which records the life and sufferings of the early Jesuit missionaries. They were the first pioneers of civilization and religion upon our continent, and "in their toils, their sufferings and their conflicts, momentous questions were at stake and issues vital to the future world." Bancroft and Parkman have borne testimony to their devotion to duty, to their zeal for the salvation of souls and to their success in the cause of aboriginal civilization and Christianization. But there is much more of Jesuit historical lore left unexplored even by these writers, and it is reserved for others to pursue the research with great advantage both to themselves and to the general reader. Careful researches tell us of the suffering and trials with which these early laborers in the vineyard of the Lord won

their triumphs. Most of them were martyrs to their faith and few "died the common death of all men" or were permitted to lie in ground consecrated by the Church they loved so well. Some, like du Poisson and Souel, fell beneath the tomahawks of the infuriated savages and their bodies are thrown to feed the vultures, whose shriek as they flapped their wings above them had been their only requiem. But these things did not deter the sons of Loyola; they might "suffer but they knew in whom they believed;" they "were set for the fall and rise of many." "Nothing happened to them for which they were not prepared when they devoted themselves to the Indian missions." They realized that they were "appointed unto death." "*Ibo, et non redibo*" were the prophetic words of one of the most glorious of these martyrs, but it did not deter him and he met his death like Father du Poisson.

Is it not a pity that these men are not better known than they are, and that the history of their courage and sufferings, touching and edifying as it is, has been comparatively neglected? It is, in a measure, to make up for that neglect that the following incidents of missionary life are presented.

The early part of the eighteenth century marks an interesting period of missionary history along our southwestern coast, along the Mississippi and its tributaries. Long before a French colony had been established at the mouth of the "Father of Waters," the Jesuit missionary "whose youth had been spent in the peaceful valleys of Languedoc, had explored the wilderness of Wisconsin and caused the prairies of Illinois to resound with Catholic hymns." True, in this work, both here and in the almost unexplored regions of Arkansas, he was hampered in his labors by disputed jurisdiction and the claims of the Bishop of Quebec to this section of the country as part of his diocese. True, he had, for a time, to abandon a field that was ripe for the husbandman, but with the growth of the colony came a corresponding demand for the Sacraments and the authorities were forced to come to an understanding. Thus it came to pass that as early as 1726 the Mississippi Company entered into negotiations with the Jesuits and the Capuchins and some communities of Sisters, which resulted

in the grant of a tract of land in New Orleans to the Jesuits, in what later on became known as the second municipality. This they held until the suppression of the Society, and at a later period it became the cause of a celebrated suit.

The distribution of labor growing out of the negotiations above mentioned was rather peculiar. The Indian missions were turned over to the Jesuits, all men of the highest education, and the care of the whites was entrusted to the Capuchins. Although the Superior of each of these orders was to have his headquarters in New Orleans, the Superior of the Jesuits was forbidden to perform any ecclesiastical function among the colonists without the consent of the Provincial of the Capuchins. The sons of Loyola bided their time ; they can always afford to wait.

Early in 1727 the good ship *Gironde* arrived at New Orleans from France, bringing a band of Jesuit Fathers whose names later on became identified with the history of Catholicity in these regions and the story of whose heroic sufferings and, in some cases, glorious martyrdom, is a source of admiration and edification, even in our own day. The Jesuit's work was to be away from the settlements of the whites—it was for that he had crossed the ocean, and was now ready to carry the cross into the wilderness. Among the passengers on the *Gironde* were Fathers Paul du Poisson, Jean de Souel, René Tartarin, Estéphe Doutreleau and Jean Dumas and a colony of Ursuline Nuns.

Hardly were these good missionaries given time to recover from the fatigues of the long ocean voyage when they were hurried off to distant missions. In May, 1727, Fathers du Poisson, Souel and Dumas set out in a small boat or *pirogue*, in charge of Brother Simon, a *donné* of the Illinois missions and ascended the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Their journey was attended with all manner of dangers from floods, strong currents, floating timber and the like and with inconveniences of all kinds. They suffered terribly from a plague of gnats which compelled them to sleep in smothering bags, notwithstanding the hot season ; and even then, they were not free from these terrors, for they would get into the

bags and creep into the ears and noses of their victims. In a few days the scanty supply of provisions carried by the missionaries gave out and they were forced to live on *gru*, a preparation of corn pounded so as to remove the outer skin and then boiled for a long time in water. This was sometimes mixed with bear's fat. A spoonful of *gru* and a small piece of meat (when they had it) were taken together.

The chief work of these missionaries was to labor among the Arkansas, Choctaws and Alibamons, and they did it with characteristic zeal until the suppression of the Society. Father du Poisson stopped among the Arkansas whose villages lay scattered along the Arkansas river some miles above the mouth of the White river. He labored among them for three years, during which time he did all that it was possible to do among a people whose language, a very difficult one, he was obliged to learn, and whose debasement was far from encouraging. Yet, he baptized many who were in danger of death and made quite a number of conversions.

Father Souel's work took him further down the river, near the mouth of the Yazoo, among the Yazoos, while Father Dumas went up the river among the villages of the Illinois, where he remained until 1740. After years of arduous labor in the wilds of America, he returned to France, where he devoted the remainder of his life to teaching Hebrew and writing works on mathematics and astronomy.

Father du Poisson continued to labor in his sterile field. It is true that when he first reached the French post, which had been established some time before, the missionary was received with apparent pleasure, being assured by the savage chief of that region that "his heart laughed" on learning that the black gown would always remain with his people to "teach them to know the Great Spirit, as he had done among the Illinois;" but his joy was only transitory.

In the meantime, Father du Poisson set to work to perfect himself in the language and to tend the sick. "This occupation," he says, "did not, in any way, prevent my making, on each Sunday and festival day, an exhortation during Mass, and also giving instruction after Vespers. I have had the conso-

lation of seeing that the greater part have profited by it to come forward to the Sacraments, and that the others are disposed to do so. We are, indeed, well recompensed for the greatest trials, if they are followed by the conversion of even a single sinner."

In November, 1729, Father du Poisson, forced by the necessities of his mission and a desire to obtain some favors for his beloved "Arkansas," visited the Natchez colony. His disappointment was great on finding that Father Philibert, the *cure* of the place, had gone to New Orleans. He remained over Sunday (November 27), and said Mass for the Post. His visit was at an unfortunate time. The Indians had become incensed against the French commander, M. du Choptart, because of his injustice towards them, and his determination to remove the Indians from their village to another place, so that he might build a town for the whites where their homes had been. The good Jesuit noticed the feeling of unrest that prevailed, but took little account of it except to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Learning that there were some sick Indians in the villages, he determined to visit them the next day, and, in order to be able to carry the Viaticum to any who might be in need of it, he resolved to say Mass the next morning before starting on his errand of mercy. Hardly had he time to put on his vestments, when a gigantic chief fell upon him, threw him upon the ground, and after repeated blows with his tomahawk, severed his head from his body. A general massacre ensued, and the governor fell by the hands of one of the humblest Indians of the tribe, the chiefs disdaining to stain their hands with his blood. Father du Poisson was in the thirty-seventh year of his age, having been born at Epinal, France, January 27, 1692.

The spirit of revenge awakened among the Arkansas Indians at the Arkansas Post, soon manifested itself in another massacre at the French Post, at the mouth of the Yazoo, when the Yazoos, instigated by the Natchez, on December 11, fell upon the French residing at the Post and slaughtered them without mercy. Father Souel who was returning from a visit to a neighboring chief, while in a ravine, was literally riddled

with bullets. His negro attendant shared the same fate. Father Souel, like his confrère, Father du Poisson was called to his reward while yet a young man, being only 35 or 36 years of age.

The Post of Arkansas is a very old station. From Charlevoix's history of New France and the *Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses* of the early missionaries, we learn that the Jesuits were in the habit of going down the river, from Natchez, then known as Rosalie (in honor of St. Rosalie) to preach the Gospel to the Arks, Kansas or Arkansas, as the Indians along the banks of the Arkansas river were indifferently called. Recent writers claim that the Post of the Arkansas above referred to was somewhere lower down the river than the present Arkansas Post.

Father Vivier, in a letter dated at Illinois, November 17, 1750, says that the French settlement on the Arkansas river had been attacked and dispersed by the irreconcilable enemies of the French, the Chikasaws (called *Chassés* by Father du Poisson) in May 1748, and that no missionary could remain after that time with the unfortunate tribes of the *Arkansas*, but the Registers would seem to indicate that the mission was renewed at a later date, for we find that in 1764, (on March 11 and 12), Father Sebastian Louis Meurin, S.J., is recorded as having baptized nine persons. "Don Jean Baptiste de Montclairvaux being at that time Governor of the Post of Arkansas."

Father Étienne Doutreleau, who, as we have seen, arrived in Louisiana in 1727, with Fathers du Poisson, Souel, and the Colony of Ursuline nuns, was born in France, in 1693, and spent twenty years in missionary labor in the Mississippi Valley. After the murder of his companions, while still laboring among the Illinois, he one day sailed down the Mississippi on a flatboat, his destination being New Orleans, whither he was going to provide for the needs of his mission. He conceived the idea of spending New Year's day with his friend Father Souel, of whose fate he was ignorant, but upon finding that he would be unable to do this, he decided to land at the mouth of the Yazoo, erect a little altar, and say his New Years'

Mass *thère*. While he was preparing to do so, one of his boatmen fired at some wild fowl, and when the good Father was ready to begin Mass, the boatmen came up to the altar. The report of his gun was heard by some Indians who ran their canoe to the shore, and answered the hail of the boatmen with the assurance that they were "Yazoos' comrades of the French." Though they were not Christians, they seemed to understand what the priest was doing, and fell upon their knees behind the whites. Father Doutreleau was in the act of reciting *Kyrie Eleison*, imploring the mercy of heaven, when the Indians treacherously opened fire upon the missionary and his men. One boatman fell dead while the others hurried to the boat. Father Doutreleau, wounded in the arm, felt that his hour had come and knelt to receive his death blows. But his prayer for mercy had been heard, and though the bullets whistled around him none reached his person. He took courage, sprang to his feet and, with his vestments still on, ran for the boat, which was already occupied by his companions, who were not a little surprised at seeing him alive. Father Doutreleau climbed into the boat, and in looking back to ascertain whether the Indians were following him, received a charge of smart shot in his mouth, while another of his men was disabled by a bullet. Wounded and bleeding as he was, the good missionary insisted upon steering the boat while his remaining companions pushed out into the stream and rowed for their lives. They directed their course down the river so closely pursued by their enemies that the men were more than once on the point of giving themselves up. The good priest encouraged them, and seizing an old musket which was lying in the bottom of the boat pointed it at the Indians, and in this way succeeded in making the yelling savages give up the chase and go back to the Frenchmen's camp to secure what plunder they might find.

In the meantime the missionary and his companions reached a place of safety and dressed their wounds as best they could. They next threw everything they had in their boat into the river, keeping only a little raw bacon for their nourishment. They had hoped to have found relief at Natchez, where they

proposed to land, but the sight of smoking ruins of the French habitations warned them to keep away. The Indians along the banks of the river made friendly overtures and tried to induce them to land, but they had learned by bitter experience to put little confidence in the words of treacherous savages and prudently kept on their way. In passing the *Tonicas* they kept as far from the hostile shore as possible, but they were soon discovered, and a boat put out to meet them. Their fears were renewed and they plied their oars with all the strength they possessed. Soon, however, they heard their native language spoken, and then realized that they were, at last, among friends, and gladly pulled for the shore. Here they found a camp of French soldiers, whose officers were very compassionate, and provided for their necessities. A surgeon attended to Father Doutreleau and his companions, and the next day, after a good night's rest, they continued their journey to New Orleans. It is needless to add that as soon as his wounds were treated Father Doutreleau returned to the army to serve as chaplain. Later on we hear of him at Fort Wabash or Post Vincennes; next as chaplain of the hospital at New Orleans, then in charge of the Ursulines. He returned to France in 1747, after twenty years of missionary labor in the Mississippi Valley.

Nearly three hundred years have passed since these noble Jesuit Fathers, like their heroic confrères in other parts of our country, perished at the stake or fell under the tomahawk, the victims of the savage cruelty of the very creatures for the salvation of whose souls they cheerfully gave up their lives. But the flames that lighted their path to paradise still shine like beacon lights to their successors among the "Rockies" or amid Alaskan snows. Along the banks of majestic rivers, in the clearing of the forest, by the mountain's side, the Cross of Redemption planted by the Jesuit Missionary towers high above all the works of man. Over hill and dale, over swamp and ravine, where the feet of du Poisson, Souel, Doutreleau and others toiled wearily to carry the "glad tidings" to obdurate souls, to-day is heard the sweet tone of the Angelus bell calling the faithful to prayer, and to the student of history

it recalls the devoted pioneers of France and of Loyola, who braved the dangers of the forest to plant the Cross of Christ in the wilds of the Mississippi Valley.

MARC VALETTE.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

ON the brow of the hill, not far from Kandy, is a bungalow, home of a missionary. To-day he sits on the balcony reading his breviary.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. A company of soldiers is ascending the steep road ; they pass.

The priest raises his eyes and murmurs, "God help them in their hour of temptation."

The white helmets glare in the bright blaze of the scorching tropical sun.

A minute or two and they are beneath the shade of a cluster of palms that crown the summit of the hill.

"Halt ! At ease !" The sharp, stern tones come on the warm breeze to the ears of the priest.

Father X — sees a young officer approach, and push the wicket open. He rises to meet the visitor.

"Are you a Catholic priest ?" asks the soldier, as he grasps the outstretched hand.

"Yes ; can I be of service to you ?"

"Father, I wish to go to confession, I believe I am prepared ; if you spare me a few minutes, I shall tell you why."

"Pray be seated, make yourself at home."

"Well, Father, I have led rather a careless life since I left Europe, neglected my religion, given up prayer, all but three Hail Marys every night. A few nights ago I forgot them and slept. I know not how long I was asleep when something woke me ; the thought came, 'I have forgotten my three Hail Marys'. I got up and fell on my knees, and as I prayed I heard a strange sound. I struck a light, and there across my pillow was a deadly cobra."

"'Matufa,' I cried in alarm. 'Quick, quick, bring a rattan.'"

"My faithful Bengalese must have had the cane on the mat where he was asleep, for he was with me before I could find a second match with which to light the lamp.

"Wait a moment, take care, there is a snake on my settee.

"Quick, vigorous, the crack of Matufa's cane on the head of the reptile, and the snake was dead.

"Matufa gone, there came a flood of emotions. I laid down again, but I could not sleep. My conscience stung me. The days of my innocence came back; happy college days, and now, what a change! Yes, 'I must live up to my convictions if I would have peace.' I made up my mind to go to confession. A hundred times I cried that night, 'Oh, Good Mother, help me!' Since then I have been thinking of my sins. Father, please hear my confession."

Confession over, the young captain asked the prayers of the priest, and after a warm grasp of the hand, hurried off to his men.

Father X——, as he watched the receding figure, exclaimed: "How our Blessed Mother rewards so small an action as the daily recital of three Hail Marys."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

THE rainy weather has more than made up for the dry season preceding it. It has benefited vines, trees and hedges. The spruce trees especially, which were planted this year in place of those which had given out since the first planting in 1898, are doing very nicely, and the new rows of hemlock and poplar leading to the new bridge in the ravine look as if they had been there for years.

The first pilgrimage of the season is announced to come from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, New York. It will be made on Sunday, July 19. After that, a priest will reside at the shrine and Mass will be said there regularly until September 9. Before July 19, one of the Fathers will be at Auriesville occasionally, but it is impossible to promise that Mass will be said every day.

It is always gratifying to record that wind and weather have

done little or no damage to the property. This year the destruction of the old memorial cross is all we have had to deplore, and though we may regret the loss of the original shrine land mark, it must be remembered that it was only temporary and a new one already replaces it also temporary, until we shall have the means of erecting on the site a permanent memorial.

Nothing has been changed and little has been added to the structures on the shrine property. An altar table stands before the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, a covered porch has been erected on the west side of the Fathers' residence and the interior has been altered so as to provide more rooms. We wish provision could be made for accommodating some of the pilgrims who may wish to spend some time about the shrine. That will come, too, in good time, though the destruction of a neighbor's house by fire this year will deprive some of very acceptable quarters.

After deciding not to attempt to begin the new chapel or even a portion of it this year, we withheld the letters of appeal we had intended to send to all the friends of Auriesville. Those who receive them now may think that they are not early or urgent enough: still we issue them, not only because the shrine needs assistance even before we can think of building anything new here, but also because so many are accustomed to contribute for the needs of the place at this time of the year, and because all will, we are confident, give as generously as they can afford.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

E. M., Bedford Park, N. Y	\$ 0.50
J. F., New York	5.00
"Anon"	150.00

MISSION NOTES.

SCENES IN PAGAN CHINA.

IN a letter to the students of the Apostolic School of Thien, in Belgium, dated Sept. 16, 1902, a missionary, Father Hop-somer, S.J., thus describes some of the pagan customs of the Chinese :

"Just at this season all China keeps holiday. Everybody, from the poorest to the most wealthy, is going to eat this evening his *pao-ze*, little flour cakes cooked in steam and containing chopped meat—beef, pork, horse-flesh, the flesh of asses, dogs, etc.: it doesn't make any difference, provided it is meat; the Chinese palate is accommodating. But they will not eat without drinking; and so the people of the Celestial Empire, who are very sober, seeing that they drink only tea, will indulge to-day in a glass of hot *arach*, a wine made from millet.

"But what extraordinary thing is there, then, to-day? We are at the 15th of the moon; and never, it appears, does the queen of night emit a light more soft or lustrous than at this season. She vests herself in all her splendor, and this date is chosen to offer sacrifice to the hare which has the charge of directing the moon in her course, while they pray to him to be the faithful guardian of the harvests. After a little while, in every pagan house, before the feast begins, the father of the family will offer to the hare the food that is set on the table; then all begin to eat.

"Truly China is still steeped in paganism, and paganism is a tissue of contradictions; 450,000,000 of Chinese will sacrifice to-day to the hare as to a god, and yet the hare is for the Chinese an unclean animal. When they speak of it, they will not pronounce the name, it would be shocking: they employ a periphrase. To call one a turtle would be a dire affront; and yet the turtle has its temples here; and the imposing sepulchral stones rest upon turtles. A few years ago, when the Emperor, frightened by the earthquakes, consulted the principal men of his empire, the famous Li-Hung-Chang wrote to his majesty advising the erection of a pagoda in honor of the turtle. Our globe, according to Chinese philosophy, reposes on a turtle; when the creature is displeased there are earthquakes; and so it

must be appeased by sacrifices. The Emperor adopted the old statesman's advice.

"Quite lately the viceroy of a neighboring province published a decree, promising a considerable sum of money to anyone who would capture the devils who chase away the clouds and cause the drought. Every year, at the beginning of spring, the mandarin, in gala costume, traverses the country to expel the devils who may injure the crops. He orders them to get into the cities, and there they are kept prisoners until the harvest is gathered. Then the city folk are delivered from the malevolent spirits, who return to torment as they please the poor country people until the following spring.

"A little while ago, one of our Fathers told me that the mandarin, his neighbor, had been notified of the discovery of the rain god, and so there was hope that the dry weather would soon cease. The mandarin immediately put on his holiday attire, and went to the place where the people were carefully guarding the rainy divinity. It was a little inoffensive serpent, well-known in Europe. At sight of it the mandarin and his suite prostrated themselves, took up the serpent and carried it with great ceremony into a pagoda. Here they offered him sacrifices, and two attendants were left to protect him. He died a few days later, probably of indigestion, for they had treated him to a copious luncheon of milk and eggs.

"Here is another fact which reveals the character of the Chinese pagan. It happened four or five days ago in our village. A messenger came to say, that, a few yards away from our house, a man was lying under a tree, and was very near death. We found a poor man, with death already in his face, his few rags scattered here and there around him. I recognized him: he was an old pagan, whom I had often met in my journeys. He was good-natured, agreeable to everybody, and cursing none—a rare thing for a Chinaman. 'Why has this poor man been left here?' we asked. One of the pagan bystanders answered: 'He came to me ten years ago. He has now no family living. He worked well for me, and I have been pleased with his services. Some days ago he fell sick: I took care of him. But now as he is going to die, I cannot keep him any longer in the house: it would cause trouble with the magistrates. Besides he understands the matter himself: he went out of his own free will.' To take him into one's house then was nothing less than heroic.

He was partly eaten with worms, and the smell from his wounds was pestilential, while swarms of greenish flies crowded upon him. It was in truth the Lazarus of the Gospel. 'Father,' said a good Christian widow, 'I will take him home, although my children are opposed to it. He is baptized. Some one asked him if he wished to die a Christian. "Yes," he said, "for I want to go to heaven. I have inquired about the Christian religion, and I wish to die in it."' He was taken to the widow's house, and cared for tenderly. Next day he died. Here in China this harshness towards the dying is looked upon as quite natural, and nobody is surprised at it."

HONORS TO SLAUGHTERED CHRISTIANS.

Father Becker, S. J., a missionary in South-western Che-li (China), recently took up the bodies of the 126 Christians, slain on the 26th of June, 1900, by the Boxers, while seeking refuge in the mission residence. The pagan inhabitants of the neighborhood showed much sympathy. The mandarin came with Father Becker, and the translation of the bodies was effected with much ceremony: there was a solemn procession, with music and rockets. Of about thirty bodies of the martyrs no trace was found. The others were chiefly in two trenches. One contained forty-two bodies, heaped one upon the other. Three skeletons of women still held in the arms three smaller skeletons of their children, who died with them. A number of the victims were buried alive upon their refusal to apostatize. The second trench contained sixty-six bodies, with the flesh still preserved by the salt contained in the earth. Many of these also had been buried alive. Some bodies and skeletons were in a crouching position, with the garments brought over the heads to protect them from the earth flung upon them as the trenches were filled up. The bodies were reverently placed in coffins, and the honor they so well merited given them. The glorious register of these marvellous martyrdoms will, we trust, be soon prepared. The difficulty hitherto has been, no doubt, to collect information and visit the scenes of death, owing to the still dangerously disturbed condition of the country.

WHERE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER IS BURIED.

Father Sewell, S. J., writes of a recent visit to Goa, in India: "I have purposely left to the last my impressions of what I

saw in Goa. First, as regards the clergy. His Excellency the Patriarch had, I found, only one European priest with him in Goanese territory besides two or three of European descent—one educated in Europe and the rest in Goa. With these exceptions, the clergy—some 800 in number—are natives of the country. Of course, in a four days' visit I could not come in contact with many, but those I did meet impressed me most favorably as men of exterior polish of manner, self-possessed, dignified, reverent in demeanor, affable without being forward, men of learning, devoted to their work and most courteous. That there are no exceptions is not, I suppose, to be expected of them any more than of any other class of persons in any part of the world, but so far as I could judge from their bearing in church and when saying the Divine Office, I was greatly edified. I was especially struck with the humility and modesty of the few Seminarists I saw at Rachol and with the careful training they had had in serving Mass, as well as by their quiet, unassuming reverence of manner. I need not speak of the hospitality and kindness of the Patriarch here, as I have already spoken of it, nor of the attention and kindness of his Secretary, Father Campos, with whom I drove to Santa Cruz and afterwards returned to Panjim; but I may say here what I heard on all sides that this state of things is in a large measure due to the untiring exertions of that true pastor of souls, the venerated Patriarch, who, setting an example of apostolic piety in his household, requires every priest to make a retreat once in three years, and many, I was told, do so annually. Where this is the case, it is not surprising that the people love and are attached to their religion; and, so far as a mere passer-by could judge from chance words and actions and such information as could be gleaned by casual inquiries, this was not a mere nominal attachment, but a deep reverence for religion in their hearts that manifested itself by their external piety and simplicity of manners."

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

AUGUST, 1903.

No. 8.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

The first pilgrimage this season is thus described in the Amsterdam *Evening Recorder* of July 20 :

"The pilgrimage season has opened at Auriesville. Last Sunday about 600 people came from St. Joseph's French-Canadian parish at Cohoes. There would have been more than a thousand but for the rainy weather. Saturday night was wet and Sunday morning was misty, but the day turned out fairly fine at Auriesville, and had but little effect on the good spirits of the pilgrims. They came about half past nine, and ascended the hill in procession, led by a cross bearer. High Mass was sung by Father Dugas, the brother and assistant of Monsignor Dugas of St. Joseph's, the choir consisting of men, who sang extremely well the Plain Chant, sung in this same spot by the French missionaries and their Indian converts 250 years ago. This was the first high Mass of the season at Auriesville, and the ceremony in the open chapel, on the very scene of the martyrdom of Father Jogues and his companions, on this beautiful eminence overlooking the Mohawk, was very impressive. Father Dugas told anew the old inspiring story, the tragic missionary romance with its shadows and sunshine, its many sorrows and imperishable glory. It was a Way of the Cross indeed, this valley trail, and the devotions of the afternoon in the chapel fittingly recalled it. There was an English sermon in the afternoon, and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. This latter ceremony was extremely picturesque. All the people took part in it. By an unpremeditated arrangement the Blessed Sacrament was received in the midst of the people, recalling the entrance into Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday, when "the multitudes that went before and that follow" sang almost the

same words as those pilgrims did on the hill. The services ended with benediction, and the happy people went away at five o'clock, the weather, fortunately, favoring them.

"The Shrine will remain open until the ninth or tenth of September, with at least one priest permanently in charge."

The same newspaper contained the following account of Sunday, July 26, at Auriesville :

"There was no organized pilgrimage to the Auriesville shrine last Sunday, and the rain of Saturday and Sunday morning kept away many persons who intended to join piety with pleasure by visiting Auriesville. A small congregation assembled for Mass at 9:30 a. m., during which a choir formed from among the visitors did excellent service. Some of the persons present at Mass had come a distance of thirteen miles.

"The day was a struggle between sunshine and showers. It was fine enough for the people to examine each point of interest on the hill and in the ravine. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at half-past two, as the weather was threatening. No rain came, however, until the hour for the departure of the train.

"The sermon was, naturally, a tribute to the great Pontiff who has just passed away. The preacher said that the regret of non-Catholic people at the death of Pope Leo, and their universal praise of the great ruler, were as acceptable and as consoling as they were remarkable. The change in the attitude of men and women outside the Catholic Church toward the old historic faith was a modern wonder. There was now esteem, sympathy, imitation, where before there had been suspicion, misunderstanding and hostility. The startling change was largely due to Pope Leo himself. His position and his opportunities were great, and greatly had he availed himself of them. His wise and patient and truly Christian policy had triumphed over almost every difficulty. The indifferent became enthusiastic; the hostile, friendly. One of the most singular examples of all was that of Germany, which, from an avowed and most aggressive foe of the Catholic Church, became, if not an ally, at least a steadfast friend.

"Pope Leo's diplomacy, keen and far-sighted as it was, was secondary; his unsleeping desire to relieve every social sorrow, and this by making known the true treasures of Christianity, the true message and purpose of the Catholic Church, this was

decidedly the predominant characteristic of his life and pontificate. There can be no question of reversing his policy, so well suited to our times and so necessary. There cannot be any change even in his insistence upon his temporal independence. He cared absolutely nothing—nor does the Catholic Church—for mere temporal dominion; nothing is more remote from the truth than to assert the contrary. And very little is known of the history of schism, of international political intrigue, of conscienceless oppression of the Papacy for temporal ends—little is known of these by persons who say that the Church should have no free spot of earth for the independent exercise of her ministry, and that her Supreme Head, who belongs to one nation just as much as to another, should be subjected to the sway of any one ruler who may thwart the Pontiff's action as he pleases.

“The grounds belonging to the Auriesville shrine are now so improved as to be really a beautiful park, and visitors to the place thoroughly enjoy them. Trees have been planted everywhere—pines, maples, poplars, with flowering shrub. A new porch, tastefully painted by local artists, greatly adds to the appearance of the modest residence of the priests in charge. The white Corinthian temple over the beautiful marble statue of the dead Saviour presents a most attractive appearance from the brow of the hill. Its site marks one of the angles of the quadrangular palisade which surrounded the Indian village. Among the floral ornaments of the altar is a rare hydrangea with a history. It is very large, with great globular masses of cream-colored flowers. This beautiful plant has been for thirty years in the family of Mr. James Shutts, who has sent it up to the Shrine for the summer pilgrimages.

“Morning service on Sunday begins at half-past nine o'clock, to accommodate those who come on the train. Even when there is no organized pilgrimage, the memories of this historic spot and its pleasant grounds attract a great many people.”

We have good news for the readers of *THE PILGRIM*. The Shrine is to have a statue of the Sacred Heart, life-size, in marble. It is the gift of Mr. Patrick Carroll of Albany, and it will be unveiled and blessed during the pilgrimage from that city, Sunday, August 9. The ceremony will be a very solemn one, and the sermon on Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on this occasion will be preached by the Reverend John J.

Wynne, S.J. We bespeak for the generous donor the prayers of all who are interested in Auriesville.

The dates for the August pilgrimages so far announced are : Sunday, August 9, the Albany pilgrimage ; Sunday, August 16, St. Joseph's Parish, Troy ; Sunday, August 16, St. Adalbert's, Schenectady ; Sunday, August 23, St. Mary's, Sauger-ties, and neighboring parishes ; Sunday, August 30, St. John's, Utica.

On August 15th there will be the usual annual pilgrimage, and the novena, beginning August 6th, will be closed on that day.

The pilgrims from St. Joseph's, Schenectady, will this year come with the pilgrimage from St. Adalbert's.

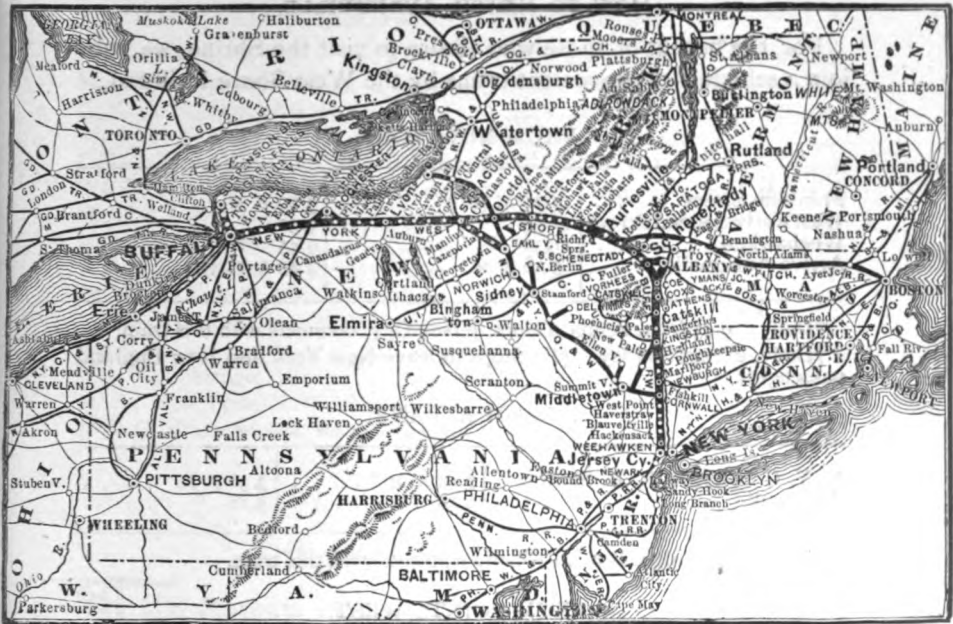
By the will of Miss Ann Shaw of Troy, the Shrine will receive \$50.00. Pilgrims to Auriesville will remember her with many pleasant memories, and regret her decease, and pray for the repose of her soul.

We recommend also to the prayers of our readers the soul of the late Professor Gagnieur, of St. Catherine's, Ontario, Canada, to whose bereaved widow they owe many contributions to THE PILGRIM, signed "Alba."

"It is with the deepest regret that his many friends learned of the death this morning of Professor Anthony Gagnieur, at his home on Court Street, after an illness of about one day. The deceased was of French birth, and had lived in the city for many years, but being of a retiring disposition was only best known to those with whom he came in contact in his professional duties as a musician. In his day Professor Gagnieur stood at the top of his profession in this district, and took an active interest in all that pertained to the elevating of the profession. As an organist and pianist, he was possessed of exceptional ability, and for a time he was organist of St. Catherine's Church. The deceased is survived by an aged widow and two sons, both in the priesthood of the Jesuit Order, Father William, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Father Alexander of Montreal."

Two friends and benefactors of the Shrine report favors which they attribute to the kind prayers of our readers.

For the information of those who wish to visit the Shrine we publish the following map and tables :



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF AURIESVILLE, N. Y., NEAR WHICH IS THE SITE OF THE MISSION OF THE MARTYRS.

Auriesville is a station of the West Shore Railroad, forty miles west of Albany and 175 from New York; fifty miles east of Utica and about 270 from Buffalo. It is about this distance, 270 miles, from Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal.

Pilgrims leaving New York and stations along the line of the West Shore Railroad can obtain excursion tickets for one fare and one-third, *i.e.*, return tickets from New York will be sold for \$5 30, instead of the regular rate, \$7.90. A proportionate reduction will be made between Auriesville and intermediate stations east or west as far as Buffalo. These tickets are good until September 12, inclusively, and can be purchased at the West Shore Railroad offices foot of Franklin Street, West 42d Street and in Jersey City, and at all the stations of this road, *by presenting a card order signed by us.* These cards may be obtained by applying at our office, 27-29 West 16th Street, New York City. Still lower rates will be made at any time for parties of twenty-five or more.

HOW TO REACH AURIESVILLE.

For the benefit of those who desire to visit the Shrine, we sub-join a schedule of convenient trains by the West Shore Railroad.

FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin Street	11.20 A. M. †	9.20 P. M. *
West Forty-Second Street	11.35 "	9.30 "
Weehawken	11.50 "	9.45 "
Arrive Auriesville	5.18 P. M.	3.45 A. M. (E)

*Daily. 9.45 from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, connects with this train.

†Daily, except Sunday. (E) Stops to leave New York and New England passengers.

FROM ALBANY.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station	7.45 A. M.*	3.30 P. M.
Auriesville	9.18 "	5.18 "

*Daily. The night boat to Albany connects with this train.

FROM POINTS WEST.

Buffalo		6.30 A. M. *
Rochester		8.40 "
Syracuse		11.10 "
Utica	6.50 A. M. †	1.10 P. M. (East Utica)
Fultonville	8.34 "	3.35 "
Arrive Auriesville	8.40 "	4.00 "

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

Returning to New York a train leaves Auriesville at 8.40 A. M., and arrives in New York at 3 P. M. Another train leaves Auriesville at 4.39 P. M., arriving in Albany at 5.40 P. M., in time to connect with the night boat to New York.

Going West, the train leaving Auriesville at 9.18 A. M. arrives in Utica (East) at 11.38 A. M.; Syracuse, 1.50 P. M.; Rochester, 4.18 P. M.; Buffalo, 6.30 P. M. The train leaving Auriesville at 5.18 P. M. arrives in Utica (East) 7.15 P. M.

The New York Central Railroad, the most frequented line of travel, runs parallel with the West Shore, but on the opposite side of the river (the historic Mohawk). Two stations on the New York Central are convenient to Auriesville, Fonda and Tribes Hill, the former three miles west, and the latter one and one-half miles east.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

P. C., Albany, N. Y	\$ 1.00	P. G., Parsons, Pa	\$100.00
M. J. W., Parsons, Pa	10.00	J. F. B., Catonsville, Md . . .	5.00
E. H. A., Philadelphia, Pa . . .	5.00	C. E. V., Princeton, N. J . . .	5.00
W. J. L., New York, N. Y . . .	3.50	M. C., New Rochelle, N. Y . . .	2.00
C. D., New York, N. Y	1.00	M. C., Troy, N. Y	2.00
Srs. D. C., White Plains, N.Y . .	1.00	A. C. S., Great Neck, N. Y . . .	1.00
M. T. F., New York, N.Y	2.00	M. E. O'B., New York, N. Y . . .	1.00
Mrs. O'B., Chester, Pa	1.00	R. M. P., Pittsburg, Pa	1.00
J. F. S., Pocantico, N.Y	2.00	J. P. G., Jersey City, N. J . . .	1.00
W. S. C., Lowell, Mass	2.00	B. M., Philadelphia, Pa	5.00
Mrs. D., Cold Spring, N. Y . . .	1.00	Mrs. B., Adams, Mass	2.00
A. L.	2.00	K. C., Los Angeles, Cal	2.00
Mrs. T., Chicago, Ill	1.00	E. M. T., Baltimore, Md	10.00
M. B., New York, N. Y	10.00	J. F. B., Nat. Mil. Home, Ind. . .	1.00
J. A. G., Philadelphia, Pa	6.00		

THE GAROFALO MADONNA.

THE Marquis Perino del Vaga had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He not only adorned her altar in the chapel at the Villa Fiorita with the most exquisite statue and with a great abundance of flowers in their season, but he paid an extravagant price (at a time when he could ill afford it) for a Madonna that appealed to him as the most lovely and gracious of all the Madonnas he had ever seen. In fact, the genius of the artist had produced upon the canvas the marquis' unexpressed ideal, and the temptation to possess the picture was not to be resisted. It happened at this time that the marquis' friends and relations were importuning him to marry, and his heart not inclining to any special one of the demoiselles brought to his notice, he was fain to leave the matter to Heaven and the gracious interposition of the Blessed Mother. So he bought the splendid painting primarily to do her honor, and secondarily to enrich his art gallery. As the purchase was not entirely disinterested, he should not have had such a sense of personal injury and blank astonishment when he awoke one morning and found an empty space where the picture had been. At first he was inclined to think a miracle had been wrought in his behalf, but the fact that the *maggior*.

domo was also missing made it impossible not to connect the two disappearances. The condition of his country, torn by civil strife, aggravated by foreign interference, gave the Marquis occupation enough from 1859 to 1867—a period coincident with that of his early manhood. Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-nine he endeavored to fulfil his duty as a faithful son of the Church and a loyal citizen of Ferrara. The recovery of the stolen painting and the day of his marriage seemed more and more remote.

It was a dark morning in January, 1861. The plantation household was scarcely astir when the housekeeper knocked at her mistress' door. It was plucked wide open from within, disclosing the lady of the manor, vivid in scarlet dressing-gown.

"Well, Pavilion, what is it?"

"Madame, the poor man has been very ill all night."

"You should have come to me before, Pavilion."

"For such a—a—creature, madam?"

"Certainly. He is a human creature. I would have sent for Doctor Arbuthnot."

"The night was so horrible, Miss Felicia," murmured the servant, "and the doctor is old. I did all I could myself, and you know I'm a pretty good nurse."

"Yes, indeed," replied her mistress, somewhat mollified, "and the doctor will be grateful," she added with a smile. "What seems to be the matter with your patient?"

She walked rapidly down the hall, the housekeeper a few paces behind her.

"He has a good deal of pain in his lungs, madame, and has a bad cold; is hoarse and wheezy."

"Pneumonia, I dare say," said the lady, as she stood at the bedside looking down upon the gaunt gray-beard, whose face wore an expression of painful apprehension. His small, bright black eyes flashed at the scarlet-clad figure for a moment, then shut again.

"Send Brutus for the doctor at once," said Mrs. Borland sharply to Pavilion. "Tell him to drive the sorrel in the covered buggy and bring the doctor back with him."

The woman went out and the sick man looked again at his visitor, observing her youth, her elegance, her fine blondeness.

"My poor man," she said with wonderful softness for one so naturally imperious, "you are very ill. Your exposure to last night's storm has given you an inflammation of the lungs. My physician will do all he can for you, but we are in the hands of God—are we not? Would you like to see a priest? We are Catholics, and there is a chapel on the plantation. Shall I send Father Merton to you? He speaks several languages and will gladly be of any service to you even if you do not care to see him as a priest."

"I thank you, madame," replied the sick man with a strong Italian flavor of speech and with the ghost of a smile; "but I understand English, and . . . I am of the Dispersed of Judah."

Doctor Arbuthnot came out of the sickroom rubbing his shaved chin irritably; every physician resents a hopeless case.

"Very bad, very bad, indeed, Felicia. He is old and broken-down and can't possibly recover. Who is he? . . . Where on earth did he come from? What is he doing here, in one of your best chambers?"

He spoke with the freedom of a long-time friend and otherwise privileged person, as he seated himself at the breakfast table while Mrs. Borland prepared a cup of coffee for him.

"He knocked at the door last night in the midst of that furious storm and it was out of the question not to admit him. I could not even send him to one of the cabins, so told Pavilion to put him in a room in the west wing. I saw him this morning and thinking—as he is a foreigner—that he might also be a Catholic, offered Father Merton's services, religious or otherwise."

The doctor smiled:

"Why, Felicia, the man's a Jew."

"Yes, he told me he was of 'the Dispersed of Judah,' I thought the expression quite poetical."

"Ah, ha," mumbled the physician, drinking his coffee. "Poetical, eh? Depends upon what the 'dispersed' stands

for . . . Well, our Judah wants to see you again. You had better go as soon as you can, for he is near the end of his tramping. I think he's a peddler from the appearance of his pack."

The sick man observed his surroundings languidly yet keenly. He knew that he was lying between lavendered sheets under a silk counterpane overshadowed by a satin-lined canopy.

He saw that the furniture of the spacious apartment was rosewood, the carpet velvet, the hangings figured damask, the equipage of the tiled fireplace richly burnished brass ornately designed, the marble mantle-piece adornments (clock and statues) of fine bronze, the few paintings on the walls well executed landscapes. He smiled to himself, muttering in a jargon of Hebrew and Italian.

At Mrs. Borland's entrance Pavilion placed a chair at the bedside for her and withdrew to the fireplace.

"Madame," said the sick man feebly, "the good doctor tells me I have not long to live. I regret to give such trouble in return for such hospitality. I would not die if I could help myself."

"Perhaps you will not," replied Mrs. Borland quietly.

"I have nothing to tell you of myself," he continued, "because I am of no consequence. But I wish you to take for your own the bundle I brought with me. It is of value, madame, and the subject will please you, since you are a Catholic. It is not displeasing to me, and I am a Jew. Pray accept it with my best wishes . . . I am very tired. You will excuse me if I sleep?"

Dr. Arbuthnot eyed the bequeathed bundle with more curiosity than dubiety as it was before the rampant days of the germ theory; so Pavilion was directed to carry it—oilcloth case and all—into the sitting-room where the entire family was assembled: Alfred and Felicia Borland, young married people, and Alfred's father, quite an old man; Frederick Godard, a cousin of Mrs. Borland's from New York and his friend, Her-

bert Walton ; a semi-elder Englishwoman, Miss Cotes, and her compatriot the resident priest, Ambrose Merton.

Alfred Borland set to work at once to unfasten tapes and unroll endless lengths of cloth.

"I do believe it's a mummy, Felicia," suggested Godard teasingly, "I feel nervous, apprehensive ! Don't you, doctor ? "

"Oh, nonsense," cried Felicia, "it is a—— What *is* it, Alfred ? Do turn it over, or hold it up so that we all can see it."

Alfred flattened the roll out upon the top of the square piano then mounted a chair and held up to view about six feet of canvas magnificently painted.

A chorus of "Oh !" "Ah !" "How beautiful !" "How superb !" "Fancy now !" was uttered by the beholders.

"What do you think of it, Father Merton ?" inquired Felicia.

The priest cleared his throat.

"Art criticism will be more in Miss Cotes' line," he said with a bow to that lady who at once put on her eyeglasses and scrutinized the canvas severely. Then she announced impressively :

"It has 'the sovereign purity of Correggio's style and the true symmetry of Raphael.' I must admit it reminds me forcibly of *La Vierge au Panier* in the National Gallery at home. The Madonna, who is wonderfully lovely, has the same liquid eyes and dim half smile. One might say that something amused her. The remarkable handling of the cloudy background is also indicative of Correggio's work. Yet, I am inclined to think it might be a Raphael."

"You cannot think so !" exclaimed Felicia delightedly.

"But I can," replied the literal Miss Cotes. "It is a painting of extraordinary merit."

"The old lady's right," said Herbert Walton aside to Godard. "It's a masterpiece, I'll lay any amount."

The elder Borland was examining it closely.

"The edges of the canvas," he proclaimed, "have been recently cut."

"As I thought," said Walton aloud, "it has probably been stolen from some gallery or church."

"Gallery," declared Miss Cotes, "the treatment shows it to be an easel picture."

"To think that it might be a Raphael," said Alfred.

"Well," said Felicia, "in absence of proof I will compromise on Correggio and have the painting properly framed at once. Miss Cotes, will you give it a name?"

"Call it the Madonna of the Dispersed of Judah," flippantly interposed the irrepressible doctor, before that deliberate lady could reply.

"Oh, doctor!" said Mrs. Borland reproachfully, "you have no bump of reverence. I would never have asked a base materialist like you to christen my picture. I shall call it the Madonna of the Storm, since she appeared in one, and seems to be enthroned in clouds. See the veiled stars and the faint crescent of the moon! Is it not beautiful!"

"In the meantime," said old Mr. Borland, "we can watch the foreign papers. The loss of so valuable a painting will certainly be advertised."

"I hope not," said Felicia, so emphatically that they all laughed at her.

During this conversation Pavilion had been standing in the background, silent and attentive. She, too, admired the exquisite painting.

The three Borlands were in their Charleston town-house during the bombardment of Sumter in April. Alfred was offered a Captaincy in the Palmetto Guards and left home hurriedly. He wished his wife to go with his father to the mountains of North Carolina, as they had a summer place in Hendersonville, but Felicia wished to return to the plantation where she hoped to keep the negroes together and the place in order. Her father-in-law approving her determination, they took most of the town-house furnishings with them for safe-keeping, and for the next three years Felicia worked valiantly against tremendous odds. She found that Mr. Borland was too old to be of much assistance and finally prevailed on him

to go with a married daughter to Hendersonville. She herself had the misfortune to belong to a divided family. The fact that her husband's and her father's people were on opposite sides of the dreadful struggle for supremacy between the states, gave her a heart-sickness beyond description. Early in the spring of 1864, she received a hasty letter from Alfred, who was at that time on General Hardee's staff, urging her to go to New York. He wrote :

"I will be distracted with anxiety if you remain in the South. It is known that you are General Godard's daughter and your position in Charleston will be an unpleasant one, whether Sherman gets there or not. Go at once to Rosenberg and he will not only advance you the necessary money but will see you safely on your way. Never mind about the house in town or the plantation, Rosenberg will look after the one and Sherman will probably attend to the other. I have no illusions. Do not load yourself with household belongings, for they will be taken from you at your first stopping place. Carry only the portable and indispensable and go by sea if you can. God be with you. . . ."

Mrs. Borland cried her eyes out over this letter—the last one Alfred ever wrote to anyone—and then made secret and hasty preparations for the journey. She took Pavilion into her confidence and when she had gone the housekeeper went the rounds of the plantation house at night gathering up all articles of value and secreting them as best she could.

In the drawing-room her eyes fell upon the forgotten painting. She stood before it racking her brains to know what to do with it. It was a large panel—six by four feet—and the frame was far too heavy for her to handle alone. She could not release it from the wall without injury to the painting, neither could she reverse it. She slipped her hand down the tape hanging from her belt and grasped the shears dangling therefrom :

"I'll do as the peddler did," she said aloud, "I'll cut it out." Then pushed a table under the picture, climbed upon it and with inward trepidation ran the scissors along the edge of the canvas. She felt as if she might be committing a great

crime. "How lucky there wasn't a glass over it!" she thought, climbing down and rolling up the painting carefully in a table-cloth.

The day foreseen by Alfred Borland dawned at last, though he, poor fellow, had been lying for several months in a Chattanooga cemetery.

From her cabin-door Pavilion looked down the avenue before the manor and beheld a detachment of mounted men, the late morning sun illuminating their blue uniforms and striking fire from their burnished accoutrements.

As they advanced under the oaks, she ran by a rear way and met them at the piazza. They drew rein at the columned steps and the officer in command said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm the housekeeper, sir."

She offered the keys in her hand and sustained with composure the captain's keen scrutiny.

"I guess you'll be glad to hear that you are a free woman?"

"Well, sir," she curtsied deeply, "will you gentlemen 'light and come in?"

"We thought of doing so," was the ironical reply.

The men dismounted and the captain and several other officers went into the house. In one of the lieutenants Pavilion recognized Herbert Walton. She hoped he would not remember her, but, although he did, he gave no token of it then.

"Have something cooked at once," said the captain to Pavilion. "We will want dinner in an hour or so. Is there anything to drink?"

"Certainly, sir." She ran to unlock the closet in the pantry. "Here is everything, sir, that gentlemen like. I will call the cook and butler, sir, and dinner will be prepared at once."

The captain grinned.

"The whole force seems to be on hand. Wonder if they'll strike when they hear that they are free?"

"It will probably take a week or so for the information to penetrate their skulls," replied Walton. "I guess we can count on the dinner."

He sat in a window smoking, while the others made a leisurely and exhaustive examination of the house, room by room.

He managed to get a word or two privately with Pavilion, but she looked at his uniform and refused utterly to believe his protestations of friendship, though she did not say so. She merely gave evasive replies to his well-meant questions, and presented an impenetrable front of cleverly assumed stupidity to his earnest assurances. He felt that he could do little, at best, being under orders himself and compelled to an obnoxious duty, but he suspected her opinion of him and winced.

When dinner was ready Pavilion went in search of the captain. He stood in the middle of the drawing-rooms, making entries in a note-book.

"Dinner is served, sir," she announced.

He said sharply, without looking up: "Where are the silver and valuables belonging to the family? The house is stripped."

"Why, sir, my mistress, Madam Borland, took them with her to New York. She is there, sir, with her father, General Godard."

The captain's face darkened.

"What was in that?" He pointed to the empty frame with his pencil.

"A very fine picture, sir. Mrs. Borland took it with her," she added, glibly. (On one other occasion Pavilion had said to her mistress: "No, indeed, Miss Felicia, I do *not* think it is right to tell a lie. I never lie unless it is absolutely necessary!") She now felt it absolutely necessary.)

"A picture—yes. But what sort of one?" said the captain, angrily.

"A religious picture, sir. A painting of the Blessed Virgin."

The captain looked at Walton.

"I've lost my bet, it seems. I don't get the Madonna."

Walton shrugged his shoulders, bitterly regretting having spoken of it: "Did you have a bet on it? You might have known it would not be left here. I only hope Mrs. Borland has it."

"More likely it has been stolen," replied the vexed captain.

"Very likely," drawled Walton. The captain's eyes gleamed; he shot a look at the young man, who was gazing serenely out of the window, but said nothing.

The dinner-table was carefully laid with kitchen china and cutlery. Some coarse towels did duty for napkins.

The butler, who was shaking in his shoes, and Pavilion, who was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, served an exquisitely cooked meal. When the dessert had vanished to the last spoonful, Captain Bennett said to Pavilion:

"See that the parlor chairs and one of the tables are put on the lawn in front of the house. Take out these glasses, also."

Each man selected a bottle and the company seated themselves under the liveoaks very much at ease.

Bennett gave several peremptory orders to the negroes.

"What are you going to do, captain?" Walton inquired aside, uneasily.

"Going to have a smoke after dinner," replied the other, lighting a cigar. Walton would have uttered the remonstrance visible on his face when Bennett added curtly:

"I have my orders, sir, from headquarters. You will remain here and see that they are carried out to the letter."

He went off to make an inspection of the cabins, and in a few minutes flames began to appear at the base of the mansion. Pavilion burst into tears:

"Will you not save a thing, sir?" she asked Walton, sobbing.

"If you are not afraid you can go into the house if you choose," he replied. "I am under orders and can do nothing."

She ran and flung out provisions from the back doors to the cook, until the fire drove them away.

Then she fled to her cabin and met Captain Bennett coming out of it. He had found nothing "contraband" in the quarters, and was in bad humor. The frightened negro children and old women were peering at him from sheltering bushes. He mounted the horse the orderly was leading, and, as Pavilion approached, called out peremptorily:

"I want you to come and cook for me in the city. Pick up some of your duds and I'll send a cart for you."

She went into the cabin where the "duds" were scattered to the four corners of the floor, and the bed and a box of provisions turned upside down. Then she observed the impatient officer through the solitary window with its dingy shade tightly rolled up :

"Sir," she inquired, calmly, "is it really true that I am a free woman?"

The captain confirmed it with an oath.

"Then, sir, I prefer to stay where I am."

The orderly looked industriously in another direction. To his relief the captain burst out laughing; he was free to grin.

"Hurrah for the spirit of freedom!" said Bennett, and so laughing rode away.

"Oh, Miss Felicia!" cried Pavilion, extending her arms to help Mrs. Borland from the cart in which she had come to the plantation, "Why did you come back? Why didn't you stay in the North?"

Mrs. Borland stood up tall and straight in her widow's black dress and long crape veil—the uniform of the southern women.

"Stay in the North! After my husband's death? Of what do you think I am made, Pavilion? Of stone? Of brass? My home is here."

"Your home is there, Miss Felicia," said Pavilion, sorrowfully, pointing to the swell of earth covered with ashes and charred wood, in which fire-scarred chimneys stood sentinel, monuments of the dead mansion.

"I thought some of it would be left," murmured Mrs. Borland, her eyes filling. "I could not believe it had been totally destroyed."

"Miss Felicia," said Pavilion, hurriedly, "I could have saved nearly everything if I had known they were going to burn it. But I haven't any of the furniture except the chairs the officers sat in on the lawn."

"You should have thrown them into the fire," exclaimed

Mrs. Borland, with flashing eyes, following Pavilion into the cabin. "Take it away! Do you think I would use one of them?" she said, angrily, as the servant brought forward a chair. "I would rather sit on the floor."

She sat on a low stool while Pavilion went on her knees to blow up the fire.

"Miss Felicia," she said, mysteriously, "I did save something you think a heap of."

When the flames leaped she stepped upon the despised chair and let down the window-curtain.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Borland, "it makes the room too dark." She turned expostulating and in the flickering firelight there smiled dimly upon them the lovely Madonna of the Storm.

Mrs. Borland had her father-in-law in mind when she returned to the South, and wished to care for him—to make a home for him. But the old gentleman wrote from Hendersonville that he was too sha'ten in mind and body to return to the scene of disaster and would remain where he was. He hoped that Felicia would make use of the Charleston house—what a pity they had stripped it—and regretted bitterly not being able to send her anything more substantial than his thanks and best wishes for her prosperity. They—he and his married daughter—would be glad if she would decide to come to Hendersonville and live with them. Over this Mrs. Borland shook her head, wondering what on earth she should do.

She found the North insupportable and the South—now that Alfred was gone—almost as bad. She had displeased her own family by marrying a slave-owning southerner, and she had not received thanks from the Borlands when Alfred became of her faith and presented them with a northern wife. Her life at the plantation had not been altogether delightful, yet she was eager to restore the beautiful old place. But the house was burned, the fields in ruins, the negroes scattered—it would be folly to attempt it. So she sat in Pavilion's cabin and the irrepressible tears dripped through her fingers. She was ashamed of herself, but cry she must, even with the dim-

smiling face of the Madonna before her. "Miss Felicia," said Pavilion softly, "don't cry like that. I'm going back to the city with you. I wouldn't cook for that Yankee officer, but I certainly will cook for you."

"I can't afford you, Pavilion," replied Mrs. Borland, amused at her tone, "I am going to hunt for work myself. Do you suppose Rosenberg would give me quilts to make if I was employing the best cook on the Ashley River? I am going to take two rooms in the Battery House. . . ."

"Yes, ma'am," said Pavilion, "and I'll take two rooms in the servants' quarters. I'm a free woman, and thank God, I can do as I please. I've been waiting for you, Miss Felicia. I knew you'd come back. You ain't the only white lady that wants to work for Rosenberg these days. But I'm bound you shan't cook. . . . Miss Felicia, what's to hinder us taking boarders?"

She looked somewhat apprehensively at Mrs. Borland as she ventured this brilliant suggestion.

"Nothing and nobody," replied that lady briskly. "We certainly can take them if they're to be taken. Gather up your belongings and we'll have time to get to town before dark."

Among other things Pavilion brought out the despised chairs and piled them in the cart.

"Miss Felicia, I reckon your boarders won't mind sitting on these Yankee chairs, if you do. I'm going to put them in the parlor." And she did.

A large mirror had been over the mantelpiece of the town-house, but some vandal had torn it down, leaving a space of defaced and broken plaster; over this the two women fastened the frameless splendor of the Madonna of the Storm.

One day Rosenberg came to see Mrs. Borland on business. She was sewing on one of the heavy quilts and looked miserably tired and depressed.

"Gott in Himmel, Matame!" quoth the merchant, holding up both hands, "vy vill you do this? Vat vill your fater, Chenereal Gotard, say? Your husbandt, too—he vill raise from de crave! I beck you, Matame, let me advance you money."

Mrs. Borland flushed to the roots of her hair.

"I do not need anything, thank you. You have been misinformed."

She suspected Pavilion.

Rosenberg, who had been a special friend of the Borlands—having been set up in business by the old gentleman—could have stamped with vexation.

"Misinformed, Matame? Mine eyes do not misinform me! Dat vork dere—it is not fit for you." His appreciative eyes fell on the painting. "Vat haf you here, Matame?"

"One of the few things that was saved when the plantation house was burned."

He examined the canvas carefully, noted the character in one corner of it; then pushed out his lips, tapped his chin.

"It is a goodt bainting," he affirmed. "It is not easy to say vat it is vort."

"It is not for sale," she replied, coldly.

"If it ever should be," he said, eagerly, "I beck you vill gif me a feerst offer."

Pavilion intercepted the merchant at the front door. She beckoned him down the long flight of front steps, and when out of sight and hearing of her mistress, recounted the history of the picture as far as she knew it.

"Vat vas de man's name?" queried Rosenberg, in a stertorous whisper.

"I don't know, sir. My mistress has 'Dispersed of Judah' on his gravestone, but Dispersed doesn't sound like a Christian name."

"It is not," replied the merchant, emphatically. "Poor deffle! He gets a crave—who gets de bainting?—Ve vill see."

He wrote a letter when he got back to his office, but the Italian address in the German chirography carried it no farther than Kingstreet, South Carolina.

During the next year the house on the Battery by degrees filled with what would be called "a very desirable class of boarders," so that Mrs. Borland had to give up quilt making

and devote herself to housekeeping. In consequence of the change she improved in both health and spirits. One evening, as she was arranging flowers on the table for the late dinner, the house-boy ushered some one into the parlor and brought a card to her. It announced Gino, Marquis Perino del Vaga, and informed her (in one corner) that one, at least, of his residences was known as the Villa Fiorita, Ferrara. When she went into the drawing-room the visitor—in a travelling cloak of decidedly foreign appearance—was planted in the middle of the floor apparently transfixed by sight of the painting over the mantelpiece. He turned at once as Mrs. Borland entered. She was in the full light of the western windows and was quite unconscious of the picture she herself presented as she approached with her buoyant step, tall and graceful in her nun-like dress, relieved by the strips of sheer lawn at throat and wrists; her blonde hair crowned with a widow's cap, her hands filled with flowers that diffused the spicy and delicious odor of Chinese pinks.

"Madame Borland?" the visitor ventured with a bow.

"Yes; I am Mrs. Borland. Will you be seated, monsieur?"

The marquis had not expected a landlady of this sort, and for a moment felt awkward; something that seldom happened to him, so he quickly recovered his wits.

"Madame, I came to the city in search of a picture that was stolen from me several years ago, and which was finally traced to this place. Not this house," he added hastily, "I had no idea of finding it here. I came to inquire for lodgings. Your house was recommended by persons in the city well known to you, one of whom kindly wrote me an introduction to you."

She took the note from him, amazed.

"How singular!" she exclaimed. "To think that the Madonna is yours. Will you please tell me about it?"

"It is a Garofalo, madame." She glanced at the flowers in her hands. "I see that you understand my language. It is strange, is it not? The clove-pink was the artist's signature. That painting—*La Madonna della Nube*—is one of the finest specimens of Tisio's in a private collection. Its loss was greatly regretted."

"I should think so!" she replied. "We were in such a condition at the time it fell into our hands we could do nothing about it. The war. . . ."

"I understand," said the visitor courteously. "Italy has had a similar experience, but a reward was offered . . . is still offered."

Mrs. Borland's ready color mounted.

"Monsieur, the picture was brought to the plantation by a Jew . . . a peddler, we thought. . . ."

"Ah," exclaimed the marquis, "my *maggiordomo* was probably well acquainted with him."

"He died at our plantation," Mrs. Borland continued. "We saw that the painting was of great value. We even thought it might be a Raphael."

She smiled a little doubtfully.

"I am not surprised," replied the marquis quickly. "At his best Tisio is easily taken for Raphael."

"I had it hung in the drawing-room," Mrs. Borland went on, "and when the house was burned it was cut out and saved by my housekeeper. If any one, therefore, deserves a reward, she does. Otherwise, the picture is yours. Please take it."

She rose, looking at him if expecting him to carry it off forthwith, but the visitor retained his seat.

"I hope, madame, that your house is not too full to accommodate me for a while? I have just arrived in the city, I have other business here, and I have an antipathy for the hotel at which I am staying. . . ."

For a moment Mrs. Borland hesitated, observing his handsome, apparently ingenuous face; he might be four or five years her senior. Then she said in her most business-like manner:

"You can look at the unoccupied rooms, monsieur, and if you like any of them, and if my terms suit you, you are, of course, welcome."

Needless to say the marquis found the rooms delightful, the terms entirely reasonable. Pavilion's cooking completed his satisfaction. Like all Italians he was cautious in certain affairs and impetuosity itself in others.

He soon found out all about his landlady, and resolved that she should either accept the offered reward for the painting or the picture itself, knowing that she would do neither.

He told her, with much apparent frankness that as long as she declined the money—some 15,000 lire—he would decline the Madonna.

“If I had stolen the painting myself,” she said with flashing eyes, “I would sell it to Rosenberg, who offers me three times that amount.”

“It is yours to do as you please with,” replied the marquis courteously.

He had been in the city for a month or two when General Godard came from New York accompanied by Herbert Walton. The latter put up at the hotel to which the marquis had so great an antipathy; the general went to the house on the Battery where he fared better in some respects. But he was much displeased with Felicia. He managed to conceal his displeasure until her second decided refusal of Walton who had addressed her before her marriage.

“What objection can you have to Herbert?” he urged. “He is a fine fellow.”

“I only object to him as a husband,” Felicia answered. “I am willing to concede him all the virtues otherwise.”

She would not condescend to relate the plantation episode as colored by Pavilion, but poor Walton’s hair would have risen had he known the light in which he stood as far as Mrs. Borland was concerned.

“If you will not marry,” said the general testily, “it is your duty to return home. To come to New York is the decent thing to do. Everybody thinks I have quarrelled with you.”

“But, father,” she said quietly, “it is not my home and never can be again. I realized that during the last year of the war.”

“Were we unkind to you?” exclaimed the general, who had not been at home.

“No,” she answered, but her heart filled and she would say no more. She would not arraign her sisters.

“Then why do you say it is not your home?” he persisted.

“You did not like Alfred,” she murmured. “You did not

want me to marry him. You were on opposite sides during the war?"

"Did you expect me to turn rebel!" The general turned red, and got up.

"No, I did not. But did you expect Alfred to oppose or betray his people?"

"Well," said her father vexedly, "you have no children, the Borlands have lost everything, are they any fonder of you than I was of Alfred?—why on earth are you staying in this miserable hole, keeping a common boarding-house, earning your living like a pauper, when you might live in luxury! You put me in a false position, Felicia, and I tell you, I don't like it."

"I am very sorry," began Felicia.

"Yes, you are sorry," cried the irate general, "but you are as obstinate as—as—as you always were. Once for all, Felicia, you must decide. I cannot ask you again. Will you come home with me or will you not?"

"If my mother was alive I would not hesitate," she replied, determined not to cry. "But you have Stella and Frances and the boys, and cannot need me. I will stay here. I am not unhappy."

But she was. If she had had children it would have been different. She might have made any sacrifice for them. But she was quite alone.

Old Mr. Borland had just died and the rest of the family were scattered throughout the south. Those in the city were not especially interested in her, and their own sore needs kept them harassed and made them selfish. She wondered how long she would be able to keep the house on the Battery. Would she grow old and ill-favored "taking boarders" and endeavoring to make both ends meet? She appreciated the struggles of her sister-in-law who wrote from Hendersonville:

"Oh, my dear girl, don't talk about scuffling! If I can make one end meat and the other bread, I'll be satisfied."

The question of keeping the house was decided by Mr. Borland's death. It was to be sold at auction at the settlement of the estate, and she received a brief notice to that effect, which amounted to an order of removal.

The marquis was informed of the impending change :

"Now," she added, with a slight smile of triumph, "you will be obliged to take your painting."

"What are you intending to do, madame?" he inquired with anxiety.

"Take another house and begin over again," she replied, with a sigh not too faint for his ears. She suddenly realized that she would have to pay rent for another place and might be called upon for arrears on the Battery house, as she had had no hard and fast contract with her father-in-law.

So she looked up at the marquis with a pale face and an expression more eloquent than she had any idea of. In fact, she hardly saw him. He sat down on the sofa beside her and said, gently :

"Take my house—take me—" he gazed beseechingly at her with his very fine, soft, black eyes. "Take mine and me—and as for the Madonna, do we not both belong to her?"

Large tears hung on Felicia's lashes and would not be winked away.

"I intended to be so helpful—so independent," she whispered. "I wished to be brave—and here I am crying like a coward." For some reason the marquis seemed enchanted with this avowal. He ventured to take her hands.

"You can be helpful—to me! You can be independent, in my house! You are brave, and I adore you for it," he exclaimed. "Oh, *bella mia*, in my home—in Ferrara—you will find ample opportunity to practise these virtues. My poor country! Ah, madame, have we not both suffered alike? Say that you will come with me! Italy is beautiful; you will love her, and she will adore you—as I do."

Felicia thought it a little provoking that everybody said it was the best thing that could have happened, when she herself felt that she was only making another experiment.

A few months later, however, when the Madonna was restored to its place in the gallery of the Villa Fiorita, to Felicia's fancy the dim half-smile seemed to have reference to the little journey into the world and its predestined happy ending.

CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

No. 9.

SHRINE ANNALS.

All day has the rain fallen steadily on the valley of the Mohawk and on the hill of Martyrs. The distant hills are scarcely discernible through the grey mist, and the slowly rising steam marks the toilsome course of the train at their foot.

Amid such rain, perhaps, did the missionary of the Mohawks sorrowfully wait the tardy passing of the night to seek in early dawn the sacred remains of his slaughtered companion. Alas! what the savage Indian had neglected to do, the impetuous water of the ravine, swollen by the rain of hours, had done—robbed him of the mutilated body.

On the summit of the hill the remains of the old stockade may still be traced, but the human hearts that once beat wild with savage rage within its palings, those martial hearts that burned with warlike fire when some runner brought news of the advent of a hostile band, who can mark their resting place within the beautiful valley that once was theirs, or in the more distant lands of the farther west, whither the white man's greed and the white man's firearms had driven them? The villages of the Indian along the smiling valley have given place to the crowded cities of the pale-face, the bark canoe of the red man is seen no more on the river, but the little chapel on the hilltop, the rude stations on the hillside perpetuate the memory of a past when the black-robed apostle, "carrying neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes," came "where the harvest indeed was great but the laborers few," came "as a lamb among wolves," came not to despoil the owners of their rightful soil, not to drive them from their simple villages, but to teach them of their God, "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," "to direct their feet in the way of peace," to lead their souls to heaven, that city of God where there shall be neither white man nor red, but all alike,

children of one Father, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more," that "hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

No smoking ruin, no orphan's cry marks the path of the black-robe, but the simple sign of man's salvation, the names of Jesus or of Mary carved on the oak-tree or the birch, reveals to passing Iroquois more clearly than the mocassin-crushed leaflet the course of the missionary.

What could have been the thoughts of a Jogues as he traversed alone those trackless forests? For centuries the stars of heaven had looked down upon the sleeping village of the Iroquois or Huron, whose nightly silence even the bark of the village dog but seldom disturbed: the morning sun as it mounted slowly the crest of yonder hill beheld the white smoke curling lazily from the fire of the wigwam, and too often, as it sank to rest at eventide behind the western hills, did its last rays linger on the quivering flesh of some captive Huron, whose life amid the awful barbarity of Iroquois torture was ebbing away as noiselessly as the passing of the autumn sun.

And it was to such men that Isaac Jogues would carry the light of Truth! I see him at nightfall after a painful journey through the unbroken forest, seek some clearing in the woods, to offer his silent prayer to the Father of all—one of nature's own rough-wrought shrines, o'er which perhaps even now rises some modest village spire, but for him the mighty world is his cathedral, and heaven's star-lit vault, its dome. Perhaps in like scene, with the same silent spectators of His orisons, had another Missioner, another Shepherd seeking His lost sheep, prayed on the hillside or mountain top of Judea, and in virtue of His divine prayer was the humble missionary of the Iroquois encouraged and strengthened and confirmed in his noble work.

Death! He feared it not. Had not his divine Master—the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for His sheep, had He not been consumed in the burning fire of divine charity, tied to the stake of the cross! Nay, had not the intrepid soldier of a Crucified Leader, kneeling in lowly adoration before His sacramental King, pleaded "Lord, let me drink deep of thy chalice" and received the consoling answer "I have heard your prayer and will grant your petition: be strong and brave."

What if some prowling savage should find the wayworn soldier, would not this very capture lead him first to those beyond, and the death that might follow would it not but transform the earthly missionary of the American forests into a heavenly intercessor before the great white throne of God !

For the poor children of the forest, as well as for the cultured Greek, the warlike Roman, the polished Frenchman and the sturdy Briton had the Saviour of mankind shed the last drop of His blood ; for that poor Huron covered with many a scar from Iroquois tomahawk and now breathing out a lonely existence in some forsaken wigwam, for him as for a Charlemagne, or a Louis XIV. had Jesus come to send fire on the earth and what would He but that even in that poor lonely heart it be enkindled ?

Such must have been the thoughts of God's missionary as night after night he lay his weary head on some rough stone of the forest or branch broken by the winds that swept the woods, leaving to the Master the care of body and soul. "The Lord directs me and nothing will be wanting to me."

Perhaps, like Jacob, he drew fresh strength for the morrow's toil, mayhap for the morrow's death, from a vision of angels bearing to earth the Precious Blood of the Crucified and returning heavenward richly laden with the priceless burdens of souls in grace—souls, perhaps, of little babes whose ears would never be assailed with the fierce battle cry of their tribe, whose now stainless hands would never grasp the bloody tomahawk, from whose belt would never hang the scalp of white man or of red. Or might he not in vision see an Indian Agnes, a fair lily amid thorns—a Kateri Tekagwitha adorned with heavenly virtues amid the fierce Indian tribes with whom bloodshed and rapine and plunder were a second nature ?

Need we wonder that cheered by such a dream, he arose with gladsome heart to live, perhaps, another day of weary but welcome labor for the Master, to seek a little longer for the dear lost ones ? Ah, little he recks the cares of life, the fatigues of labor, separation from friends and loved ones, the loneliness of mountain, the solitude of vale, who has read in the bleeding Heart of a God the value of a single soul. Souls ! Souls ! To win souls for Christ, to rescue from the power of the demon souls for whom the Precious Blood was shed, such is the ambition of the apostle. Like another St. Paul "the charity of Christ presseth" him and the charity of Christ for each single human soul lead the Master up the rugged hill of Calvary.

And so with Father Jogues. Long had he sat at the feet of the Master. In spirit had the future apostle felt the warm drops of the Precious Blood falling from the pierced Heart upon his own as he knelt at the foot of the Cross on Calvary, and it made him likewise impatient to be baptized with that Baptism where-with He was baptized. Nay at the altar of God had he not daily applied his lips to the very Heart of the Master and drunk in copious draughts of that Precious Blood which were to flow as rivers of living water—from his own burning heart—rivers of living water, which were in turn to irrigate the sterile field of Indian hearts bringing forth therein the choicest flowers of virtue !

The Indian village is no more. The bones of the Indian warriors have long mingled with the dust. But, who can tell the Indian souls that sprung from the blackrobes' blood, chant to-day their glad hosannas before the mercy seat of God !

* * *

The pilgrimage from Albany, as usual under the direction of Mr. Felix McCann, came earlier this year than before. For many reasons it is desirable that the pilgrims from different cities should come on different Sundays, the chief advantage of this being the comfort of the pilgrims, which is naturally enough in inverse ratio to the number coming together in pilgrimage. Edifying as it is to have numbers come to Auriesville, more good with less inconvenience is experienced when not too many come on the same day. Still no attempt is made to regulate the numbers, save now and then a suggestion to a pastor to await a day which will not be too crowded. Occasionally, as happened this year, the railroad limits or increases the number of pilgrims by withholding or increasing the number of cars allowed for the various trains. The Fathers in charge of the Shrine also limit the pilgrimages by insisting that no party shall visit Auriesville without the consent, and, if possible, the company of the pastor or of some priest delegated by him. This restriction will explain the order that prevails everywhere about the Shrine and the absence of policemen usually deputed to handle large crowds of people.

The pilgrimages do not fall off as years go on ; rather they increase in variety as well as in number. This is explained not only by the fact that the Shrine becomes more known and more popular, but also, and chiefly, by the fact that the Church is growing fast in the diocese of Albany, that immigration is bring-

ing vast numbers to this fair and enterprising region, and, what is far more important, that the immigrants are looked after not only by the pastors already in possession but by others also of their own nationality. This year, it was very consoling to witness the ardor with which the Poles and Italians made their pilgrimages. No doubt, they were reminded of home by the open-air chapels and devotional exercises; but they manifested also the keenest interest in all that was so eloquently preached to them in their own languages about the meaning and origin of this Shrine.

The only organized pilgrimage in July this year, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes (not Troy as erroneously stated in the August PILGRIM), has already been described. The Sundays immediately following that many came to Mass at the Shrine, but the first pilgrimage in August this year was from Albany, on Sunday, the ninth. Fully a thousand came to pay this year a special tribute of veneration to the Queen of Martyrs. One of their number, Mr. Patrick Carroll, had given to her Shrine a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, life size, carved in beautiful Carrara marble, and it was unveiled and blessed on this day. It is placed for the present in the old Shrine and here after the blessing the sermon was preached by Father Wynne. The weather was perfect; the pilgrimage trains arrived early enough to have the Masses over in good time to have the Stations before noon. After the blessing of the statue there was the usual procession to the Ravine, where Father Thompkins addressed the pilgrims. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the choir which had come from Albany specially for this occasion chanting the *Pange Lingua*. The beautiful banner which these pilgrims brought with them, remains at the Shrine, the pilgrims' gift in honor of our Lady of the Assumption.

August 9 is now one of the memorial days at the Shrine. With the new statue have come already the many blessings promised and invariably granted wherever the image of the Sacred Heart is specially venerated. The donor, Patrick Carroll, departed this life the last week in August, closing a career modest enough in appearance but distinguished by his charity and good deeds, the fruit of which lasts even after his death in the many handsome legacies he left to Catholic institutions. The Mass on the First Friday at the Shrine will be said for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

On August 15, four priests said Mass at the Shrine, and, as

usual, many pilgrims came from the neighboring cities to join those who had been stopping at the Shrine during the Novena, which was concluded on this Feast, or who had come from distant cities on their annual pilgrimage to Auriesville. The weather was very fine, and all the open-air devotions were followed devoutly, the day closing with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The pilgrimage from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, which was announced for Sunday, August 16, had to be postponed until August 23, because the railway officials could not promise a sufficient number of cars. For this reason, the pastor of St. Joseph's German Church, Schenectady, decided not to organize a pilgrimage this year, but to have his parishioners go with St. Mary's (Polish) parish from that city on August 23. Meanwhile, the parish of St. Adalbert (Polish) came to the Shrine Sunday, August 16, under the direction of Father Molejkajts, of Albany, in place of their pastor, Father Gogolewski, who was ill at the time. They numbered about one thousand persons, and fully another thousand came from different places along the route from Albany, and a special pilgrimage from Johnstown the Children of Mary of St. Patrick's parish, under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. J. W. Dolan, who visited the Shrine later in the day after concluding the usual Sunday services in his parish. The weather was charming. To satisfy the different congregations there were separate exercises and two sermons in the Ravine. The breeze was too high to have the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. From Canajoharie and intervening towns a barge carried about one hundred and fifty pilgrims on the canal, for whom Mass was said about twelve o'clock.

Sunday, August 23, fully 4,000 pilgrims came to Auriesville, from St. Joseph's parish, Troy, under the direction of Father Edmund O'Connor; from St. Mary's (Polish) Schenectady, under the direction of Father Dereszewski; and from St. Mary's, Saugerties, and other cities along the Hudson above Poughkeepsie and along the Mohawk Valley west of Albany, under the direction of Father Murray. It was a day of great enthusiasm; 800 received Holy Communion. All took part in the various exercises. Fathers O'Sullivan and Dereszewski preached, the former in the chapel, the latter in the Ravine. Weather was most favorable except for the stiff breeze which prevented the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. To accommodate the vast throng of people a second Benediction was given.

Though Auriesville, like every other part of the country, had its share of rain this year, it was not damaged by any severe storm and the only rainy pilgrimage day was Sunday, August 30, when pilgrims came from the West, from St. John's Church, Utica, under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., accompanied by the Rev. William A. Ryan, of St. Agnes' Church, and assisted by Father James Murphy and Father Smith.

Several members of St. Cecilia's parish, Fonda, joined the pilgrimage at Fultonville. Under the special charge of Rev. Eugene Ostino were nearly 200 Italians, who heard Mass at the Sacred Heart altar, the main body of the pilgrims hearing Mass in the open chapel, where more than 300 received Holy Communion. Rain began to fall about eleven o'clock, and with little interruption it rained all day, not, however, to such an extent as to prevent some of the pilgrims from making their devotions privately, since it was impossible for all to attempt them in common. The Way of the Cross was made in the chapel, where one of the Fathers later in the day explained the origin and purpose of the Shrine to the pilgrims, who departed earlier than they had intended, after assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mass was said at the Shrine until Monday, September 7, the Fathers in charge having to leave that day in order to attend the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. Mass will be said again on September 29th, to commemorate the death of Rene Goupil, and on October 18th, to commemorate the deaths of Father Isaac Jogues and of Joseph Lalonde, his companion.

Like every preceding year, this was one of many blessings at the Shrine. Many who had received favors after their pilgrimage last year came this season to report them. The number of pilgrims, the good order, the devotion and the generosity with which they contributed for the expenses of the Shrine are all so many proofs that people know and appreciate the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs for what it really is—a place of prayer and of pilgrimage, of peace and of blessing, destined always to be one of America's most favored Shrines.

Before concluding the record of the pilgrimages, we must add a word about the lamp which was hung above the Pieta, a votive offering of one who has been always very devoted to the interests of the Shrine. Those who have seen the statue and remem-

ber the figures of Christ departed and of His sorrowing Mother, may imagine how vividly they stand out under a light of 2,000 candle power. The lamp is known as the Kitson burner, and up and down the valley it can be seen shining like a star and shedding its soft, silvery rays on the central object of devotion at the Shrine.

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THE LITTLE MAIDEN BY THE SEA.

“JUST one white speck upon the ocean and one white speck upon the shore!” soliloquized the literary man who had come down to Little Morley for his Easter holiday. “Old Betton was correct in describing this place as ‘phenomenally quiet.’ It’s grand! simply grand, having all this stretch of sky and sea and sand all to myself. For the first time in my life I feel that I have left humanity behind, and my soul is alone with its Creator. How happy I ought to be! How happy, indeed, I am! And yet, in this vast solitude one somehow longs, more than ever, for a kindred soul to share the beauty of it all and sympathize.”

He looked again at the two white specks which had at first attracted his attention. The distant sail upon the sea quite failed to interest him, but instinctively he turned his steps toward that other note of white upon the shore.

The little wearer of that snowy Tam O’Shanter had some days ago awakened his interest and fired his imagination. Ever since the morning of his arrival at Little Morley, when he found her alone—the only living thing upon that long stretch of sand and pebbles by the sea—his thoughts, unbidden, had been weaving fancies round her. His ignorance as to her name, age, rank and occupation only added to the enchantment of a lovely face, a girlish figure, a resolute bearing and her evident love of solitude.

As soon as he had arrived at what he judged to be a suitable distance, he sat down upon the stones, leant his back against the breakwater and gave his imagination a long, long rein.

As her back was turned towards him and she was entirely unconscious of his presence, he was obliged to content himself with a general impression. So he began by studying her outward garb.

She wore a white woolen Tam o’Shanter over her short, dark curls, a warm, black cloak with a fur collar (the early April winds being still occasionally very cold), a blue serge skirt and neat, brown shoes and stockings.

With an artist's eye he noted how the coloring of her clothes harmonized with her surroundings, and he wondered if she chose them herself, or if her mother dressed her. He found himself wondering all sorts of things, but it was her age which puzzled him the most of all, and until he could decide whether she were nearer twelve years old, or thirty, he could not place her satisfactorily in his thoughts.

Her short hair, her very youthful face and the lightness of her step suggested the child ; but there was a certain repose of manner and dignity of carriage which baffled him. The long free stride, the poise of the head, the resolution—almost he fancied, the *courage*—of her bearing, bespoke the woman who had faced difficulties and troubles and had faced them nobly. She might be thirty, with a past ; or she might be thirteen, with a future. Yet it was unnatural for a child—and he inclined to the supposition that she could be little more than a child—to come down alone to the sea day after day and lie so still for hours watching the waves and sky. Morning and evening she came, as though she were performing a task and he read firmness, decision, heroism, into her even steps. She always chose the same part of the beach and settled herself down under shelter of a great black breakwater, crowned with dripping, golden seaweed.

Three boys were building a sand castle perilously near the incoming tide, and he wished that she would essay to do some childish thing that he might offer to assist her. But she never came around with a bucket or a spade. She carried two books and something glistening—exactly *what* he was not able to discern—twisted around the fingers of the other hand.

"She ought to have someone to play with, or someone to look after her. Where is her mother or her elder sister?" demanded the literary man aloud, but the thud and ripple of the waves as they broke upon the shore was the only answer vouchsafed to him.

"It is not good for anyone to be so much alone," he thought. His own solitary condition was due to the fact that the friend who had told him about the place succumbed to an attack of influenza at the last minute and was unable to accom-

pany him ; and, having once arranged his plans, it had seemed better to him to get to the sea alone than not to get there at all. Moreover, he wanted a little quiet time in which to work out a story which for years had been swimming in his brain : a simple story, treating of healthy, English Catholic life, with a heroine who, amidst many difficulties and trials, humbly committed her way unto the Lord ; accepting the little things of life and living nobly amongst them : such a heroine as he had never been privileged to meet, though he believed that there must be many such girls trained in the schools of the Sacred Heart ; Children of Mary, who even in this struggling go-ahead twentieth century, follow meekly and wisely in Our Lady's footsteps.

As he was meditating upon the character of his heroine, with his eyes upon the little girl by the sea, a distant clock struck five. She rose, collected her possessions and set forth homewards, leaving him lost in admiration at the beautiful way she held herself.

He sat on thinking and wondering until the setting sun and the chill evening air practically recalled him to an everyday world. Then he went for an hour's brisk walk along the beach, taking a short cut back across fields, yellow and white with new spring blossoms, to a dinner of fried ham and eggs at the Red Lion Inn, where he was putting up.

"Are you going to the Good Friday concert on the pier, at Longer Morley, to-morrow evening?" inquired his landlady, who pitying his loneliness indulged him with the local news whilst she cleared away his meals. "They say the singing will be something beautiful. I hope you'll go, sir. It will be a nice change for you."

His smile was not entirely devoid of sarcasm. After being accustomed to the best of everything in London he fully expected that the music provided by the local talent of Longer Morley *would* be a change for him ; yet, all the same he said that very likely he might go, and delighted the good hostess of the Red Lion Inn by purchasing an eighteen penny reserved stall from her on the spot.

His little girl was not upon the beach next day, and he

hoped that perhaps she was reserving herself for the evening concert. It would give him great pleasure to recognize her, differently dressed, sitting amongst the audience. He wanted to picture her under the influence of some other environment. But no ! when he arrived upon the pier, and took an eager survey of the inmates of the concert room, he saw in an instant that his little sea-maiden was not amongst them.

The room was as yet but a quarter full. He stood near the door anxiously watching the passers-by until the concert was about to begin ; then, with a sense of extraordinary disappointment, for which he found it unreasonable to account, he took his place in the one row of red plush seats, and devoted his attention to the decoration of the room. The effect of color was distinctly pleasing : the crimson curtain on either side of the stage, the many windows disclosing views of the sea, the painting of the woodwork in two delicate shades of blue. And his seat was comfortable. If the music was not more than usually atrocious he thought he might as well remain here for an hour or so.

It did not seem probable that there would be any name he knew upon the programme. The piano solo, and the baritone song were not calculated to distract his thoughts from the subject which engrossed them ; but then—— No. 3 Miss Rosamond Athelstane, " Ave Maria " by Joseph Lynde, filled him with totally unexpected joy and surprise. It was impossible not to recognize the slight graceful figure, although she looked considerably taller in her long white gown, and although her curls were lost under a large black picture hat, which made an exquisite sitting for the sweet-face child below.

His little maiden of the sea ! and yet how wonderfully transformed. He had never imagined that she sang. Ah ! how divinely ! with what ease ! the quality of her voice, the repose of manner, the sympathetic rendering of the song ! Here was the true note of sympathy for which he had so often listened in vain.

" Undoubtedly," he thought, " she must be a Catholic." She sang with such touching reverence.

His heart went out towards her amidst that uproar of

applause. She bowed, returned and bowed again, and finally was persuaded to repeat her song.

From the magnificently evident delight of the old lady sitting next him, the literary man concluded that she must be his little maiden's mother. The programme quivered in her slender fingers during the singing, and when the song was done she tore off her gloves and rings and clapped as he had never guessed an elderly lady was capable of clapping. He contrasted her nervousness and excitement with her daughter's appearance of angelic calm.

"Miss Athelstane is by a long way too self-possessed," remarked someone behind him, as soon as she had left the platform, "no one gets on nowadays who isn't nervous."

"Good quality, but lacks finish," said someone else.

And the literary man glared round angrily at the people who dared to give their unprejudiced opinion of *her* voice.

"Hush! hush!" remonstrated he, and the old lady next him smiled gratefully.

In the second half of the programme Miss Athelstane was down to sing again. How he longed for her reappearance, that beautiful, calm, oval face, with its long, dark lashes and the sweet, trustful smile. At last she came, but though "The Green Hill Far Away" moved many members of the audience to tears, a feeling of awe at the recollection of that scene on Calvary nineteen hundred years ago silenced their applause.

"Sir Edward Douglas tells me that she is the cleverest pupil they ever had at the college," whispered someone who was sitting within earshot of the literary man.

"*Clever* does not seem to me exactly the word to describe her," replied someone else, "I should rather call her exquisitely *good*. She suggests an atmosphere of exalted purity."

"And Dan Gilbertson has just offered her £500 a year to take Nell Solly's place in 'The Unthinking Girl.'"

"Good God! you don't say so. Surely, some one will prevent her from doing that."

"Her guardian angel, very likely—they are the only beings I know of nowadays who can afford to be unmercenary."

The literary man could bear no more. At the end of the next 'cello solo he got up and left the hall. The walk home by the sea in the starlight brought a certain amount of alleviation to his agonizing thoughts; yet the idea of his little singing maiden being drawn away and swallowed up in the gulf of comic opera haunted his sleep and he dreamed of Dan Gilbertson in the form of a fiery dragon, slain by himself in the guise of St. George, just as the lady of his heart was about to be devoured.

Next morning she was sitting again in her usual place upon the shore, and he found it difficult to persuade himself that this solitary child was identical with the sweet singer of yesterday.

He ensconced himself a little nearer than he had ventured hitherto and watched her with a tender, wondering pity and anxiety. After that overheard conversation in the concert room he longed more than ever to know something about her history and her circumstances. Had she no one to shield her from the temptations of the world? No one to give her good advice or fight her battles?

He doubled up his arm and felt his well-developed biceps with a smile of satisfaction. If it had only been a matter of personal strength that was required, nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have entered the lists on the spur of the moment as her champion knight; but as things really were, he failed to see how mere brute force was going to avail his little sea-maiden.

There was only one other force of which he had experienced the quality—the force of prayer. “Benediction at half-past four,” his landlady had told him. Perhaps Miss Athelstane would be going, too, and he might march some paces in the rear, acting as her invisible escort, by the way. He studied her carefully to see if she were about to move, but at twenty minutes to the hour she still lay motionless, evidently asleep, and he rose quietly and left her to plead her cause before the throne of God.

The pretty custom of blessed flowers was new to him, and he treasured his tiny bouquet in the hope of being able to find some means of conveying it to her.

She was still asleep when he returned to the beach, and the fast approaching waves seemed to have nearly reached her feet. He felt concerned for her bodily safety, and resolved, with the help of a great inclination, that it was his obvious duty to awaken her. He laid his offering of the holy flowers at her right hand, seeing the glistening pearls of her rosary twisted round her fingers. The office of Our Blessed Lady and "The Fioretti" of St. Francis were beside her. All the secrets of her inner life appeared in that moment to have been revealed. He understood now the heavenly quality of her voice and her beautiful repose of manner ; they were an answer to her fervent prayers ; she came down to this silent place to commune with her Creator.

He withdrew to a little distance, leaving it for her guardian angel to awaken her. The sea was not so perilously near as in his first impulsiveness he had imagined.

At the sound of the Angelus she rose to her knees, and, after making the sign of the cross, the little bouquet caught her eye. She raised it to her lips, saying : " Dear Lady, you have sent me the flowers and a blessing ! How good God is ! " Yes, she was a Catholic, and with the knowledge of it his interest in her increased enormously.

At the altar rails, on Easter morning, he and she knelt side by side. He, conscious of the close proximity, was offering his communion for her earthly welfare : she, unconscious of everything except her union with her Saviour, was murmuring softly, " A hundred thousand welcomes, dearest Lord."

When his thanksgiving was finished he noticed that she was kneeling in advance of him, a little to the right, but she had not yet raised her head, and he could not watch her here.

There was a lady whom he knew just leaving the church, and he followed her, and entered into conversation with her just outside the porch. They were still talking when his little sea-maiden passed by.

" Rose, dear," exclaimed the lady. His friend knew her intimately. The introduction was soon accomplished. " You both go the same way," she added, " Sir Herbert Downington is staying at the Red Lion Inn."

So they walked back together. How natural it was ! and yet the literary man felt as though the most wonderful thing in the world had happened.

They spoke of the concert. It was the first time she had sung since a serious illness, she told him. She was so thankful that he thought her voice had sounded well. The air of Little Morley had undoubtedly done her good.

"I see you sitting by the sea," he said.

"Do you?" Her surprise was entirely genuine. "I have never seen you !"

"That was because you never looked my way."

She laughed. "I always look straight out before me—it is so beautiful, so wonderful. The varying clouds in that immense expanse of sky, touching the blue sea-line of the horizon ; and then the line of silver white ; and then sand, wet sand, dry sand, and sand with sky reflections ; and the countless shades of gray and yellow pebbles on the beach : with, for white, occasionally a sea-gull, or a sail ; and for the darkest note the rich lines of the breakwaters."

"So its artistic loveliness appeals to you? I used to wonder what you thought about," he said.

"Oh, I just *feel* that, I don't *think*—at least I try not to, because I promised my doctor that I wouldn't. He told me to sit by the sea and let my mind float out on the ocean of God's love, and trust His Providence for the future."

The literary man found her sensitive and charming as she gradually unveiled the subject of her own troubles. During that short walk home he discovered all that he had been so anxious to understand. She was twenty-two years of age and her mother was sixty. They lived upon a small annuity which would die with the mother, and the mother had been given less than a year, at the most, to live. This was a secret which the family doctor had confided to Rose just before she came away, saying it would be wiser for the old lady to remain unaware of her own critical condition. Rose's health had temporarily broken down under the combined strain of study at the Royal College of Music and sick-nursing at home, and it was on her account they came to Little Morley for rest and

change of air. Now it was definitely decided that she could not afford to study any more, and she feared it would be almost impossible to obtain a sufficient number of lucrative engagements to sing at concerts or "at homes." The only good offer that had been made to her came from a quarter which—she hesitated. "I know," replied the literary man.

He called upon her mother after this, discovering her to be the widow of his first editor, and the recollection of a boyish gratitude easily expanded now into a debt which he felt it would be an honor to be allowed to pay.

Mrs. Athelstane found him a good-looking, distinguished, sympathetic companion, with many mutual friends, amongst whom was the very "Old Betton" who had told him of the place. In the course of a day or two when Mr. Betton arrived the quartette was complete.

"Headaches, weak pulse, low temperature and want of sleep," had been, her mother told the literary man, the cause of Rose's coming to the sea, but now that she was so very much better their doctor wrote to suggest her taking long rambles in the country.

"Perhaps you would allow me to go with her?" suggested Sir Herbert, endeavoring not to express by the eagerness of his manner how very much pleasure those country walks would give to him.

"I should indeed be glad for you to do so. There are so many cows in the fields about here, and one never knows if they are bulls and going to toss you," replied Mrs. Athelstane vaguely.

It did not seem necessary to assure her that Rose was not in the least afraid of cows, and the supposition that they might belong to the ferocious sex, whilst it amused him, was such a distinct advancing of his cause that he let it pass.

He got to know his little sea-maiden considerably better after this, and she told him the secrets of her heart in a simple, confiding childlike spirit as they were searching for wild anemonies in the neighboring woods.

"Such beautiful things happen sometimes, which one cannot explain," she said, telling him the story of the Blessed

Flowers on Holy Saturday. "They were narcissus, white stock, forget-me-nots, scented geranium leaf and Our Ladies' laces."

He had not observed of what the little bouquet was composed, but he thought that her voice suggested the fragrance of flowers as she named them.

"I was so sorry to have fallen asleep and missed Benediction," she continued, "and I took the flowers as a sign that I was being watched over and cared for."

"Undoubtedly!" replied he heartily, but he did not add "by me."

"I have pressed those blossoms in my 'Garden of the Soul,' and whenever I look at them my confidence increases, and I understand that God made me and loves me, and that I must not feel anxious about the future."

"The future," soon formed the habitual topic of their conversation. It was such a relief to Rose to have some sympathetic ear into which to pour forth all her fears and doubts and difficulties. That she must not accept Dan Gilberton's offer the literary man felt "as sure as if five hundred pounds a year was likely to grow on every blackberry bush," as old Betton laughingly remarked.

"Yours is one of those cases, dear child," said Sir Herbert gravely, "in which one has no light but that which comes with prayer."

This emboldened her to make a request that had been hovering on her lips ever since the Easter morning of their introduction. Would he join her in a Novena to Our Lady, Star of the Sea, in the fisherman's chapel at Norton Harbor? Did he know the story of the picture? how it was painted by a lay-brother who had once been a sailor, and who always believed that he saw the Blessed Virgin beckoning to him from the evening star. "Serve me," he thought he heard her calling to him, and when at length he followed his vocation he was allowed to paint the vision of his stormy days for the fisherman's chapel, and the boatmen all came to make their Novenas there for a safe voyage, before putting out to sea.

"And you would make your Novena in the same spot before

putting out upon life's ocean for your unknown voyage?" he asked.

"You and I, and mother and Mr. Betton, I thought," replied she rather shyly.

So it was arranged to hear Mass at Norton for nine mornings for this particular intention; Sir Herbert and Rose walking there by the fields and woods, whilst their elders drove round by the longer roadway.

On the ninth morning Rose knelt longer than usual before the star picture after Mass was over, and the beautiful calm of her expression, and the intense confidence with which she offered up her *Memorare* struck her companion as being something nearer to the holy angels than he had ever hoped to come on this side of the grave.

Here was a gentle, naturally retiring child, who had been tenderly brought up, about to lose her remaining parent, and to be left alone and penniless in a world of which she dimly realized the temptations and dangers; and yet what countenance had he ever beheld so absolutely serene and trustful? Was not this the conclusion of his life-time's search—had he not found at last his ideal woman—the kindred soul with whom alone he knew that he could better serve his Creator?

When she rose from her knees he met her eyes—those clear, honest, trustful eyes—and he knew that the answer to their Novena was that he should be her pilot.

Two golden hearts hanging side by side beneath the fisherman's picture are all that now remain to tell of the literary man who married the heroine of his unwritten novel, and of the little singing maid whose trust in God was generously rewarded.

VIOLET BULLOCK WEBSTER.

MISSION NOTES.

Father Darbois, Superior of the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption in New York, writes that all their missionaries in the East, where they are numerous and successful, speak of a rather general movement amongst the schismatic Greeks towards reunion with Rome. Father Darbois encloses a letter from an Assumptionist missionary, it is entitled :

“SCENES IN THE GREEK CHURCH IN TURKEY.”

“The city of Peramos in Turkey in-Asia (6,000 inhabitants) possesses a monastery on the peninsula of Cyzika, now void of monks as mostly all the Greek monasteries elsewhere than on Mt. Athos. The revenues, which were considerable, served for the support of the schools of the city. The monastery was, moreover, the centre of a famous pilgrimage : every year 25,000 Greeks come hither to venerate an ancient image of the Blessed Virgin, attributed to St. Luke, and by which are accomplished, it is said, true miracles in favor of the sick. For a long time the bishops of Cyzika, upon which Peramos depends, had turned their attention to this monastery, not to re-establish religious observance in it, for the Greek bishops care little for that, but to obtain possession of its revenues. Be it understood that the Peramiotes did not intend to let themselves be fleeced without crying out. They are sheep accustomed to be shorn by their shepherds ; but this time they were to be skinned. They protested energetically ; but nothing came of it. Finally, they appealed to His Excellency, Mgr. Bonetti, the Delegate Apostolic at Constantinople, and declared that they intended to become Catholics. The document presented bore over 500 signatures, amongst which were those of six priests of the city and others of prominent men connected with the local administration.

“Meanwhile the affair was brought up before the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, called Ecumenical, and before the Holy Synod. The matter having been wisely weighed, Patriarch and Synod declared that the Bishop of Cyzika had no rights over the disputed monastery, and that in consequence it should thenceforward depend on the Patriarchate. In other words; the Peramiotes would continue to be fleeced as before, but now it

would be by the highest authority in their Church. The priests, who, since April 26, had been making a solemn commemoration of the Pope in the Offices, were punished by degradation and exiled to Mt. Athos; their churches and schools were closed; and the other leaders of the movement were excommunicated and menaced with transportation. The sentence was only partially executed, but with this aggravation, that the lay leaders were sent to prison. The Turkish government is just now on the best of terms with the Greeks, whom it cajoles in order to have their support against the Bulgarians of Macedonia."

"Meanwhile the Delegate Apostolic wished to send three Greek priests to Peramos to encourage the people, but it was only after a long delay and great difficulties that they were able to set out. No steamer would carry them, the three companies which attend the port of Peramos having suspended their services owing to an injunction of the ambassadors of Russia and Greece. Notwithstanding that, on arriving at Peramos, the three missionaries were received with enthusiasm, they were soon compelled by the Turkish police to depart. During the night, these, by threats of exile and loss of all they had, forced the native priests and lay leaders to sign a retraction and an official request for pardon addressed to the Patriarch. The latter was content with the mere signatures extorted by force, and announced the pardon by telegram. It was said that he even promised not to take more than half of the revenues of the monastery. According to the official newspapers the incident had ended: the pardon was enthusiastically received by the entire population. Such statements are, however, entirely false. The people remain constant in their determination and ask for Catholic priests. On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, a day on which the Greeks have the custom of receiving communion, the bishop sent by the Patriarch had only a few old persons at his Mass, while he heard on the way as he came, shouts of "long live the Pope!" Such cries were declared by the police to be seditious, and were punished by imprisonment.

"Such are the facts which the people of Peramos desire to make known to the civilized world. They have enough of a clergy, ignorant, grasping and unjust, and frightfully corrupt. The orthodox Greek church is in a state of putrefaction; and the declamation of a few salaried officials does not prevent intelligent people from seeing it. From all sides, from Albania, Thrace, Cappadocia, Smyrna, Constantinople itself, the same appeal

comes. People have grown weary of the horrid stepmother, the Church of Photius."

A PROTESTANT ON CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

The *Tablet*, of April 18, gives testimony of the "stalwart Protestant," the late W. S. Caine, as to the relative success of Catholic and Protestant missions to the heathen. At Singapore he found a magnificent Anglican cathedral, but no native converts present except those who waited on the English worshippers. The Presbyterian chapel presented a like spectacle. "The result of their (all the missionaries) labors are miserable, and I cannot but think their methods and plans of working must be wrong." At Penang and Malacca, things were in the same condition. "So much," he concludes, "for Protestant missionary zeal for the conversion of our heathen fellow-subjects in the Straits Settlements. But what are the Roman Catholics doing? They have twenty-five chapels in the colony. They have forty-one priests—missionary priests and catechists, with aggregate congregations of 6,500. I think it would be well if the secretaries of our missionary societies spent twelve months in the East trying to find out how it is that Jesuits succeed so well, when they fail so completely. What wants explaining is the comparative zeal and success of the Roman Catholic, and the comparative failure of Protestantism in the conversion of the heathen to the Christian faith."

FIFTEEN THOUSAND GREEK CONVERTS.

The *Missions Etrangères* have recently (April 10) announced the conversion of more than 15,000 separated Greeks. They have returned to the fold in a body, and were received by Mgr. Doumani, the Greek Catholic (Melchite) Bishop of Tripoli in Syria. Believing in authoritative teaching, the separated Greeks would, at least in very many cases, readily follow their leaders into the Catholic Church. Much the same as other separated Christians, however, they have been taught bitter prejudices against the Church of Rome and its Sovereign Pontiff. Hence it is not to be wondered at that Mgr. Doumani's zeal drew upon him the hostility of the separated Christians. Two of his priests, we are told, have been poisoned, and many presbyteries pillaged.

THE CHURCH IN JAPAN.

The Right Rev. J. A. Chatron, the scene of whose missionary labors is in the western part of Nippon, embracing the provinces

of Owari, Mino, Echizen, Shikoku and a number of islands, recently gave in Roxbury, Mass., an account of his mission. It embraces a total population of 15,000,000, of which about 7,000 are converts, the result of the work of the missionaries since the foundation of the mission in 1888. Under his jurisdiction there are 25 foreign and 2 native priests, 4 Brothers of the Society of Mary, 4 seminarists, 40 catechists, 16 Sisters of the St. Infant Jesus de Chauffailles, with 3 novices and 3 postulants. The mission embraces 34 congregations, or Catholic centers, made up of 8 churches or chapels, 24 stations in Japanese houses, 5 schools, one for boys and four for girls, with 409 children; one commercial school with 100 pupils under the charge of the Brothers of Mary; a school for foreign languages with 40 pupils; 5 orphanages with 250 children; several industrial schools with 200 pupils; a hospital and a dispensary with a staff of about 300 nurses. In one year recently baptism was administered to 193 adults, to 258 children of pagan parents, and to 100 children of Christian parents; 1,574 confessions were heard and 1,397 Paschal Communions given. The bishop has been working as a missionary in Japan for the last thirty years.

CATHOLICITY IN EASTERN INDIA.

An East Indian correspondent of *The Catholic Standard and Times* writes from Malabar, India, May 15: At the time when the Church is receiving such hard blows from the children of her bosom it is interesting to record her prosperity in a far-off land where the echoes of Western civilization seldom penetrate. It will be remembered that in 1896 Pope Leo XIII, in his solicitude for the preservation of the Oriental rites, accorded to the Syrian Chaldaic Catholics of the Malabar three Bishops of their own rite and nation. During the past ten years the Catholic Church of Malabar has made astonishing progress. The Catholics of this portion of India now number 252,000, and are rapidly increasing. There are 200 churches and seventy parochial chapels. During the past seven years the Catholic population has increased by 70,000. This averaging increase of 10,000 every year is probably unprecedented in the history of missions.

The following statistics, compiled by three Bishops of the Syro-Chaldean rite, will give a definite idea of the progress of Catholicity in Malabar :

	1896.	1903.
Catholics.....	252,320	319,045
Parish churches.....	201	246
Chapels.....	77	91
Priests.....	473	459
Seminarists.....	67	86
Students of high schools.....	295	470
Parochial schools.....	527	763
Total scholars.....	25,530	31,825
Annual number of conversions.....	340	1,070
Convents of both sexes.....	20	24
Religious of both sexes.....	156	294

The Church in Malabar was founded by St. Thomas the Apostle, and has been governed by Bishops of the Syro-Chaldean rite up to the seventeenth century. At that period the Indies passed under the authority of Portugal and the Church was ruled by Latin Bishops under the patronage of the Portuguese King. The administration of the Latin Bishops over the Chaldai-Syrians of Malabar caused endless dissensions, and resulted towards the end of the seventeenth century in the introduction of Jacobitism, which up to this day exists and to a certain degree flourishes. The restoration by the present Pontiff of the original episcopacy has been followed by great benefit, as is shown in the above figures.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 10.

THE HURON FLIGHT TO QUEBEC.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTREIX, S. J.

THE missionaries at St. Mary's were ordered to return immediately and on the 10th of June, 1650, they with 350 Huron Christians might have been seen in a long line of canoes silently paddling along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay and entering into French River. The shores of Lake Nipissing are deserted; the Algonquins had abandoned the Isle of Alumettes; the banks of the Ottawa once teeming with life were now lonely and desolate. The Iroquois swarmed over all the territory, leaving ruins in their track, and turning every place into a desert.

Half way on their journey the caravan fell in with Forty Frenchmen and twenty Hurons under the direction of Father Bressani. They were on their way to Quebec and unaware of the irreparable misfortunes that had overtaken the Hurons in the slaughter of so many of their people and the dispersal of the survivors. The two parties united and went to Montreal, but the Hurons refused to remain there. They would be too much exposed to their enemies and so on the 28th of July they all landed at Quebec.

This made a heavy burden for the French colonists. The poor Indians had nothing; no food, no shelter, no means to get by barter even a little wheat or a few peas. A hundred of them were cared for by the Ursulines, the Hospitalières and the families who were in easiest circumstances. The Jesuits took care of the rest and sent some Fathers to France to procure

funds. A month after the arrival of the Hurons at Quebec, Father Ragueneau wrote : " We gave them our blood and our life ; can we refuse them what is less than that, food to eat ? They come to us every day to beg ; they have built their own cabins, and will work to support themselves. We will give them all we have, and if they die of famine here close to the French, we shall have the consolation at least of having them die as Christians."

On September 29, Mother Mary of St. Bonaventure, a Hospitalière of Quebec, wrote to Paris : " Here are four hundred refugee Hurons at Quebec who have pitched their wigwams at the gate of our hospital where they come every day to Mass. I have never seen greater poverty or more piety ; a little sagamité, that is, a pottage of peas and Indian corn, does them for a day and they are happy to have it ; but happier we to be able to give it to them. Our little hospital ward meantime is filled with soldiers who were wounded fighting with the Iroquois."

The hospital of these nuns was always but especially that year an asylum for the poor, Indians as well as French. Throughout the year every charity was lavished on their charges. The burden was beyond their strength but never beyond their courage. They achieved what seemed impossible. They deprived themselves of everything rather than see the poor suffer.

The Ursulines were equally generous and devoted. Almost ruined by the enormous outlay which the erection of their monastery called for, they condemned themselves to the greatest privations to help the poor Indians who were knocking at the door of their cloister. Marie of the Incarnation wrote : " As a sort of trustee it is I who distribute the food and clothing to our charges and it affords me unspeakable consolation." Unhappily her consolation did not last long and on the night of the 29th of December, a conflagration destroyed the Ursuline Convent, and the Hospitalières whose generosity knew no limit placed their own house at the disposal of the daughters of St. Ursula.

Such was the condition of affairs in Quebec in the month of

January, 1651: the Ursulines compelled to throw themselves on public charity; the number of poor Hurons continually growing, and to help the nuns and Indians little or no resources in the French colony. No doubt, charity, as Marie of the Incarnation said, was greater than the poverty of the country, but charity has its limits which even the best will in the world cannot overstep. To make matters worse the Augustinian nuns had only received half as much as usual in the way of alms from Paris; the Jesuits were in the same embarrassment, and although Father Lallemant had gone to France to beg he could only get back in the spring; so that the colony in spite of its faith and hope was a prey to the greatest anxiety. How could it be otherwise?

The departure of the Hurons from Quebec diminished, if it did not dissipate, the dread that hung over the colony with regard to the future. This was effected by the Jesuits who at the end of March brought the Indians to the end of the Isle d'Orleans, known to-day as the *Anse du Fort*, where they owned a great extent of territory. Other families from Trois Rivières and Beauport joined them and Father Chaumonot took charge of the new settlement.

A village was quickly built in an admirable situation on a bend of the St. Lawrence, where the canoes could easily approach the shore. Around the chapel and house of the missionary numerous cabins were built after the fashion of the old Huron dwellings. Strong palisades protected the new establishment, and the exiles, who found their second country there, called it St. Mary's, in memory of the place they had been forced to abandon.

While the village was being built the ground was cultivated. "We made the Hurons cut down the woods and lay out the fields," says Father Chaumonot. "We paid Frenchmen to help in the work, but we could only get the Indians to join by promising them food, the quantity to be in proportion to the amount of labor. At first they grumbled and fancied we were making money out of them, but when they saw that, after having supported and clothed them at Quebec, we did not keep a single foot of the new lands for ourselves, but divided them

equally among all the families, they showered benedictions upon us. They even thanked us for having made them work, especially when they began to gather in their harvest." The colony, which consisted of four hundred souls at first, soon counted six hundred, and Father Chaumonot soon made it a model settlement, which recalled the Reductions of Paraguay.

Besides the morning and evening prayers at home, the Hurons came every day to public exercises in the church. On Sundays and fast days the number of communions was very great. The bell on such days rung three separate times; the first to summon the sodalists, the second those who were not, and the third the children under fifteen. When the latter left the chapel, they went to the missionary's house for catechism. At all these reunions the separation of the sexes was observed. Then another of the Relations of 1654 recounts with great detail the various exercises of devotion, and the lasting fervor of the neophytes, but especially of the sodalists of St. Mary's.

But it was the lot of this people, ever since their first defeat by the Iroquois, never to find a fixed abiding place. Those who fled to the north or west or south of the Huron country wandered from place to place and could never settle down. Once established in a locality some imperious need of change, or force of circumstances, drove them elsewhere. Perhaps it was the avenging hand of God that punished this unhappy nation for its long resistance to the Gospel. They had some good qualities, indeed, but were ferocious, treacherous, mendacious, immoral, untrustworthy, even when they gave their word, and born thieves.

Perhaps the Lord wished to scatter this tribe in the forests of the north, south, and over the lakes of the west, to carry the light of truth to savages who otherwise would not have known it, and so prepare the way for apostles who would soon appear in those distant regions. For it is undeniable that among those wanderers there were many Christians as the future missionaries discovered.

THE DWELLING OF LOVE.

I ASKED where Love doth dwell,
I sought through the shadowy earth,
I sought through the heaven-girt sea,
Where visions and hopes have birth
And golden horizons flee :
 But none could tell
 Where Love doth dwell
Though they showed me the prints where his footsteps fell
 But what were the prints to me.

I sought if Love did stray
Perchance where the lily grows
In some sheltered garden's rest,
Or in the cup of the rose
By whispering winds caressed ;
 But they knew not the way
 Where Love did stray
Though his virginal blush they were forced to betray,
 And the snow of his sinless breast.

Then I thought; 'mong all dwellings that are
On the earth, that a maiden's eyes
Were the home where Love doth sleep ;
But when, in too passionate wise,
I broke on that hallowed keep,
 He shot forth afar
 Like a meteor star
Laughing at men from its fleeting car
 As it glances from deep to deep.

Now I know that Love doth dwell
In the flame of a burning heart
Where self is dissolved in twain,
Exchanging its mortal part
For the whole of an infinite gain :
 But that Love's sweet spell
 No tongue can tell,
Though they that live under it know full well
 The bliss of its mystic pain.

JAMES KENDAL, S.J.

THE CULTURE OF LILIES.

IT was usually recognized, by those qualified to judge, that John Veridden had a complex nature, and this not only in the sense in which all human nature is complex, but in an unusual kind and degree. The man had certain theories of life, high sounding and far reaching, and a lofty forcefulness which raised him above the average mortal, and caused friends to prophesy for him a brilliant and splendid career. Whereas, on the other hand, he permitted himself to be drawn into correspondingly low depths, amazing to his admirers.

His forehead was massive, his eyes stern and self-centred under bushy brows, his mouth hardened into rigid lines, which told of thought and effort. His was a countenance, in short, which spoke of the fierce strife of the years, of the storm and stress through which a strong nature had passed. There were moments, however, when the eyes became, as it were, electrified by the flashing of a luminous thought and a smile about the mouth grew at once human and tender, resembling that glacial flower of the Alps, which blooms in untoward places and brightens amid an all-pervading desolation.

Now it was that particular expression which John Veridden's face wore when Father Harvey first encountered him in an east-side tenement. The place was foul with odors, blended from many sources; the close rooms on either side of narrow passages fairly swarmed with human beings, who passed, day after day, up and down the creaking stairs, too often with evil words on their lips and evil thoughts behind the mask of heavy and stolid countenances. Yet here, John Veridden, forever seeking amongst the dark places of great cities, had found a lily.

Snowy-white it gleamed through the gloom, and golden was the heart within, as the stamens of that queenliest flower. On the top floor of that tenement, truly a "bad eminence" in the darkest and most squalid of its apartments, this young girl, Belinda Morris, existed. For she lay upon a couch, crippled.

Her delicate, pearly skin was framed in shining hair ; her eyes were blue, and should have been, in John Veridden's opinion, tragically, mournfully blue. They should have been weighed down by the sorrows of humanity, by the despair engendered of such a life and such surroundings ; instead of which there was a deep calm in their luminous depths and a joyousness, as of sunny childhood, in their smiling.

As Father Harvey entered, John Veridden sat beside the invalid's couch, reading from a poet, the poet of nature, who has the magic gift of turning the blue of the corn-flower, the yellow of the primrose, the tints of an evening sky, or the glint of sun on a city pavement into words that burn. He had what John Veridden called a message for humanity, and most certainly the crippled girl's pale face was aglow with pleasure. Perhaps its light was reflected in part from that which shone in the aspect of the man beside her. John Veridden was at his best, and his rugged countenance was transfigured.

Father Harvey paused and regarded the two with astonishment. He knew the man as a cynic, a scoffer, an enemy of revealed religion, a trampler upon conventionalities and upon other obligations far more sacred, while he enjoyed a certain prestige among his fellow-men. And here was he at the bedside of this innocent lamb, whom it was the pastor's mission to watch over, in these pastures far from green, wherein its lot was cast.

But the priest was a man of experience and, after regarding the scene for a few moments, he advanced quietly to Belinda's couch and addressed her in his ordinary voice, with a courteous salute to the intruder.

"Well, my child, how did you find yourself this morning," he asked of Belinda.

"I'm doin' splendid, Father !" answered the girl, and there was no mistaking the joyous recognition and the intuitive respect and reverence with which Irishwomen regard the "priest." John Veridden saw and resented this peculiar shade of manner. This was what he called being "priest-ridden," and he was angry that this special favorite of his, Belinda Morris, should be guilty of the weakness. Hence it was not

merely the curt, formal, unsympathetic John Veridden known to business acquaintances, who rose from his chair at the priest's approach. There was something of evil, a positive malignity in the expression of his face as he grudgingly returned the salute. He felt, indeed, as near an approach to hatred of the priesthood in general as it is possible to feel for a class of men, collectively.

"This gentleman's been readin' me beautiful things, Father," said the girl.

"Indeed!" assented the priest, "that is surely kind; especially," he added, with a glance at John Veridden, "as beauty is not indigenous to this soil."

"It grows here, nevertheless!" growled Veridden, indicating the girl by a slight gesture.

"The human soul blooms everywhere," assented the priest, "and when it can be preserved unsullied, it is always of exquisite loveliness."

"Drop metaphysics," snarled Veridden, "and come to the point. I have been reading poetry to the girl, doing violence to my own nature."

Father Harvey looked up at him, with a bright, frank smile, which many a hardened sinner had found persuasive and made answer:

"I think not, sir: we priests learn, you will concede, to be, at least, observers, and the beauty of field and flower, the sunset sky and the moonlit waters have found an echo in your own soul or I'm mistaken."

John Veridden was surprised, half-pleased, a good deal nonplussed.

"Not that I'm a poet!" went on Father Harvey, cheerily, "In my youth, I had a boyish love for nature; spouted verses at school and wrote some under cover of my desk. Since then, my lines have fallen in rougher places, looking for the ore in a streak of gray-dirt, seeking a flower in barren soil, or a sheep on sterile mountain sides, but I know when I see him, a man, whose soul is alive to the beauty of the creation."

Belinda was exceedingly puzzled by this discourse, so different from the priest's ordinary, practical, homely words of

advice. John Veridden's face softened in his own despite, while he answered almost roughly :

"I abhor your cloth, sir, with its formalism and its narrow boundaries, within which it would imprison all life, reduce all things to the sorry limitations of right and wrong. I particularly regret to see you strive to compress in iron fetters the very lilies of the field."

"Or set them free in the true liberty of the children of God" answered the priest, "but I see you are about moving and I am going to abandon Belinda for to-day, and force my company on you for a few blocks. I want to get at your meaning about—let us say—the culture of lilies."

John Veridden could not do other than assent and he stood aside, while Father Harvey addressed a few words to the invalid, which were Greek to the man of the world. He promised to come in on Saturday afternoon to hear her confession and to bring her Holy Communion early on Sunday morning. The priest, then, followed his ungracious companion down stairs and out into the street. At the door stood Mrs. Morris, the crippled girl's stepmother, in conversation with a group of women as frowsy and untidy as herself. A silence fell upon them and there was an intent deference in their manner towards the priest, an uneasy, deprecating self-consciousness which made John Veridden secretly indignant. But Father Harvey had a word for every one of the group calling them by name and addressing a few pleasant sentences to each upon the weather, or the children, or some local happening of the neighborhood.

When the two men, priest and cynic, had passed on, they stood a few moments upon the pavement and looked about them. High tenement houses rose on either side of the street, shutting out the light of heaven. Old clothes shops, taverns or cheap groceries, with half-rotting fruits and vegetables, aided the garbage barrels in polluting the air. Grimy human beings swarmed at the windows, children in all stages of rags and filth sprawled over the sidewalks, drunken men reeled past, slovenly, unkempt women gossipped in doorways with loud laughter and coarse speech.

"Our lily has but a thorny setting," observed the priest.

"Yes, but it is a lily," snapped John Veridden.

"Granted," agreed the priest, "and as we have this common basis of agreement, I am presently going to ask you a searching question. I know you, Mr. Veridden, by name and reputation."

"You know me by name and reputation," interrupted John Veridden, "then you know me, sir, as the avowed enemy of all priest-craft, all shams, all factitious bonds by which men are held in restraint. And knowing all this, you meet me on terms of courtesy, even of friendliness."

"You are, in one sense, as free to your opinions as I to mine," laughed the priest, "and though I dissent from almost every one of your views, an honest foe can be met with respect and deference."

"Are you an honest foe?" queried the cynic.

"Idle to say that I am no foe at all to you as an individual," smiled the priest, "and as to my honesty, why, if I be an honest man, in the words of the world-poet, 'God keep me so.' However, the subject of our discourse was to be lilies, their treatment and their care."

"Well, then!" cried John Veridden, "putting aside metaphor, I say and repeat that that girl yonder has a beautiful nature, capable, if taught, of attaining the highest flights. I mean to educate her and place her where she belongs, in the aristocracy of intellect."

"She has, I agree with you, a beautiful nature," observed the priest, "in the highest degree spiritual and susceptible to the workings of grace. And I mean, Mr. Veridden, as her pastor, and so responsible for her, to place her where she belongs, amongst the chosen of God."

The two men stood and regarded each other, under the pitiless glare of the sun, with the sickening, fetid atmosphere of the crowded thoroughfare about them. There was defiance on the one part, a calm earnestness on the other.

"She is like," said the priest, breaking the stillness, "the snow as it falls from heaven, unsullied and free from sin as human nature may be."

"Do not mention sin, sir, in her connection," growled John Veridden.

Father Harvey laughed, as he said, quietly :

"Your poet of nature styles the Virgin Mother 'Our tainted nature's solitary boast,' and he is right. But the question I wanted to ask you, Mr. Veridden, is simply this : How do you account for the marvellous preservation of this lily in such surroundings?"

He waved his hand, and the cynic was aware that this gesture included not only the all-pervading squalor and low level of living, but the drunken father and the slovenly stepmother. Yet he answered, boldly :

"By nature's laws, preserving her highest products."

"Wrong, Mr. Veridden, wrong," cried the priest, "this exquisite nature has been preserved by the faith and the virtues springing from faith, of her Irish mother, dead, a little more than a year ago, and by her own fervent practice of religion."

"You mean that she has been preserved by the iron restraints of your Romish Church which has kept her in fetters, imposed iron restraints, restricted her already limited life into narrow bonds?" questioned John Veridden.

"Which has rather taught her bright soul to soar above bonds into the eternal regions"; corrected the priest, "has shown her the light beyond the prison gates."

He paused, and even the cynic before him was struck with the expression of his face.

"Think you, Mr. Veridden," he went on, "that without the living grace of the Sacraments, of prayer, of faith and practice, this girl, and mark you, numberless others, could breathe this atmosphere, without becoming vitiated. To take lower ground altogether, could Belinda Morris have ever comprehended your flights of poetry had she not been prepared for it by the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was silent, unconvinced, but perplexed and too honest to deny what he could not controvert.

"One thing I ask of you before we part," asked the priest earnestly, "and this has been my chief reason for desiring this conversation with you. That you will not by word or glance

seek to unsettle the girl's untroubled faith. Believe me, it is not only her comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur and for which, be certain, you would have to answer at the bar of divine justice."

John Veridden glared. He was conscious at first of a furious anger against the priest's impertinence. Then he rather liked his courage and evident earnestness and so stood still undecided, while Father Harvey held out his hand with a frank smile.

"I should like, Mr. Veridden," he said, "to see you occasionally, if only to discuss the best methods for the culture of lilies."

John Veridden did not take the proffered hand, and turned away with a curt nod and a slight touching of his hat.

II.

After that, Father Harvey, from time to time, heard many facts about John Veridden, his conduct, his startling lapses from conventional decorum, so that the priest looked grave, when he heard from Belinda that "the gentleman" was still a frequent visitor to the top floor of the east-side tenement. The girl's artless talk about nature, the gleam of heaven's blue, above the dimness and dinginess, the flower in the cleft of the rocks, the daisy of the field with its message to humanity, would not have been disquieting in itself, but for the unbounded admiration for her cynical visitor, which seemed to possess her. The only thing which served to re-assure the priest, even in a measure, was that one glimpse he had had of John Veridden's face transfigured. He, therefore, did not try directly to counteract the cynic's influence, nor even to decry his pantheistic love of nature. He, too, talked poetry to the girl, but he led her mind upwards from the perfection of the flower to the infinite perfection of the Creator, from the beautiful places of earth to the supreme loveliness of the Christian's abiding place, from the ideal happiness, which John Veridden pictured, founded on unreal conditions, to the beatitude of the just made perfect.

"Confound it all, sir," cried the cynic, meeting Father Harvey at the door, one afternoon, "you have stuffed her head full of cities of pure gold and gates of pearl, and walls of jasper, with foundations of precious stones, emerald and porphyry and sardonyx and hyacinth and heaven knows what besides. She's as full of mysticism as an ancient solitary."

Yet with all John Veridden's sharpness, there was a whimsical gleam of humor in his eyes as he spoke.

"And pray, Mr. Veridden, what has been the effect on Belinda's mind?" asked the priest, calmly.

"The effect of a narcotic!" cried John Veridden, "she bore pain, she smiled through tears of agony, she answered her drunken brute of a father like an angel and bore with that foul-tongued stepmother, because, as she said: 'What does it matter, if only we're happy in heaven one day?'"

"And does it matter, John Veridden?" asked the priest.

"Why, I say, what do you mean?" blustered the cynic.

"Simply, that I ask you, with your experience of life, of its light places and its dark, its so-called pleasures and intellectual enjoyments, what does it all matter, compared with something that is stable and permanent and that something complete happiness."

"Are you trying to entangle and confuse me with your sophistry?" roared John Veridden.

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Go home and think it all over," he said, "take every possible argument for and against my theory and tell me, if I am doing wrong in striving to bring heaven into the lives of the poor and miserable."

"If *you* believed it, sir, it might be different," sneered John Veridden.

A crimson flush rose from Father Harvey's chin to his very forehead, but he spoke quietly.

"I pass over the insult; the Catholic priesthood take that as their daily bread, but I ask you, as man to man, here face to face, and eye to eye, do you believe that I am living a daily falsehood. Do you suppose that I have sacrificed home, friends, comfort, some measure of wealth, the career that I

might have followed, in order to teach systematically what I knew to be false. Have I no shining Paradise as my goal, no country of perpetual gladness to solace me for the heartbreaks of this?"

It was a strange scene, that squalid and dingy purlieu and those two, of widely different views, standing thus confronting each other. John Veridden eyed the priest for an instant or two of intense silence, then he exclaimed in a broken voice.

"I spoke hastily. I believe you are sincere in your belief."

From that moment, when his belief in man was reconstructed, became possible a still more tremendous resolution, his ability to believe in God. He went home, his whole nature in chaos, but with its dark places prepared for the great light that was approaching. All that night, John Veridden wrestled, prostrate on his face, upright, pacing restlessly, kneeling at length in supplication.

The fruit of that terrible vigil was a hasty line to the priest.

"I was wrong and you were right. You best understand the culture of lilies."

III.

In a convent chapel was seen at length the climax to this simple story of life. A solemnly impressive service taking place was the investiture of a novice with the habit of religion. The postulant was fair and slender, with eyes of luminous blue and the hair that fell under the sacrificial scissors was of shining gold. A large slice of John Veridden's future had gone to a surgeon of international repute, who had made the infirm whole and transformed the cripple of the east-side tenement into the prospective nun. While the choir intoned the "De Profundis," and rose triumphant in the "Te Deum," the strong soul of the whilom cynic was wrung with a fierce, human pain, which, perhaps, but one spectator guessed. John Veridden had given the girl, health, the restored use of her limbs, the education of which he had once dreamed, Christianized, under the guidance of Father Harvey, and, perhaps, in return, he had hoped to keep her always with him, to give her a home and a name and a measure of earthly

happiness. But following the path traced out for her by her spiritual guide, Belinda had found her way into that closed garden, where the lilies bloom forever, awaiting their transplanting to the eternal meadows.

Despite his conversion, it was not easy for John Veridden, at first, to understand the meaning of vocation, but he was very humble in the ordeal and freely acknowledged that he was unworthy of Belinda and that she was secure in a sheltered home.

"She is safe now," whispered Father Harvey, when the ceremony was over, "and believe me for her it is best. Our lily will bloom now forever in the eternal gardens."

"But what will become of me? How shall I ever find her there," groaned the former cynic, in deep anguish of spirit.

"In our Father's house there are many mansions," said the priest solemnly, "and in one of them, through faith and love and through what you have done for these my little ones, you will find some day, your lily."

ANNA T. SADLIER.

MISSION NOTES.

METHODS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

When we hear so often, says the leading French Catholic journal *L'Univers*, of September 9, that the Chinese are a peaceful, home-loving people, we ask what, then, can be the cause of all the revolts, local or provincial, that almost incessantly desolate the Empire. Mr. Alexander Ular, a German Protestant journalist, professes to give at least a partial answer in the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*. "The Protestant missionaries," he asserts, "English, German, or American, refuse to conform to the customs and manners of the Chinese, or abuse them to engage in trade and realize unlawful profit." "They are," he adds, "the bane of China." The accusation is formal, and Mr. Ular declares that he has abundant proof to sustain it. He adduces the case of the director of a Protestant missionary establishment in Shen-si, who bought from a Chinese merchant silk and other commodities to the value of 8,000 *yen*. According to the Chinese

custom he made a *verbal* promise to pay in three months. This he failed to do, and obtained a delay of three months more. Still refusing to pay when the time had elapsed, he was cited before the courts. The officials declared he was not subject to their jurisdiction, but to that of his own consul at Tien-Tsin, one hundred and fifty leagues away. Meanwhile, Mr. Ular says, the missionary remained in the secure quarters of his mission house to avoid being lynched by the angry creditors as several of his colleagues had been in similar circumstances. When the matter was finally brought to the consular court, written and signed proofs were demanded. There were none to be had, because the transaction reposed on a *verbal* promise to pay. The missionary was acquitted of the alleged debt, and he promptly denounced to the Imperial authorities the unfortunate merchant and his friends as calumniators. For this story we have to take the word of the journalist, who affirms that such cases as this are not uncommon.

MONUMENT TO AN IRISH NUN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A lofty Celtic cross of granite stone marks the spot in Rhodesia where sleeps a great pioneer missionary nun, Mother Patrick. This memorial to an Apostolic woman of their race was erected by the Irishmen of Mashonaland. On the day of dedication, Sir Marshall Clarke loosed the broad green band which held the concealing veil. Day by day, he said, they marked the narrowing of the ranks of those sturdy pioneers who had brought this favored region under the sway of European civilization. Mother Patrick had been there to trace the earliest steps of progress. When the country was new and untrodden save by the feet of the native blacks, Mother Patrick had had her share in the work of transformation. Christians of every denomination, and beyond them men of whatever creed or faith outside the Christian pale, held her memory in reverence. Her example lived before the eyes of everyone—an example of love for her country and zeal for the task she had set before her.

THE TRAPPISTS IN THE DESERT.

The far-off mission-station of Monte Cassino in Mashonaland, set here in the wilderness by the Trappist monks, has a history of only six months' length. A little construction of wood and iron was first set up as a shelter during the rainy season, which

was soon to begin. A space for a garden was cleared by cutting down the trees and clearing away the brushwood. The toil was hard under the fierce sun's glare. At first there was promise of a crop, but the rains did not come, and the springing plants soon withered. The untrained natives soon relinquished their unaccustomed labor and returned to their kraals. Brother Leopold had brought about forty head of cattle, but disease carried them all away. A large building, sixty-six by twenty-one feet, rudely built it is true, and thatched, but suited to the needs of the monastic community, was unaccountably destroyed by fire: a misfortune increased by the thefts of the natives. "The one consolation we have," writes Father Hyacinth, "is in gazing at the hill on whose summit a great white cross was erected several months ago, and remembering that in the cross is hope. I have often begun native missions; but never before have I experienced such an accumulation of disasters at the outset."

Notwithstanding all the difficulties the mission is full of promise. The natives are well disposed and apparently ready for instruction. A school under the direction of the Sisters will soon be opened.

LEO XIII AND INDIA.

The *Catholic Register* of Madras thus speaks of his work: Leo XIII established and proclaimed the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in India by his Apostolic letter "*Humanæ Salutis Auctor*," dated September 1, 1886. Before this there were in India only three dioceses and only one archdiocese: Cochin, Damau, Mylapore, and the archdiocese of Goa. Some Prefectures Apostolic were also in existence. Leo XIII, however, on proclaiming the Hierarchy created the archdioceses of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Pondicherry, Colombo, Verapoly, and Agra; and the dioceses of Krishnagar, Dacca, Vicagapatan, Hyderabad, Nagpur, Trichinopoly, Poona, Mangalore, Mysore, Coimbatore, Kumbakonam, Jaffna, Kandy, Galle, Trincomalle, Quilon and Tabé. He created also the Vicars-Apostolic of Ernakulam, Chenganacherry, and Trichur, and the Prefectures Apostolic of Assam, Kashmir, Rajputana and Bettiah.

In 1897 the late Leo XIII erected a general seminary for the natives of all India at Kandy, and placed it under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of the Belgian Province. It contains now about ninety seminarists, giving free board and education to all.

THE WHITE FATHERS IN MID-AFRICA.

An English officer, Captain Sykes, thus describes a visit to the White Fathers at Bukumi, mid-way between Lakes Victoria and Albert :

“ There were three of them,” he says, “ and they vied with each other in doing friendly actions, insisting on my partaking of the meagre store of wine and cigars, which they kept, I believe, only for the benefit of wanderers. I found it at first beyond my powers to converse with any fluency, but they all helped me so skilfully and with such tact that my laid-aside French began to come back to me, but I had the usual difficulty of those trying to remember an old language, that new words always come when old ones are wanted. Their flock spoke the Bunyoro tongue, which I, of course, did not know. I stayed there two days and had all my meals with them, and very much enjoyed their society. They were full of praise for the British officers, who, by checking the mutineers in their career westward, had saved them and their mission from some fearful calamity. They had themselves erected a rough fortification round their house, for in such places it behooves the priest to have something of the soldier in him. One of them had served formerly in the Chasseurs d’Afrique, and perhaps from him came the bastions and quaint corners to be found in the fort. Under their practical care a European vegetable garden gave them its products, as succulent as any I came across in Equatoria. All over Uganda proper and its damp environments it was possible to grow most of our English vegetables, and such as leeks, carrots, beans and tomatoes flourished ; but in the drier districts of the Nile, potatoes, cauliflower and cabbages fared miserably. These good people had built a picturesque little church of sun-dried bricks and taught their parish an honest and practical religion, which showed itself in contented airs and peaceful occupations.”

A BAPTIST MINISTER’S TRIBUTE.

Dr. Glover, Baptist minister at Bristol, recently expressed, according to the *London Tablet* (August 15), regret that the Baptists had not so many children in their mission day schools as they had communicants. He lamented the fact that the education of the young, especially of the young women in India, was passing into the hands of the Catholics ; this was owing to the numbers of cultured women they sent out. Surely Methodists

and other societies could do the same. In China they had lived down and died down the terrible slander against them. But in spite of the improved report, he grieved that the Wesleyan Missionary Society had made no substantial increase for a generation.

BELTANGADY, P. O. SOUTH CANARA, BRITISH INDIA.

DEAR FATHER—This time I write to you not from Fajir, my former place, but from Beltangady, the easternmost station of the Mission, with a vast jurisdiction extending to the frontiers of the Mysore Diocese governed by the Missionaries (Foreign) of Paris. Although the jurisdiction is vast, the population is the least, compared to other churches of the Mission, about 800, scattered among pagans who far outnumber them. These regions being surrounded with hills, malarial fever is the prevalent sickness, in consequence whereof, the pastor of this place has the highest number of sick calls during the year. The other day I had to carry Holy Communion (of course, on my legs) to six sick persons, and as it was too tedious to take Communion to a consumptive the following day after coming to my residence here, I was obliged to stay in the village, and saying Mass the following morning, I had a good march of six miles on foot, the previous day having managed to take my noon meal at 4 P. M.

The House of God is a thatched shed that can hardly contain 125 souls, having been used since yearly ten years to minister to the spiritual wants of over 800 souls, the strength of the parish. My predecessor opened a subscription list, appealing to the charity of the public. His Lordship, Dr. Cavadini, S. J., the diocesan bishop, having had ample occasions to stay here, even once a year on his way to the Sanitarium, has thus written in the subscription list book: "The subscription is strongly recommended, as the necessity of a church at Beltangady is very great." Our most Holy Saviour to Whom this place is dedicated—He alone knows when a decent House of God, worthy of the name, will be erected.

Living at the foot of the jungles, you can well imagine how cultured the people can possibly be. For want of a school, the pastor here has to be a Catechist, sacristan, church clerk, architect, in a word everything. My great aim is to civilize them by means of a school, without which they are no better than pagans, I should even say, than beasts among whom they live.

I am the Local Director of the Apostleship of Prayer here, and am consoled to see persons (especially children) from fifty to one hundred approach the Holy Communion rails on First Fridays. If your Reverence could kindly send me the necessary pamphlets for the guidance of the Directors, I should be most thankful to you. I would even say Masses according to your direction. In a jungle place like this, the Apostleship of Prayer alone must change the face of the earth.

Having laid before you my needs, I pray your Reverence will do your very best for me and for so many souls, Christians and pagans.

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—Your kind favor, dated July 3, was just received, and proved a very welcome visitor. Cordial thanks.

Our Protestants are making great fools of themselves here repeating the same old yarns. A funny incident happened some time ago in Villa Marianna, my mission. Two preachers located themselves in an abandoned saloon which had on its front this inscription, *Roma Intangible*, written by a bad Italian. Those evangelical idiots, taking very likely that inscription in a religious sense, wiped it out immediately. After a few weeks seeing that the sensible people of that suburb did not care for the new imported gospel, the two ministers went off, and the objectionable inscription did not appear any more. On the occasion of the dead Pope's funeral, which was observed with great pomp, an ex-Protestant Bishop of English origin dared to mock at the religious feelings of the many Brazilians, writing in a prominent newspaper a silly article: "The Pope in Purgatory." He received also from the newspapers a well-deserved rebuke. I don't think the reverend gentleman will come to print again. The Brazilian people have awakened, and nearly everywhere fight Protestantism. In many a place the evangelical trader had to pack up his tracts and Bibles and go to pastures new. I pity the good Protestants of the United States who send money to feed these loafers in Brazil, they could spend their money in a more useful and honorable way.

The missionaries are called in many a place to preach retreats and missions with great success. Father Aureli preached several retreats to the clergy in the State of Minas. The Rev. Bishop of that diocese made a rule that every priest should make an

annual retreat. The same was done in several dioceses in the north of Brazil. Thanks be to God, the missionaries here are generally much esteemed and warmly loved by all. The President of this Republic and the Minister of the Exterior (Secretary of State) are very good and much devoted to the Church. A few days ago arrived here from unfortunate France some Dominican nuns at Rio de Janeiro, and the Secretary of State in person went to the French steamer to receive them and escort them to their new home. Many an exiled religious from France reaches Brazil, and receives here a hearty welcome. You see, my dear Father, that the land of the Holy Cross (such is the appellation of our dear Brazil) is very different from what our deceitful American Protestant missionaries describe.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA!

A SMALL, white disc upon the altar lying,
 A snow-white circlet of unleavened bread,
 Love-gift of God to men when they were dying,
 For that they followed where no lover led.

Oft earthly love doth deeds of love out-classing
 All other deeds that spring of earthly might.
 But neither men nor angels dreamed the love surpassing
 Betokened by this wheaten circlet white.

Earth's lovers love the while their love is sated,
 And hide in self when love has lost its light.
 Not so the Lover sinners immolated,
 Who self-destroyed loves in this prison white.

Ah ! Jesus, Lover, loving us past telling,
 How can I ever all Thy love requite !
 I'll take the chalice with Thy Heart's blood welling,
 No other gift hath merit in God's sight.

H. M.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

The Shrine was closed this year Monday, September 7. The pilgrimage announced for the day before from the Polish parish in Amsterdam, for want of cars, could not be made, but instead about five hundred persons came from different neighboring places. This was the second time this year the railroad company failed to furnish a sufficient number of cars. The Troy pilgrimage had to be postponed for this reason. The Amsterdam pilgrims were disappointed because the cars had been engaged for the excursions arranged for Labor Day and for the Syracuse State Fair.

Mass was said at the Shrine, Tuesday, September 29, the anniversary of the death of Rene Goupil. There was a small congregation present. On Sunday, October 18, Mass will again be celebrated at the Shrine to commemorate the death of Father Isaac Jogues and John De La Lande.

"Water, water, everywhere," is a line that applies to Auriesville, at least to the Shrine grounds. Shortly before the Shrine was closed a spring appeared on the hillside above the grotto of St. Ignatius. So abundant was the flow of the water that it caused a large landslide, and it was necessary to dig two deep wells in order to collect and lead the water by pipe to the foot of the ravine. It is so copious that we shall be able next year to make a fountain at this spot, and so pure that it will afford ample drinking water.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Veterans, U.S.A., Dayton, O	\$ 5.00
S. D., Pittsfield, Mass	1.00
M. O'D., Greenwich, Ct	2.00
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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

NO. 11.

THE LAST OF THE HURONS.

WE have come now to the final act in the tragedy of the Huron Tribe. We have seen how they fled in all directions before the face of the conquering Iroquois, many of them perishing in the forests, while the survivors lost their identity by absorption in other tribes.

Sulte, in his *Histoire des Canadiens-Français*, thinks that, as a matter of fact, they were never capable of civilization. "The Jesuits," he says, "did good work in holding them as a bulwark against English aggression, but as for any religious result there was in reality nothing achieved."

To that the answer is that the Jesuits are not to be blamed for not giving them permanence and stability as a people if they were essentially incapable of it; but as for the religious results, there was at least something accomplished during those sixteen years of apostolic labor (and the period of time was not greater), during which so many were baptized or prepared for death, or who, after the dispersion, remained near the Christian settlements and were both civilized and Christianized.

The colony established near Quebec, on the Isle d'Orléans, did not last long. Even there they were in dread of the enemy; and some affiliated themselves to the Agniers, others to the Onondagas. Only 150, though Parkman says 750, remained near Quebec, and they camped close under the guns of the fort. The reason of the break-up is not hard to find. While they were at work in the fields the foe swept down on them, and in full view of the inhabitants of the town, were left to fight it out

alone. Many were killed and others taken prisoners. The people wanted to go out to protect them, but the Governor wouldn't hear of it. No wonder the poor Indians decamped after that. The one hundred and fifty who had settled under the walls were a few years afterwards taken by Father Chau-monot to another settlement which was called Notre Dame de Foye, thence they shifted again to what is called Old Loretto, and subsequently to New Loretto, a wild country through whose dense forests the tortuous St. Charles flows.

The emigration to Notre Dame de Foye took place in 1667, after a treaty of peace had been made between the French and the Iroquois. The name of the settlement was given because of a statue sent by some Belgian Jesuits from a village called Ste. Foye near the town of Dinan. It was made of oak taken from a forest in which a miraculous statue had been found.

The reason for leaving Ste. Foye was not fear of the Iroquois, for that had ceased, but need of water, wood and more extended territory. So they went three miles further on, where water and wood were abundant. The new village was regularly laid out, with the houses grouped around a church made after the model of the Holy House of Loretto, in Italy. This old church has since been destroyed to give way to a more sumptuous edifice, which, while unfortunately doing away with a historic monument, is not so faithful in its details or dimensions as the primitive construction. Old Loretto, however, had to be abandoned for good reason, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century New Loretto was established.

New Loretto is ten miles from Quebec, but there are few traces now of the aboriginal red man. It is a French Canadian parish of three thousand souls. The country around is hilly ; and the waters of the St. Charles dark, like all the rivers that flow from among the northern pines, runs through the territory and in a pretty cascade leap into the plain below. On one side of the river are found what remains of the old inhabitants of the country. The houses are unlike those of their Canadian neighbors. They are mere sheds in rough timber, with low roof and wide doors. A bed at the side of the wall is usually the only furniture, and a hole in the roof lets the smoke

escape. These reminders of former times still linger. The Indians number about sixty or seventy families, but there is but one man of pure blood among them all, and the old Indian peculiarities of face have in most of them disappeared or been largely modified, but, nevertheless, pure and half-breed alike, still clung to some old traditions, such as the war dress for great festivals. They are comfortable in their fashion and support themselves by making snow-shoes, moccasins, pipes, baskets, bead and feather ornaments, tomahawks, etc., which they sell to their neighbors or visitors. They all speak French, are civilized and are Christians and faithfully cling to the memory of their first apostles. In 1861, the official record shows them to the number of two hundred and sixty-one. Nevertheless, a recent writer solemnly announced the death of the last one of them in 1861.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

MOTHER of all, but to the hearts that weep
She turns in kindred sorrow ; once her Dead
Lay in her arms in white, unbroken sleep,
The sweet lips hushed, the tender love unsaid ;
Once from her arms they bore Him to the tomb,
But left her heart within its bitter gloom.

So does she comfort all who kneel and pray,
With breaking hearts, 'mid flowers and fresh-turned
sod,
And whispers of that happy Easter Day
When she beheld again her risen God ;
As we shall one day meet our long-lost dead,
The lips attuned to praise, the old love said.

AGNES E. SULLIVAN.

AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

“YES, I am here for a purpose.”

There was a ring of defiant faith in the words, and the speaker, Mary Carmelita, drew herself up a little, proudly. She was a “Perpetual Consecrate,” that is, she had taken a vow to remain for life in the House of the Good Shepherd, wearing the habit and following the rule prescribed for penitents. Thus, hers was an incessant martyrdom; for the human *must* make itself felt while yet the mortal breathes, and constant submission, even to the kindest and gentlest authority, requires a supernal self-renunciation. I had learned to look with something akin to reverence upon this girl who, in her lowly vocation, evidenced so strongly the sustaining power of grace.

She was not beautiful in her picturesque habit; yet, had she worn the world's livery, she would have had been called a good-looking girl. There was also a certain natural haughtiness of manner habitual with her which, amid elegant surroundings, would have given her the air of a fine lady. Plainly she was one who *might have* scattered evil upon the pathway of others, who *might have* steeled her heart and deadened her soul until her ability to mar rivaled that of the most baleful character of fiction; yet (so wondrous the influence of religion!) she was an innocent penitent who had never done ill, and whose daily, trifling faults of pride or obstinacy must be condoned, because of the magnificent burden of sacrifice she carried so heroically.

Ada had wandered farther down the garden with Mother Teresa, and being alone with the mysterious Magdalen, I expressed my interest in her character and purpose.

“My dear,” I said, “I know it was not an idle chance that brought you here. Providence having guided you, will also bestow upon you a most munificent reward.”

Her countenance glowed and there was a slight quiver in her voice as she replied:

“One reward, one recompense only I wish for.” Then pressing my hand, she added: “Listen, and I will tell you all; for oh! I need such prayers as yours.”

Viewed from our rustic bench on the height, the convent

was a dark red mass, half-hid by foliage ; far below, at our feet, flowed the A——, a dusky, shallow stream, and the quickening breeze was redolent of clover and mignonette.

Mary Carmelita kissed her crucifix and raising her eyes to the faint, cloud-chased blue of the sky, continued :

“I am a native of our city. My father died before I knew him and my mother, at my earliest remembrance, kept a fashionable boarding house. She was a handsome woman, fond of fine dress. When I was about nine years old I discovered that she had a passion for drink. She would remain whole days locked in her room recovering from the effects of the poison and giving up the care of the house and of poor me to the servant. Well, as I grew older, I made up my mind to leave her. Little by little she had lost her fashionable boarders and they were succeeded by people dissipated like herself.

“Early one summer morning, I slipped out into the street. I was very childish and free in my ways and, meeting an old beggar woman, I carelessly tossed her the lunch I had carried from home. Her gratitude touched me and I told her my story. The dear old woman gave me this advice :

“‘Ye’re over young, Alanna, to work out, and sure ye can’t run the streets. Go to that big house ye see there, ring the bell and ask the good sisters to take ye in.’

“I obeyed, out of curiosity and love of adventure, and have now been here ten years. Often and often I wanted to go out, for I knew I could push my way in the world, but some strange dread always kept me back, and then once a gray-haired missionary told me: ‘Remain where you are. God doubtless has some design concerning you which you would frustrate if you returned to the world. Here you may grow a saint, but there I would not answer for your soul.’

“I knew he was right, and somehow a year ago I felt called on—and urged, even—deep down in my heart, to make my perpetual consecration as offering for poor mother. Long since I lost all trace of her whereabouts, but now every day gives me new hope. I do not regret my sacrifice, and though at times I grow despondent, desperate almost—I yearn so after the bright pleasant world—yet something within always whispers : ‘Wait a little : you will have your reward.’ And

I believe it, and then it grows easy for me to speak kindly to my companions and obey the mistresses. The other consecrated children, too, are very good to me."

Her face had paled again and there was a far-away look in her eyes—some shadow, perchance, from the ethereal blue into which she had been gazing.

Ada now came up with three of the "Consecrates," who insisted on showing me their class-room which I had not seen for some time. It was tastefully, though plainly, furnished; the walls were tinted in pale gray, which contrasted while they harmonized, with the rich colors of the linoleum. I noticed a large bookcase, an upright piano and several etchings and engravings.

The children sang in chorus a soft sweet hymn to the Sacred Heart, and then Carmelita played Schumann's *Träumerei* with exquisite expression. It may have been the sublimity, mirrored mistily in the melody or photographed more clearly in the daily life of the player that caused these lines of Father Faber to recur to my mind :

"O Time! O Life! ye were not made
For languid dreaming in the shade;
Nor sinful hearts to moor all day
By lily isle or grassy bay;
Nor drink at noontide's balmy hours
Sweet opiates from the meadow flowers."

"I must hear you play again," I said, as we rose to go. "I did not know you were a musician. Let me congratulate you."

"I studied when I was little," was her reply, "and ever since I've been here Mother Teresa has insisted on practice. She said I need the help of music, and indeed it has helped me."

Circumstances prevented my again visiting the convent until several months had passed. Ada fell ill with typhoid, and when convalescent was ordered to the country. I accompanied my sister as nurse.

One bleak December afternoon found me conversing with Mother Teresa at the cloister grille. I inquired for M. Carmelita.

"The poor child has had a great shock and a great joy,"

said the good religious. "Her mother had a most happy death, and, strange to say, in this very house. This is how it happened: In July last we received an application for admission from an inebriate, a Mrs. Wilson. She wrote that she felt a presentiment of impending death and wished to make her peace with God. The night she arrived several of the consecrated children were standing in the hall near the front entrance, among them our poor Carmelita. Mrs. Wilson passed close by the group in charge of Sister Mary of St. Gabriel, the mistress of the Reform Class. There was a shriek and a sudden fall. M. Carmelita had caught sight of her mother's face and fainted. When she recovered she asked to see Mrs. Wilson, and the meeting was most affecting. It seems the poor lady had gone on from bad to worse, until her health was completely wrecked. She had been unable to trace her daughter, the few letters Carmelita had written having given no clue to her address. One night she had a dream. She had retired early, sober, but thoroughly dispirited, knowing she could not long resist the force of the evil habit she had contracted. In her sleep she thought herself fettered by chains, unable to move hand or foot. A veiled figure approached and placed a gentle hand upon her shoulder. Looking up she recognized her long-lost daughter. 'Mother,' said the vision, 'why do you not pray? Why do you not pray?' Then, directing the eyes of the sleeper towards a large crucifix she carried in her hand, the white-robed figure vanished.

"On awakening Mrs. Wilson took the resolution to enter our House. As you know, the consecrated children do not mingle with the Reform Class; but the case being an extraordinary one, we permitted Mary Carmelita to spend much of her time with her mother, who was indeed fast sinking into decline. As the end approached the dear child remained with her night and day. Mrs. Wilson died in her arms. Since then our poor Carmelita is much changed. Vividly realizing the value of intercession and vicarious sacrifice, she now pleads almost incessantly for sinners, and, I am sure, renders herself very dear to God."

Of late this willing victim has shown symptoms of the dread disease consumption, and ere long the immolation will have

ceased. She passes her time most cheerfully, helping with the mending, and only pausing in her work to render some sweet melody on the piano with soulful expression.

A week ago I was admitted to the cloister for Benediction. From my *prie-dieu* in the gallery I could see Carmelita. The old-time haughtiness seemed gone and her face now wore a look of patient meekness ; her eloquent eyes were fixed on the Sacred Host ; she seemed oblivious of earth, nay, already on the "golden ladder" that reaches onward, upward.

II.

Ada had fallen asleep over her books. Long golden curls, disarranged, floated loosely from her shoulders and the gentle face and graceful form might well have made a Raphael study. Sister-love throbbed quickly in my heart to pray that this dear one might long be spared the bitterness and pain that must, in some measure, enter every human life. Then memory framed another face, as sweet and fair as Ada's, which had been a familiar one a few years ago ; and the thought of *her* love and what it meant to her and to the sister of her devotion elevated my hope beyond earthly ties of tenderness to the realm of the Divine.

Assumpta and Rita were sisters and inmates of the House of the Good Shepherd. The elder, Assumpta, was of rare beauty, with a manner engaging and refined. I remarked her on several of my visits to the class, and one day enquired who she was.

"She is a daughter of a prominent citizen of O——," was Mother Gabriel's reply. "Here, so many miles removed from her home, there is little danger of discovery. As you see, she is of a most lovely and loveable character. She came here only for her sister's sake (that dark-eyed child who is speaking to her) and, I hope, will soon return to her friends."

My interest was now thoroughly aroused, and I petitioned for further information. Mother Gabriel fingered her white rosary for a few minutes in silence, then resumed :

"They are much attached, these two sisters, although very different in temperament. Rita, so full of life and spirits is as self-willed as you could well imagine. When she was about fifteen, she determined to run away from home with some

other giddy girls, her companions. Fortunately the truants were discovered after a few hours' absence, but Rita was hopelessly under the influence of liquor and her language to her father full of profanity. He determined to check her evil course at once, and arranged with us by telegraph. Rita had somewhat recovered before the train left P——, and, suspecting that she was going to be placed under surveillance, absolutely refused to go, saying she would call out her father's name and scream all the way. To conciliate the poor child and at the same time save her father further annoyance, Assumpta offered to accompany her sister, and, on their arrival entered the same class. No doubt it is all the ordering of Providence. Both had been reared Episcopalians, but Assumpta has already made her profession of faith and Rita is now under instruction."

"How poor Assumpta must have suffered!" I could not help exclaiming. "The associations of the class must be really agonizing to one of her disposition. Is she not a heroine!"

"Indeed she is," was the response. "Come back in half-an-hour, and I will give you an introduction. She is most unconscious of herself, and will readily tell you the story of her conversion."

At the appointed time, I again repaired to the class room. There were only a dozen girls present, the others being employed in the laundry. Mother Gabriel sat at a table, busily engaged in sewing. She beckoned Assumpta, who immediately dropped her embroidery and saluted me with courteous ease. I proposed a *tête-a-tête* on the terrace.

Very fragile and fair the young girl looked, in the dark-blue calico dress arranged with consummate neatness. From our elevated position we had a fine view of the garden beneath. I pointed out a bed of violets.

"How sweet they are," I said, "and so unassuming. I always long to translate them at once to the tabernacle. They seem just such things as might be precious to our dear Lord."

"Ah! they are favorites of yours," she replied, then, laughingly, "Have you heard my name? No. Well, then, it is Violet—Violet Marie, of course, since I have received holy

baptism. But my class name, Assumpta, has grown dear to me, too, since it recalls the triumph of our Blessed Mother."

"Did you find it difficult to become a Catholic?" I asked. "But, no; I think grace just surrounded you and drifted you gently to the haven of the faith."

"Indeed, it was so, but oh! I suffered much ere the saving waters reached me."

A momentary expression of pain shot across her fine features and I would have hastily changed the conversation, but she went on confidently:

"The first months I was here it seemed a horror to live in the class. At night I could not sleep, and, during the day sit at my work I could not. Time and time again, I had to withdraw to pace restlessly up and down here on the terrace, where no one would observe me. I felt I could not much longer bear the strain. Yet the future looked hopeless. Rita was as refractory as ever, and I knew my poor father was almost broken-hearted in our lonely home. My burden seemed intolerable. What ought I to do? I shrank from consulting others on such a painful subject, and the Sisters, passing their lives so happily here, how could *they* understand me! Abandon my sister I dare not, for, even then, I felt responsible for her soul. At length, a thought came to me. I had once heard a lady friend of papa's say: 'In the whole world, you will find no friend like a Catholic priest.' She was a staunch Presbyterian, yet held strongly Catholic views, so much so that she could reverence the Mother of Our Lord and venerate His images. Her words made a deep impression on me when I heard them, because of her lofty character. Now, in the hour of mental anguish, they recurred to me with a new force. I determined to go to Confession.

"It was not without misgivings that I entered the Confessional the following Saturday. However, it was such a relief to put into audible words the fears and perplexities that had tortured me that, long before I had finished, my mind had regained its calm. The kind father told me he quite understood my case, but that, as hasty decisions were often rash, he thought it best that we carefully consider the matter for a week. Dismissing me with his blessing, he said: 'Meantime, I would

prescribe a little remedy, that you come to the chapel every day and pray and reflect for a short time. Be assured that here, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, you will find peace.' I obeyed, and oh! the charm of these silent visits. I loved to find myself alone in the Children's chapel, with the little lamp, burning so brightly before the tabernacle, the only sign of life and movement. There was heaven in the very atmosphere, and gradually it grew on me that a hidden Heart was beating there and Divine Eyes were seeking mine. It was not so much faith; but the veil was lifted, I adored, and my anguish was at an end. When I returned to confession it was to say, 'Father, I believe in the Real Presence. I want to be a Catholic.' Since then I have had no difficulties. There was so much to be learned about my new and beautiful religion, and it opened such vast avenues of thought that the months have glided by unnoticed. But——" she paused suddenly, blushing deeply, "how I run on! All this cannot possibly be interesting to you."

"On the contrary, sweet Violet, I would like to gather a yet closer fragrance, if I might be so privileged. But Rita? Does she long to be a Catholic?"

"I hope much for my sister's future," she responded. "My only anxiety is that she be thoroughly instructed in the faith before we return home. Poor child! Had she always had the help of Sacraments, she would have grown up quite different. She is not to be blamed. We lost our mother years ago, and as I was papa's secretary, Rita was left far too much to herself, until, too late, we discovered our mistake."

It was maternal tenderness that shone from the eyes of this daughter of Mary. Fair type of the Immaculate, I thought, but I only said aloud:

"What do you think of the system of reform made use of by the nuns? Is it, after all, a success?"

"I am convinced," she replied, "that it is God's own work. No human mind could have devised a method at once so supernatural and so simple. Its results are sublime, all the more so because often they are hidden. The world does not dream of the great good accomplished in this house, which only the last day will reveal."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

CHAPTER I.

WE propose to give a brief account of the rise and progress of the Catholic Mission in British Honduras, and as an introduction to our subject, we begin with a short descriptive and historical sketch of the Colony.

British Honduras is the only English dependency in Central America. It is situated between the parallels of $15^{\circ} 53' 55''$ and $18^{\circ} 29' 5''$ north latitude and between $80^{\circ} 10'$ and $89^{\circ} 6' 22''$ west longitude. Its boundaries are on the north, the Rio Hondo, which divides it from Yucatan, on the south, the river Sarstoon, separating the Colony from the territory of Guatemala, on the east, the Caribbean Sea, and on the west, a line extending from the rapids of Gracias á Dios on the Sarstoon to Garbutt's Falls on the Belize or Old River, and thence due north to the Mexican frontier.

From Rio Hondo Bar to the Sarstoon River Bar is 180 miles. Within the land, the extreme length of British Honduras is 174 miles and its greatest width 68 miles. The area of the mainland together with the adjacent cays (islands) is about 7562 square miles. It is distant from England about 5700, from New Orleans 900 and from Jamaica 600 miles.

The coast line runs chiefly from north to south for some 250 miles, bending in at its north and south extremities, while a bulwark of cays, which are islands of greater or less size, some rocky, some of coral reef, others of mere earth covered with exuberant vegetation, very few being inhabited, lie east of the coast, in a more or less parallel line, at a distance of from three to five, to fifteen or twenty miles. They are close enough to each other to give the idea of a broken chain whose links are scattered in the sea, leaving a wide space open to form a magnificent harbor, unhappily too shallow to admit the big sea-

faring vessels. There is also a long line of coral-reef running north and south for nearly the whole length of the Colony, at an average distance of ten miles from the coast.

Throughout the greater portion of the coast the land is flat and swampy but gradually rises as the interior is approached and at a moderate distance from the rivers are the numerous pine-ridges. The physical formation of the interior is distinctly different in the north and south. The northern part is but little raised above the sea, with the exception of here and there a few hillocks; whilst the soil is a vegetable mould and the sub-soil a stony marl. In the south the country becomes more elevated. A range of mountains starting near the Sibun river, runs nearly parallel to the coast at varying elevations, until in the Cockscomb Mountains it attains a height of nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The prevailing geological type of the southern part of the Colony is tertiary; the soil is a clayey loam covered with rich black mould, and the sub-soil is of calcareous marl.

The numerous rivers which traverse British Honduras throughout, except in the south-west, form the natural highways of a country, which has not been yet opened by good roads. The chief of these are in the north, the Rio Hondo and New River; in the south, Monkey River, Deep River and the Sarstoon; and between, the Old River, Sibun, Manati, and Sittee Rivers; whilst other smaller streams afford the settlers living on their banks the convenience of transport and of communication with one another.

The population according to the census of 1891 was 31,471 of whom about two-thirds may be reckoned as Catholics and the rest as Protestants together with a few Pagans. The religion of the inhabitants of the Colony was not enumerated in the Census of 1881 or in that of 1891 but in 1871 it was given as follows:

Protestants 9,320; Roman Catholics 15,157; Heathens 68; not stated 165. Total 24,710.

The inhabitants are made up of many different races, the most numerous elements being English creoles, Spanish creoles, Indians and Caribs, each possessing a language of its

own. English or Spanish are generally understood throughout the Colony. It was estimated that in the Census of 1891 the

Spanish and Indian element might be	. . .	14,300
Black and colored		13,800
Carib		2,500
Europeans 282 and Miscellaneous 589	. . .	871

Total 31,471

The principal trade of the Colony is mahogany and logwood which are cut in the bush and exported to England where they realize, at present, mahogany from 3½ to 6 pence per foot, and logwood from £7 to £7.10 per ton.

The cocoanut flourishes in the islands and mainland of British Honduras, whilst the Sugar-cane, Bananas, Plantains, Coffee, Cacao, Yams, Cassava, Maize and Tobacco are all cultivated with more or less success.

CHAPTER II.

What is now known as British Honduras before the Spanish conquest formed part of a powerful empire embracing this country and the present Yucatan. Several caciques are said to have ruled the Peninsula under the control of the sovereign of Mayapan. The chief of these were the caciques of Capech, Choaca and Chacan. The monuments scattered over Yucatan show that they were well advanced in civilization; whilst Columbus, in his voyage along the Honduras coast, found traces of their being above barbarism, in the copper knives and hatchets, pottery, and the woven and dyed garments worn by men and women alike.

British Honduras was first however discovered and visited by Pinzon and Juan Diaz in 1506, whilst sailing north from Puerto Cortes along our coast as far as the Bays of Chetumal, Espiritu Santo and Ascension. From 1517 to 1519 several Spanish captains, as Hernandez de Cordova, Juan de Guisälvo and Hernan Cortes, landed in Yucatan and fought against the Indians. Other adventurers tried to take possession of the south of Yucatan, but not till 1545 was the country conquered

by Melchior Pacheco who built the town of Salamanca now called Bacalar.

In the meantime some English and foreign buccaneers, who were infesting the Caribbean Sea, sought a place of refuge from their enemies among the numerous islands and reefs of the Bay of Honduras. Among these was a celebrated buccaneer named Wallace, whose name as corrupted by the Spanish, is not unlike in pronunciation to Belize. From him the town and Colony is said to have taken the name.

But whatever may be the historical origin of the name, it is certain that after the conquest of Jamaica by Admiral Penn in 1655, England began to take a serious interest in this part of the world.

For several years previously, some English logwood cutters had been working at Cape Catoche, but as the supply of wood was nearly exhausted in that neighborhood, they came down into the Bay of Honduras, and selecting the site, where Belize now is, made it the centre of their work and began to build houses and warehouses here in 1662. The presence of these foreign wood-cutters in Spanish territory naturally aroused the jealousy of the Spaniards, and in many ways they sought to stop or restrict their work. In order to settle matters in a friendly way, it was agreed in the first treaty of Madrid, that in the event of a war between England and Spain, six months should be given to the British settlers in Honduras Bay before commencing hostilities against them.

The treaty of Paris may be considered as giving a legal existence to the Colony of British Honduras. Houses were built, the work was improved, the number of inhabitants increased and trade flourished.

In 1779 the Spanish Colonists were ordered by Don Roberto Rivas Betancourt, Captain-General of Yucatan, to destroy the English settlement, and, without any previous notice, they fell upon Cayo Cocina, (St. George's Cay) killed many of the inhabitants and took prisoners others, including women, whom they sent to Cuba, whilst a few escaped to the English ships and went to Jamaica, together with nearly all the Bay-men, who were forced to leave the settlement. For five years Belize was abandoned.

In 1783, by the treaty of Versailles, the Colonists were allowed to return to their settlements and to occupy Spanish territory between the Rio Hondo and the Belize River, to fish in the adjacent Cays, to cut logwood and to raise houses and warehouses.

September 10, 1798. On September 8, notice was received that a regular fleet of seventeen vessels, having on board 7,000 soldiers under the command of Captain-General O'Neill, was coming down from Campeche. The baymen prepared for a stout resistance. On the 10th of September the battle began ; and after two days of fighting, they succeeded in forcing the flotilla to retire ; and remained in full possession without any further disturbance. This splendid victory is considered now, as affording one of the strongest points in favor of the legal possession of British Honduras by England.

In 1826, England recognized the Independence of Mexico by a special treaty, but ill advisers have dissuaded the Mexican Senate from making a treaty as to the limits of the Colony as was done with Guatemala. Three events are worthy of record which have taken place in the latter half of the century :—

First the Insurrection of the Indians of Yucatan, which took place in 1849, and which affected the history of our Colony, on account of the large number of Yucatecans who fled over to British Honduras for refuge from their enemies. Their coming peopled the northern part of the Colony, which until then had been pure forest, whose solitude was hardly disturbed by the few wood-cutters.

The second event was the invasions made by the Indians of Chichanha in 1858 and by those of Icaiché in 1865, 67, 70 and 72, in which last the Indian chief Canul was killed.

The third was the gradual political raising of the Settlement, first into a Colony in 1861, then into a crown Colony in 1872 and lastly into a Colony independent of Jamaica in 1884.

CHAPTER III.

It was only in the beginning of the present century, in 1812, when the town of Belize had been regularly laid out and a systematic form of government organized, that the first Protes-

tant church, St. John's, was erected at the Government expense together with the Rectory as a residence for its Minister. There were then very few Catholics in Belize. In Mullins River, however, a little village a few leagues south of Belize, there began to be formed a small settlement of Honduran Catholic, who driven from Omoa during the war of Morazan had come to the Colony for a refuge and settled in that part of the coast.

1832. The first Catholic priest of whom we have any record was a Franciscan, called Fray Antonio, who came from Honduras in 1832, to settle among his countrymen in Mullins River. There he officiated and administered the Sacraments in the same dwelling house where he lived, and from time to time visited the very few Catholics who lived in Belize.

In 1836 he left the Colony, handing over his house to Father Rubio, who had just arrived from Bacalar. In 1837, this Father built the first Catholic chapel in Mullins River, which was much more like an Indian hut than a temple of God.

About 1840, two other Catholic priests, Fathers Sandoval and Rivas, came from Yucatan and established their residence in Belize, officiating in a provisional chapel on the south side of the town. Thence they visited other parts of the Colony for the benefit of the few Catholics, scattered over it.

The few Catholics living in Belize and the want of a permanent resident priest were the cause why no Catholic church had hitherto been built in the capital. But in 1848 when more than 7,000 Catholics came over from Bacalar, driven out by the Indians, there was seen the necessity of having a Catholic church and a resident priest to serve it.

1850. Things were in this state, when, in the year 1850, some Jesuit Fathers found themselves passing through Belize on their way to Jamaica. The Catholics of the place were very glad to see the Fathers amongst them and to receive from them the helps of religion, which they stood so much in need of. They begged them earnestly to have pity on so many Catholics who were in complete abandonment and to remain in Belize. Not being able to accede to their prayers because they were destined for another place, they promised

them, that when they arrived in Jamaica they would speak in their favor with the Vicar Apostolic of that Island, in order that one or two Catholic priests might be sent, as soon as possible, as resident Missioners in the Colony.

At that time, there was in Jamaica the Rev. Benito Fernandez, a Franciscan, who, having since 1822 labored alone among the Catholics of the Island under the direction of the Vicar Apostolic of Trinidad, had been, by a special arrangement of Propaganda, raised to the dignity of an independent Vicar Apostolic since 1837.

Before this date, all the Catholics in the English West Indies colonies were under the charge of a sole Vicar Apostolic, resident in Trinidad. But, as it is almost impossible for all to communicate with so distant a centre, at the instance of the same Father Benito, the Congregation of Propaganda had since 1835 divided the Vicariate of Trinidad; and, restricting this to the island of Trinidad, added the Vicariate of British Guiana and that of Jamaica, which comprised also British Honduras. Of this third Vicariate, the said Father Benito Fernandez was named Vicar Apostolic by Brief of Gregory XVI, 10th of January, 1837. Two Jesuit Fathers were sent there in the year following, as fellow-workers in his apostolic labors, Father Eustace DuPeyron and Father William Cotham, an Englishman. To these were added others, who came successively from Europe, and at the period, to which we refer, the year 1850, four Fathers had joined the first pioneers, Father DuPont, a Frenchman, and Fathers Joseph Bertolio, George Avvaro and Alexis Simonel, Italians. When the Vicar Apostolic had been informed of the state of abandonment in which so many thousand Catholics were living in British Honduras, which was an integral part of his Vicariate, he determined to come in person to visit the Colony and to see what could be done in their favor.

In 1851, then, he set out from Jamaica, in company with Father DuPont, and arrived in August, 1851, to the very great joy of the Catholics. They received hospitality in the house of Don Domingo Martinez, a Yucatecan merchant, who was at that time looked on as the head of the Catholic Yucatecans.

For two months Father Benito remained administering the Sacraments, preaching and seeking how to form a Catholic Mission in British Honduras. When he had well thought out his plan, he returned to Jamaica, after giving them a sure promise that in a few months he would send them from Jamaica missionaries who would be devoted exclusively to the Colony.

The year had not ended, when in December, Father Eustace DuPeyron arrived having all the necessary powers and instructions to raise the first church and residence in Belize.

In 1852 Father Bertolio and a schoolmaster, by name Henry Trumbach, came from Jamaica. As soon as the work was finished Father DuPeyron blessed with much solemnity the first Catholic Church of Belize, which being wholly of mahogany and of elegant construction, was considered one of the best buildings in the town. The lower part served as a school and the first teacher began with a numerous Catholic school. A small house adjacent to the Church was the dwelling-house of the Fathers and schoolmaster, and thus formed the first residence of the Jesuit Fathers in the Colony.

In March, 1853, came, as Superior of the Mission, Father George Avvaro, together with Father DuPeyron to install him, bringing with them as schoolmistress for the girls, Mrs. Rose Trumbach, the mother of the teacher of the boys.

Father Avvaro began his career as Superior by assisting the cholera-patients of Belize. In January, 1854, the cholera entered the town, and carried off more than 100 Catholics of the Capital, beginning with Mr. Domingo Martinez, their chief head. Great was the charity shown by the Fathers during the three months of public calamity. By night and day, the two were to be found at the bedside of the sick, consoling them, hearing their confessions, administering the last Sacraments and accompanying their dead bodies to the cemetery, which had been expressly opened for those who died of the cholera. Not only Catholics but Protestants and Pagans were edified at seeing the sacrifices made by the Catholic Fathers during the epidemic. It gained them the sympathies of the colonists in general. A new help came to Father Avvaro,

who was almost worn out by his labors during the cholera, in the person of Father Benedict Picardo, an Italian. His coming seemed opportune to extend the apostolic work outside the Capital, and to begin with Corozal.

1856. Everything made them hope a further increase in the new Mission, when in the night of the 17th of July, 1856, some incendiaries animated with a diabolical spirit, set fire to some houses to the north of the town of Belize. In a few hours the fire took possession of all the north side of the town, destroying in its flames all the houses, including the Church and Residence of the Fathers.

CHAPTER IV.

In April, 1858, the Vicar Apostolic blessed the new Church and re-established the Residence and the School on a better footing than before. The buildings were of brick, except the Residence which for want of funds had to be made of wood.

In 1862, Father Pieschacon on account of ill health had to return to Spain, his native land ; and Father Eugene Biffi, an Italian secular priest, (now Bishop of Carthagen), having been expelled from New Granada and passing through Belize, saw the difficulties the Fathers had in carrying on the Mission, and offered himself to work amongst them as an auxiliary. This proposal was accepted with general satisfaction ; for his excellent qualities had already endeared him to them. During the five years that he was in the Colony, he learned the Maya dialect perfectly, and was a true apostle to the Indians, especially to those on the River Belize. As he had given himself to studying architecture and carpentering, he was very useful in promoting the material works of the Mission. To him we owe the two side-altars of the Cathedral, and the residence and Church, which was built in Stann Creek, a settlement in the south among the Caribs. This knowledge of Maya gave him a great ascendancy over the Icaiché Indians, whom he went to visit different times, and when in 1866, they would have made a raid into the Colony, he and Father Avvaro were sent by the Government as messengers of peace to bring about a friendly settlement with them.

In this same year (1862) Father John Genon, a native of Belgium, fixed his residence in Punta Gorda, and there built the first church among the Caribs of the Colony. By Caribs we do not now mean descendants of the ancient Indian cannibals, whom Columbus speaks of as having met in his first voyage to the Island of Jamaica, but a new race of negroes, who came from the isle of St. Vincent, driven thence by the English in 1796, and who took refuge, first in the island of Ruatan, and thence passed over to the Central American continent.

Father Peter Brindisi, who came in 1866, was by nationality a Greek and belonged to the Sicilian Province. His coming gave a great impulse to forwarding the Mission. Naturally endowed with eminent bodily and mental gifts, he was from the beginning, on account of his eloquence, his pleasant and interesting conversation and above all, on account of his firm character and ardent zeal for souls, entrusted by his Superior with the giving of Missions throughout the Colony. He began his apostolic work in Belize, and thence he extended it, first to the north and afterwards to the south, and with results which were truly wonderful. According to records left in the Registers, marriages of persons who had been for years living publicly in concubinage can be counted by hundreds among the various towns and villages, who came to the Sacrament of Penance with tears in their eyes. Sinners, who had grown hardened in vice, presented themselves in the Church in the garb of penance, long-continued enmities were healed, evil customs reformed, drunkenness exterminated; and in order that the fruit of this work might be lasting, congregations were everywhere formed of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary for women, of the Blessed Sacrament for men or of St. Louis for children—which until this day remain with more or less regularity throughout the Colony. When he had finished his Missions, he took up his residence, in accordance with the dispositions of his Superior, in Stann Creek, where since the year 1867 had been raised, under his direction and that of Father Biffi, the first church in that place, and a handsome residence for the Fathers.

The Fathers were going on in their work, each one laboring in one of the four Residences which had been already established, when an apostate Spaniard, who had taken on himself the character of Wesleyan Minister, came to disturb the religious peace of our Catholics.

Father Brindisi had but little trouble in confuting the errors of the new Minister and after having defeated him completely in Corozal, he followed him to Consejo, Sarteneja and at last to Belize. With the exception of some few, who on account of their bad lives could not be reconciled to the Church, and remained for a time in Wesleyanism, (and yet in the end came back to their old faith), the great number recognizing that they had been deceived returned repentant to their religion. The storm lasted two years, until the apostate showed his inconstancy by giving up Wesleyanism, to become an Anglican, and so ended by discrediting himself completely.

CHAPTER V.

1869. On the 18th of January, Father Salvador Di Pietro (who after a few months was to take charge of the Mission, as Father Avvaro had tendered his resignation), and Bro. Mark Quinn from Ireland, (who came to be the teacher in charge of the Belize Public school), left Europe.

They received a hearty welcome from Father Avvarø, and a few days afterwards, the Brother was installed in the Public School with only twenty children. Father Di Pietro remained in the Residence, to divide with the other Fathers their apostolic labors.

1870. On the 10th of February, a small expedition of missionaries composed of four Fathers—Fathers Genon, L. d'Hont, A. Loontjeus, Francis X. Jeckel—a nun, a schoolmaster and a gardener, arrived from Belgium for the Caribs of the Coast.

The Vicar Apostolic, Father DuPeyron, on account of his shattered health, renounced his dignity; and Father Joseph Woollett, S.J., of the English Province, took his place with the title of Pro-Vicar Apostolic.

CHAPTER VI.

1874. As soon as Rev. Father Pittar had taken charge of the Mission, after having visited all its houses and churches, being now well acquainted with the needs of its peoples, and especially with their extremely poor state, he wrote to the Superiors in England and showed them the sore straits in which the Fathers were and the need of funds to settle the Mission on a more solid basis. The Superiors were very generous in acceding to his demands. They began by helping him with the alms which they had received for poor missions, which they applied to that of British Honduras.

1875. With this money the new Superior from the beginning was enabled to raise a church and a house at Orange Walk. Thus the northern Mission was divided into two, leaving the people of the coast in charge of the Residence of Corozal whilst another Residence was established on the New River at Orange Walk, (the head of the Department), to which were aggregated all the people living on the New River and the River Hondo, under the direction of the indefatigable Father Parisi.

1876. In the January of this year came two new Fathers, Father Henry Gillet and Father Joseph Smallwood. The first was appointed to take charge of the school in Corozal, the second remained in Belize in company with the new Superior. For many years, there had been the wish to put on a better footing the parochial school at Corozal, which for want of an efficient master had made very little progress. As soon as Father Henry took charge of it, he joined together in one the two little schools of boys and girls, which existed at that time, and the school began to make progress.

1877. In this year came the Rev. Manuel Lloidi, a Spaniard. After having fought in the ranks of the Carlists in Spain and directed one of those guerrilla bands, which gave so much trouble to the Alfonsists, he withdrew from military life, and was sent on one of the West Indian Missions by the Cardinal Penitentiary, as a penance which he voluntarily

accepted for having taken up arms, an act unbecoming a Catholic priest.

One of the memorable events of the Mission was the coming of the English Provincial, Father James Jones in September of this year.

1878. On the 10th of January, the new Vicar Apostolic, Very Reverend Father Thomas Porter, paid his first visit to Belize.

Furthermore the coming of the first Catholic Colonial Secretary, the Hon. Henry Fowler, helped on the Mission. For, being a practical and fervent Catholic, he was placed at the head of all their undertakings, and by his good example and edifying words, gave a great impulse to the progress of Catholicity in the Mission.

CHAPTER VII.

The Indians of Icaiché form a part of all those Maya Indians, who were the former inhabitants of Yucatan. Living to the west of our frontier and separated from our Colony only by the River Hondo and Blue Creek, they make up a quasi-independent tribe, which is subject only to the Mexican Government. Since 1845, by one of the insurrections of castes, the Yucatecan Indians had withdrawn themselves from subjection to the whites, because they had been badly treated by them. After many sanguinary combats carried on throughout the whole Peninsula, they remained in possession of the South of Yucatan, forming together with the Indians of Santa Cruz and Chichanhá a formidable body. In the course of time, after having many times fought among themselves on account of jealousy between their chiefs, at last the Icaiché Indians separated themselves entirely from the other two tribes and wished again to subject themselves to the federal government of Mexico. Since this time they have remained masters of the south-west of the Peninsula, living subject to a kind of Indian rule under a chief, whom they themselves choose for life, with the title of General, keeping however a certain subordination to the supreme government of Mexico.

Since the time of their separation, they have had two chiefs.

The first was Marcos Canul, of a half savage character and much given to fighting, who several times made inroads into the Colony, and the second, the present Tamai, of a peaceful disposition, and who since the death of Canul in 1872, has always held pacific relations with the Colony.

As all these had been members of the Catholic religion before their revolt, they belonged to the bishopric of Merida ; but, after the war, they remained in fact entirely separated from it. Those of Icaiché became entirely schismatic, under an Indian whom they call " Father," who makes them believe that he does all according to the Catholic Rite. Those of Icaiché, just as they kept their political dependence on the supreme government of Mexico, so they continued to depend in the ecclesiastical order upon the Bishop of Yucatan. Nevertheless their distance from the ecclesiastical centre, (nearly 800 miles), left them in an almost abandoned state and, as they are living in the immediate neighborhood of our Colony, they come now and then for Baptisms and other Sacraments, and beg our Fathers from time to time to come and visit them in their own territory, which is distant about 100 miles by road through the bush.

Several times the Bishop of Merida, to whose jurisdiction they belong, has given faculties to our Missioners to administer to them the Sacraments ; but bad roads and the small number of priests, hardly enough for our own work, made these visits outside the Colony hard to undertake, and the visits of Father Biffi were the last, until 1878, when Father Pozzi, who had been accustomed to long journeys in the forest, went. Great was the joy of the Indians, when they saw a priest appear among them after so long an absence, and very abundant was the spiritual fruit gathered among them. Almost all, after long instruction, received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. More than seventy children were baptized, and as many more marriages were made of persons who were living together unlawfully, including the same General. All were well instructed in the principles of religion, which they had half forgotten, during the three weeks in which the Father resided among them ; after

which, to the very great grief of the poor Indians, he had to return, but under the solemn promise of coming back at the latest in the following year.

1880. As there was no longer the monthly communication by Steamship between British Honduras and Jamaica, direct communication with the Vicar Apostolic was also broken off, and for this reason it became necessary to communicate to the Superior of the Mission the faculty of administering the sacrament of Confirmation. So the matter was put before the Congregation of Propaganda by the same Vicar Apostolic. His petition was granted, and Rev. Father Di Pietro, having received the faculty of giving Confirmation, began in January, 1880, a general visit of the Colony, in order to administer the said sacrament. More than four months were employed by the Father in visiting all the little places where Catholics were living, as it is difficult for them to leave their abodes in order to receive the Sacraments. More than a thousand received Confirmation, as this was the first time that these small settlements had the opportunity of being confirmed in their own chapels.

CHAPTER VIII.

1883. Father Di Pietro had been again named Superior of the mission.

The 20th of January was a memorable day in the history of the Mission on account of the coming of the Sisters of Mercy, from New Orleans.

The Catholics were overjoyed at their coming whilst others were struck by the novelty of their appearance, yet received them kindly. As they wore a black veil in front of their faces, some of the colored people were thinking that they had no face until the wind blew aside their veils, when some were heard to cry out in wonder "See, see they have faces."

MISSION NOTES.

RE-ESTABLISHING THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

Bishop Maquet, S J., Vicar Apostolic of South-eastern Che-li, in China, writes to the *Missions Catholiques* (October 9), that nearly all this mission's works destroyed by the Boxer outbreak have been re-established. All the year there has been peace in this mission, and the fruits of the persecution have been gathered. The faith of the converts is stronger, and there is a decided movement amongst pagans towards the Church. There have been 11,138 baptisms, of which 2,583 were baptisms of adults and 1,726 of children of Christian parents. This gives an increase of 2,033 baptized persons over those of the preceding year, and of 6,826 children of pagan parents who were baptized at the hour of death; 5,948 children, of whom 1,450 were not Christians when they entered, are taught in 455 schools. There are 195 schools, with 2,334 children, more than there were at the time of the last report. In the two seminaries there are 54 students, and in three colleges for teachers and Catechists there are 270 students. In two novitiate schools there are 90 young women who have offered themselves for mission work. These are called Apostolic Virgins, and are very much the same as members of a Religious Order. There are two superior schools of French and sciences, with 40 students. During the year 19 churches have been constructed, 34 chapels and 90 oratories, with presbyteries and schools. There remain, says this Apostolic missionary, only 194 posts to be provided for.

IN MACEDONIA.

It is a blood-stained road, writes a Catholic missionary in Macedonia, that will lead the Bulgarian insurgents to independence. Their blood is flowing in torrents—the blood of men who, with extraordinary disregard of life, struggle with an enemy a hundred times more numerous than they; but the blood of women and children, also, upon whom the foe wreaks his savage vengeance, or who died of hunger amid their burned harvests and the ruins of their flame-swept villages. Every evening the mountains which hem in the vast plain are all aflame. That horizon of fire is the Christian villages which are burning. Every day the men meet the enemy. Many have fallen and

many fled. Then, among the helpless ones remaining, the horrors are indescribable. The burning cabins bury in their ruins all that the families possessed. The cattle are slaughtered; the crops, heaped up before the homes, light with their volumes of flame the sinister spectacle. The bread of the whole year is destroyed. During all this time the pillage of the soldiers is unrestrained: there is no horror of which they are not guilty. The last outrages are committed on the women, and even on little girls. Death often ends those bloody outrages. Every day is filled with calamities. Like tearful spectres wander the women who have escaped the horrible hecatomb, the destroying flames, the steel of the military hordes. They weep in silence for their husbands slain, their homes in ashes, all that they loved departed. Macedonia is dying of hunger: starving orphans encumber the roads and pathways. Many of these are Catholics. They are fellow-Christians who implore our pity. While all Europe washes its hands of this slaughter of a whole people, it is the duty of Christian charity to come to the aid of our brethren in Macedonia.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

Father Maternus, O.S.B., gave in *The Tablet* of February 21, the following more exact details about Japan:

The population is 46,450, 911. The Catholics were, in 1902, 56,321, with 8,000 Catechumens (under instruction). There are 355 Catholic mission stations, 151 churches and chapels, 1 archbishop and 3 bishops, 117 European priests and 34 native, 265 catechists, 3 seminaries, with 36 students, 37 schools, with 3,748 pupils, 19 orphanages, with 1,464 inmates, 14 industrial and technical schools in which 349 persons are instructed, 17 drug stores for the poor, and 7 hospitals and asylums. There are 4 Religious Orders of men, with 71 members, and 6 Orders of women, with the same number of members, in 27 houses.

Two years ago the report of the Protestant missions stated that 37 Protestant forms of Christianity at work in Japan had made 40,000 converts. *A few months* afterwards 110,000 were reported; *a little later* 130,000; and *now*, we are told, that there are 140,000.

THE CATHOLIC MARONITES OF LEBANON.

The non-Catholic American missionary, Rev. Dr. Peters, thus speaks of the Maronites of Lebanon in the *New York Evening Post*, of May 2:

"The Lebanon, it will be remembered, is a province with partial autonomy in the midst of Turkish territory, founded after the massacres of 1860, over which the European Powers exercise a certain supervision. The Governor must always be a Christian and the province has its own constabulary and military force. What this partial release from Turkish misrule means the traveller realizes the instant he crosses the border in the greater prosperity of the country. In manliness and independence also the people of the Lebanon contrast most favorably with their kinsfolk on the Turkish side of the line; men and women alike greet you in an open, friendly way, but with a manifestation of independence and self-respect which is both pleasant and impressive.

"The Maronite priests still play a most important part in the Lebanon, and in comparison with any European country it would probably be said that the people are priest-ridden. This comes from the historical fact that since the Mohammedan conquest the nations have been dependent upon their churches. It is the ecclesiastical heads of the subject nations through whom the Turkish Government deals with the peoples of those languages and faiths. This has naturally given the priests a position in relation to the people which they do not occupy elsewhere. On the other hand it has been the means of conserving nationality and patriotic feeling. With the progress of education I am informed that the people show an increasing inclination to assert themselves against the priests, a result which must in the end prove advantageous to both Church and State.

"Driving up the coast of the Lebanon to visit Jebail, the ancient Gebal or Byblos, I found that the country had changed considerably. The villages were full of new houses with red-tiled roofs. Later, I observed, the same conditions in that part of the province of Lebanon behind Sidon, where the villages had doubled or trebled in size and showed manifest evidences of increased prosperity. Everywhere when I asked: 'What is the cause of this? To whom do those houses belong?' the answer was: 'It is American money. They made their money in America.'"

AN IRISH BISHOP FOR SIERRA LEONE.

The Holy See has appointed the Most Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, of the Society of the Holy Ghost, to the newly-formed Bishopric of Sierra Leone, writes the *Freeman's Journal*, of the 15th inst. Dr.

O'Gorman is a very young bishop, being only thirty-seven years of age. He was born in Hacketstown, County Carlow, in 1866. He was educated in Blackrock College, and was one of the many brilliant students who won distinction for Blackrock in the early years of the Intermediate. At the completion of his literary course he went to Paris to study philosophy and theology. He was an ardent student of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas; indeed, he was credited by his class-fellows with knowing the "Summa" by heart. Ordained priest in 1890, he was immediately appointed Professor of Theology and Scripture in the Mother House of his Society. In 1896 he was sent to the United States to found and direct a House of Studies for the students of his Society in that province. From his quiet retreat in Cornwells, near Philadelphia, he has just been called to found and govern a bishopric on the west coast of Africa. The mission of Sierra Leone has for many years been entrusted to the Society of the Holy Ghost. The mission developed rapidly under the late Father Browne, and its works are sure to get a new impetus under the vigorous direction of its brilliant young bishop. Only a few years ago another Blackrock student was appointed Bishop of Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

FATHER JOGUES' ANNIVERSARY.

It was a dreary day when, on the 17th of October, a solitary pilgrim wended his way to the Shrine of Auriesville on the eve of the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. It is too late in the season (for it is uncomfortable near November) to expect a throng to come for what nevertheless ought to be the greatest festival at the Shrine. This year especially, the weather was more than usually unpropitious. Great floods had devastated the valley, and the Mohawk River a few days before, formed a vast lake stretching uninterruptedly from the tracks of the West Shore to those of the New York Central, only the branches of the trees indicating the line of the lowlands that stretch for miles along the river banks of either shrine. Schoharie creek was swollen as the ancient inhabitants had never seen it before. The great aqueduct bridge was even threatened with destruction by the roaring torrent that rose almost to the parapet and

threatened to break over it into the river beyond. Huge trees had been swept from the stream blockading the passage through the arches of the bridge and forcing the water back on its course till it gathered in volume and swept over the high wall built on the eastern side of the creek. It entered the canal further down, and then escaped into the Mohawk over the low land below the lock at Fort Hunter. The solitary traveller on arriving at Tribes Hill plodded through the intervening mud between the station and the Suspension bridge that spans the Mohawk, until he arrived at the towpath of the canal which had to be travelled when you come to the Central to reach the Shrine. The canal had been wrecked further down by the flood and for miles one could see lines of boats that had lain there for over a week unable to proceed on their course. An unusual sight was a magnificent steam yacht which had been caught on its way from the lakes and presented a somewhat incongruous spectacle among its surroundings of hay and lumber barges. Passage along the towpath was slow and inconvenient owing to the fact that the canal boats had thrown out bridges to the banks thus considerably diminishing the narrow pathway which was already unpleasant enough with its half a foot of mud. Amid torrents of rain the Shrine was at last reached, but how different it was from the country around. The storm had done it no harm. The well-made roads were as dry as if the water only moistened their surface. There was no wreckage anywhere. Even the young trees still retained their many colored foliage; the dome of the Pieta was as bright almost as if the sun were shining upon it; through the glass screen which protects the statue the figures of our Lord and His Blessed Mother looked out on the hill; the chapel was closed, as was the little shrine at the end of the path, but in spite of the rain and the clouds and the cold it was pleasant to find one's self there even if there were no one else present to share the happiness. The ravine had kept all the beauty of its park-like appearance, and although the stream had swollen considerably during the storms of the week it had passed under the bridge and had done little or no harm to them or to the banks. Part of the wall of the creek near Shulls' farm was torn away, but it was soon repaired.

The eighteenth was a Sunday this year, and the priest who was the pilgrim of the day before waited the arrival of the late train, but only one other pilgrim came; he was from Albany

and he almost always comes. The rain had ceased but the wind was blowing fiercely and cold over the hilltop as a little group gathered on the old shrine and shivered while they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice; that was all the anniversary was this year. Perhaps later on when accommodations are better and access easier the 18th of October will be the great day at the Shrine of Auriesville.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

E. L., New York, N. Y.	\$1.00
M. K., Pittsburg, Pa.	2.00
M. C. M., Switzerland, S. C.	1.00
Anon.	2.00
L. D. H., Richmond, Va.	1.50
M. O'C., Bayville, N. Y.	1.00
Anon.	10.00
M. K., Brooklyn, N. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 12.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Concluded.)

IN July Father Parisi started to visit the Belize River, near whose banks are living more than 3,000 Catholics. This is the portion of the Mission, which is the more toilsome both because of the difficulty of the journey as well as on account of the want of all those things which are required for properly supporting life. As we are without roads, the journey has to be made by river, which in many places has hardly sufficient water to carry the light skiffs called pitpans, which traverse it. Ten or more days by water are required to reach the end of this mission, during which time the missionary is being carried up the river in an open pitpan. About twenty settlements have to be visited into which our Catholic population is distributed. In all these there are certain little stations, which are called chapels and afford hospitality to the missionary. As soon as he enters the settlement all meet together in the chapel, hear Mass, receive the Sacraments and settle with him all their spiritual affairs. The missionary spends there two or three days, according to the number of Catholics, and when all has been properly arranged, he goes on further. Generally the missionary spends two months a year in visiting

these people, but this year Father Parisi remained with them three months, to give all the opportunity of ordering their lives in a Christian manner. And, indeed, great was the fruit of this visitation, since he baptized seventy-seven children, gave Holy Communion to several hundreds and by his exhortations moved eighty-two, who were living in public concubinage, to receive the Sacrament of Marriage.

About this time the Superior of the Mission visited the northern district, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, blessed a chapel at Laguna Seca and with solemn rite opened a new building at Orange Walk to be used as a school.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was in a special way promoted by the institution in all our churches, of a Mass with singing before the Blessed Sacrament, exposed on the First Friday of every month, together with the Via Crucis in the evening, followed by special prayers in honor of the Divine Heart and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. To provide also for the good of youth, the Sodality of St. Aloysius was inaugurated, which was well calculated to promote piety and, by securing their help in serving the altar, to add to the beauty and decorum of the divine offices.

At the end of July all the Fathers came to Belize to celebrate their Founder's feast, and to confer together about the interests of the mission.

In August, good Brother Richard Quinn died. In him the mission lost a schoolmaster of the kind much needed in our colony to bring up Catholic youth. The labors and hopes of the tillers of the soil were this year spoilt in the North of the colony by the invasion of an army of locusts. His Excellency, the Governor, implored our assistance, to use what authority we possessed to induce the Indians to destroy this dreadful pest of the crops. Father Di Pietro made a ready response to the Governor's wishes.

Many times His Excellency showed himself kindly disposed towards us, but especially when an occasion of helping the Sisters in their work of teaching offered. To start the fund for building an academy for girls, to receive a higher education, he gave them £100 sterling. This very year a public

exhibition was given by the girls educated by the Sisters before a select audience. It was deservedly received with much applause, and showed that a higher education could be given in our colony without need to seek it in Jamaica or elsewhere.

1885. Through the Divine mercy, many buildings and institutions were this year established. And first of all in Stann Creek, by the help of Father Parisi, the Church was repaired and a parochial school built. A very pretty chapel was also opened in the village of Mullins River. The Catholics of this settlement were the first in the mission to have a resident priest, and, though few in number, yet being much attached to their religion, they made a collection among themselves and at their own expense built their chapel. A new house was also erected in Punta Gorda where the Residence, which since the death of Father Genon had been closed for want of missionaries, was thus re-opened. The Superior of the Mission considered the establishment of this Residence very necessary, as there were not only the Caribs of the place and of the neighboring village of Redcliff to be served, but also Indians and Americans dwelling in other neighboring settlements to be attended to. For, already, certain Americans from the United States had come to settle near Punta Gorda, and later some Indians from the Republic of Guatemala came and established themselves among the mountains near the same town. Hence, more than two thousand Catholics were living in that district, who needed their own priest to administer to them the Sacraments and look after the education of their children. This work was well carried out by Father Parisi, who for five years labored strenuously among them and restored the spirit of religion.

Meanwhile in Belize, Father Henry Gillet, who had a facility for newspaper writing, imported type from America; and in the month of June, began a periodical called *The Angelus*, which was to be published monthly. Written partly in English, partly in Spanish, it was intended to refute error and to give people correct information about Catholic affairs. The effect produced was excellent. It has continued to appear regularly every month, and the other newspapers of the town

have rarely dared to attack the Catholic religion or public morality. It still continues its issue, after twelve years, without a break and has been of great service to the Mission.

In the same year, the number of Missioners was increased by the arrival of Father Molina, who knowing thoroughly well the Maya Indian tongue, was a great help to us. The northern part of the colony was the first to receive his aid : for since nearly all the inhabitants of that district are Indians or Spanish Indians, they speak or understand that idiom. He preached therefore missions in Maya through the different villages and with great fruit to souls. The harvest was especially abundant in San Estéban, a village of 700 souls. For all without exception came to Confession and Communion, some after many years, and no one remained in a state of concubinage, where before many were infected by this vice.

1886. The year opened with the solemn blessing of the corner-stone of a new college for the Sisters. The girls who attended the Sisters' private select school had so increased in numbers, that it became absolutely necessary to have a new building, and that in such good style and so solid as to deserve the name of a College. The money, which was partly received as a loan and partly borrowed, was soon forthcoming ; and after the plan had been examined and approved, the corner-stone was laid on 21st January, in presence of a large gathering of the people, who congratulated the Sisters on the happy success of their labors.

1887. Yellow fever, hitherto hardly known in our colony, appeared this year in Belize in a sporadic form, beginning in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. In May one of the girls of their academy was attacked by the fever. She died in twenty-four hours, tended by the Sisters with the greatest care, in sentiments of great resignation and desire of Heaven. In June, one of the Sisters followed her, and this death had a serious effect on the fortunes of the College. It was necessary to leave the house for a time and all the inmates had to pass a month in an island called St. George's Cay, after which, recovered from their alarm they returned, quietly to continue their studies.

In this same year was begun the Meteorological Observatory under the name of St. Joseph's which has continued up to the present time to publish every month without fail its monthly observations, together with an annual summary.

1888. The last event of the year, which is especially worthy of mention, was the erection of the Mission into a Prefecture Apostolic by a decree of Propaganda dated 16th of May, 1888. The causes which led to this change in the state of the Mission were the following :

Since 1879, the Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, knowing the great difficulty there was in coming to this part of his Vicariate, even to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, especially since the line of steamships between Jamaica and British Honduras had been broken off, had asked Propaganda to communicate the faculty of administering that Sacrament to the Superior of the Mission ; and, by rescript of the same Congregation, dated December 4th, 1879, Rev. Father S. Di Pietro, the then Superior of the Mission of British Honduras, had been authorized to give Confirmation to the Catholics residing within the limits of the Colony. But, understanding later, that not even communication by letter could be regularly kept up with this part of his Vicariate, for want of steamship, in 1888, he proposed to Propaganda during his stay in Rome a complete separation, by the erection of British Honduras into a Prefecture Apostolic independent of Jamaica. The Superior of the Mission was consulted about the same matter and his reply was to the like effect, showing the great difficulty there was in communicating with Jamaica, and the need of a separation. Convinced, then, of the urgent necessity of this separation, Propaganda, by a decree of the 16th of May, 1888, detached British Honduras from Jamaica and erected it into a Prefecture Apostolic, and by another decree of the same Congregation, approved by Pope Leo XIII, Father Salvatore Di Pietro was named Prefect Apostolic from 10th of June, 1888.

CHAPTER IX.

1890. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which for some years had flourished in the Colony by the establishment

of the Holy League with its Promoters, its Central and Local Directors, by the consecration of all families and by the celebration of the First Friday of each month with High Mass and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, morning and evening, in all the Residences of the Prefecture, in this year made yet further progress by the consecration of the whole Prefecture to the Sacred Heart and a general pilgrimage of some Catholics from each of the districts to Stann Creek, where the Church has been dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

In this same year, the Prefecture was increased in numbers by arrival of some Indians from Coban, who wearied with the vexatious annoyances which they suffered in Guatemala under a liberal government, crossed the River Sarstoon, the boundary between that Republic and the Colony, and placed themselves under the British flag. In the beginning they were but few, but encouraged by the good success which attended the first comers they soon increased in numbers; and now they are reckoned at more than 800, who are living between the Sarstoon and Temash Rivers. From their first arrival they gave proofs of being animated by a true Catholic spirit. Before building any other house, they raised a church under the name of St. Peter the Apostle, and at once placed themselves under the direction of Father Piemonte, the resident priest of Punta Gorda, to whose district they belonged. They took advantage, also, of the first visit which the Prefect Apostolic paid them, to solemnize marriages and to receive other sacraments, including Confirmation; and so they have continued till the present time, ever making progress in the moral, religious and material order. When they came they brought hardly anything with them and were half naked; they were without houses and necessary household furniture; now after seven years they have a well-established village with Church, School, Village-hall, etc., and all the various families, which are reckoned at more than 170, have good houses, decent clothing and abundant food, due chiefly to their freedom from vice, and especially from drunkenness and concubinage. Their being isolated from other, so-called civilized, races is the main reason why they have kept such good principles among them.

In July, smallpox, since 1856 unknown in our Colony, was introduced from the Indians of Icaiché, into the North of the Colony, beginning with Isla and extending as far as Orange Walk of the New River. The Government was notified and at once took precautions to prevent the spread of the disease. A commission with doctors, nurses and hospitals to isolate the infected was formed, and the two Fathers of the Residence of Orange Walk, Fathers Molina and Silvin Gillet, offered their services to assist, ministering not only to the spiritual but also to the bodily wants of the sick, giving them medicines and the other things of which they stood in need. This laborious work was continued day and night for a month, in visiting the various settlements attacked by the contagion. All those who died of small-pox, who were many, received the last Sacraments; and the Government thanked the Fathers very highly for their valuable co-operation in stamping out the germs of the contagion.

Another calamity, which befell the Mission in Belize, was the unexpected death of Lady Moloney, the much esteemed wife of the new Governor. Coming with her husband on the 17th of August, before the Yellow Fever had quite passed away, the newly arrived family was after a few days attacked by fever. The maid-servant was the first to fall sick, but was promptly sent to a healthy island and her life was saved. Lady Moloney was the next to sicken and then the Secretary, both of whom died. On the third day of her illness, Lady Moloney, feeling that her end was drawing nigh and being a fervent Catholic, begged with much insistence to receive the last Sacraments. Scarcely had they been administered, when she entirely lost her senses and after twenty-four hours, assisted by the Father, the Sisters and her disconsolate husband, she gave up her precious soul into the hands of the Creator. As the body could not be brought to the Church on account of the quarantine law, the obsequies were performed in Government House, and, followed by a great concourse of people, the remains were laid to rest in the Cholera cemetery. The Governor, overcome by his heavy sorrow, went to pass some days with the Fathers,

as like a true Catholic, on such an occasion, he could find his only consolation in religion.

CHAPTER X.

1892. Whilst apostolic works were going on within and without the Mission, Father Piemonte was laboring in the South among the Indians of San Antonio and Sarstoon, with no less enthusiasm and success. Since his coming to the Mission in 1882, this Father had worked with much zeal and activity, first in Orange Walk where he built a school and in San Estéban, a new Church ; then, after his return from Europe, where he had been to make his tertianship, in Punta Gorda, of which Residence he took charge after Father Parisi left. He was a worthy successor of that Father and gave a great impulse to religion among the Caribs of the southern coast, founding schools in all the chief settlements of his district, establishing congregations, reviving the Catholic spirit among the poor Caribs, raising churches in Redcliff and Monkey River and a handsome residence in Punta Gorda. But where his zeal and influence over the people was still more conspicuous, was amongst the Indians of Sarstoon, who had recently come from Guatemala to settle in the Colony. Knowing the yielding character of those poor people and the extreme poverty to which they had been reduced through the vexatious exactions suffered in Guatemala, he took on himself to be their director not only in spiritual but also in temporal affairs.

He began by begging for them clothes, with which to cover the almost entire nakedness in which they arrived, then by aiding them in putting up their huts, organizing their plantations of maize and plantains, which gave very good results ; and next, with the help of good Mr. E. Kuylen, agent of the house of Cramer to whom the lands belonged, he formed a regular plan for the settlement, got them to name as Alcalde the one whom he considered the most intelligent and the best among them, and directed their work of building a church large enough to accommodate all the inhabitants of the place, who already were counted as over 800. By the fatherly way in which he

thus guided these simple Indians, who were incapable of managing in a fitting manner their affairs, he won them over to enter the married state and completely put an end to concubinage amongst them. He induced them likewise to receive frequently the Sacraments of Confession and Communion, and disposed them for Confirmation, as hardly any had yet been confirmed. Then he asked the Prefect Apostolic to visit them, and on that occasion, the Father had the consolation of seeing about 400 of them receive the Sacrament of Confirmation. As regards their temporal affairs, by the industry of the people and the guidance of the Father, those Indians who arrived in the Colony in extreme poverty, now have sufficient means to live in peace and comfort according to each one's state and condition. The last work of Father Piemonte in the South was the new church of Punta Gorda, which, in spite of difficulties, he succeeded in building and blessing by the end of the year.

But the event of most interest and which changed the state of the Mission, was the erection of the Prefecture into a Vicariate Apostolic. It was brought about during this year and the beginning of the next. To conclude then with this interesting incident we must give all its details, which may serve as authentic documents in the history of the Mission. From the preceding year, the deceased Cardinal Simeoni had written to the Prefect Apostolic that it had been proposed by a prominent English authority to the Congregation of Propaganda that it was necessary to give a Bishop to the Catholics of British Honduras who form the majority of the population, seeing that the Anglicans who are but a small fraction have their Bishop, and he wished very much to know the opinion of the Prefect, and if they could count on the funds to maintain the Bishopric with proper dignity. The Prefect Apostolic, not wishing to compromise himself in a matter of so much importance, called together all the Fathers of the Mission except two, who had to remain in their stations to administer the Sacraments, and having proposed to them the question, the majority of the Fathers were agreed, that it was very desirable that there should be a Catholic Bishop of British Honduras so as

not to remain behind the Anglicans and to sustain the position due to our Catholics.

On the 4th of January, whilst in his voyage across the ocean, the Prefect, Father S. Di Pietro, S.J., was named, in the Consistory held on that day, Bishop of Eurea and Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras. The newspapers were the first to give the notice, so that when on the 30th of January, 1893, he arrived at Belize on his return from Rome, he was welcomed with a grand reception as one already named Bishop; and after a few days came the Bulls of the erection of the Prefecture of British Honduras as a Vicariate Apostolic and of the election of Father Di Pietro as Bishop of Eurea and first Vicar Apostolic of the Mission. Having no other resource except to obey, as commanded in the Letter of election, he began at once to think about the Consecration.

The Catholics of Belize, who had taken so much interest in the whole matter, determined, in a general meeting, that the Consecration ought to take place in Belize; and one of the Fathers, Father Henry Gillet, well fitted for the purpose by his activity, was sent to the United States and charged to beg three of the neighboring bishops to come to Belize for the consecration of the new Bishop. The Father fulfilled the mission which had been entrusted to him perfectly, and, on the 11th of April, 1893 he arrived by the steamship from New Orleans with the three bishops, that is, with the Right Rev. Thomas Becker, Bishop of Savannah, as Consecrator and Right Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, Bishop of Mobile, together with Right Rev. Thomas Heslin, Bishop of Natchez as Assistant Bishops.

When all arrangements had been made, on the 16th of the same month and year, in presence of all the Catholics in the city and of many of the chief persons of Belize, the imposing function of the consecration of the new Bishop took place with all the solemnity possible. The Bishop of Mobile preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. After the ceremony was finished there was a grand lunch, at which were present the Governor, Sir Alfred Moloney, and some seventy of the chief gentlemen of Belize.

In this way, then, the mission, which began with only two

Fathers in 1852, was transformed into a Vicariate Apostolic, served by a titular Bishop, nine Fathers and two Lay-Brothers—twelve in all, in order that animated with the spirit of the Apostles they might wholly devote themselves to the sanctification of the Vicariate.

1894. The mission was separated from the English Province and joined to the Province of Missouri, U. S. A.

HER STEP-MOTHER'S MINIATURES.

THE story had just reached its conclusion, when Edith Somerville and another lady were announced, and owing to the gentle chorus of applause with which it was greeted by her other guests, Mrs. Lumley failed to catch the name of her cousin's friend.

Theodora Marchant noted this with complete indifference ; during her struggling art-student life she felt it mattered very little what she was called.

"But in the years to come, when I have *made a name*," she thought with proud anticipation, "I shall insist upon everyone who meets me being made aware of it."

Her hostess had long since attained to that enviable position, and over more than one illustrated interview with the celebrated Mrs. Walter Lumley had Theodora conjured up a future for herself in which the public would be interested in *her* house, *her* tastes, and *her* personal opinions.

Of the social gulf which lay between her hostess and herself no one could have been more sensitively aware ; the contrast afforded by her own proud awkwardness and Mrs. Lumley's dignified condescension was very marked ; as marked, indeed, as the difference between the shabby lodgings she had just left and the beautiful drawing-room in which she now found herself. "My ultimate goal," thought Theodora, settling down into a soft, deep chair, and letting her eye wander with satisfaction round the walls. In spite of high expectations there was no sense of disappointment. Mrs. Lumley's discretion in the collecting of works of art had not been exag-

gerated. Theodora envied Edith such a cousin. None of her own relations, she complained, were in the least interesting or talented, neither had they ever been of any use to her. She had always believed herself clever enough to hold her own amongst more cultured people than those with whom early associations threw her. "The breaking away," as she described it, after a time became inevitable; it was also, comparatively speaking, easy: finding her way into a higher circle proved the difficult task, and taxed her ingenuity beyond its limits. She was despairing of ever getting acquainted with "the right people" when Edith Somerville's girlish infatuation opened out a simple way.

They had taken to each other at first sight, Edith complacently observed, and Theodora's consent to her statement concealed the mental reservation that there would have been no "taking" on her side save for the celebrated cousin in the distance.

"I want to introduce you to Christina Lumley. You and she will have so much in common, and you will meet everybody who is anybody at her house."

It was this prospect that rendered the long confidences and silly little shopping expeditions bearable, and on the strength of her forbearance Theodora became "my dearest friend" by the time Mrs. Lumley returned to town and her cousin wrote to ask if she might bring her in to tea.

"It's the beginning," thought Theodora. "I have no doubt about their liking me when once they know me, the only difficulty hitherto has been to get my foot inside their doors . . . but I expect one has to feel one's way gradually," she added, not finding herself quite so much at her ease as she expected in the new environment. "I must be a watcher, not a player, just at first."

She pulled herself together and listened to the conversation going on around her.

"Dear lady, before we go please let me see that miniature you were speaking of," pleaded a tall, handsome woman, with a well modulated voice.

"That is Lady Julia Stoweton," whispered Edith, "she does"

art criticisms for the *So and So Gazette*," naming one of the best evening papers.

"Then a miniature that she wants to look at will be well worth my seeing," replied Theodora, rising and moving after the distinguished lady.

"It is in my sacred corner," said Mrs. Lumley, leading the way to a polished walnut table, where, set in exquisite order, pearl rosaries, porphyry crucifixes, velvet-bound gold-clasped missals and valuable relic-cases caught Theodora's eye.

Their owner lingered over them lovingly, touching one or two, opening a book which had belonged the *Curé d'Ars*, telling the history of a holy water stoup which her son had rescued from a second-hand shop in Rome.

"But you are only tantalizing us with this delay," remonstrated Lady Julia.

Mrs. Lumley smiled. "One naturally moves slowly towards the highest point. You must remember that I regard this miniature as the summit of eternal art."

Theodora leaned forward, all eagerness for a glimpse of its contents as a leather case was opened and handed to her ladyship.

It passed from one to another of the group.

"Quite marvellous!" said each in turn, "what a wonderful woman she must be! When one thinks of the way it was done!"

"Is it not, indeed, a treasure worth possessing?" asked Mrs. Lumley, "the embodiment of every virtue."

"May I be permitted —," began a silver-haired, clean-shaved, benevolent-looking man, for whom every one immediately made way.

"He's *somebody*," mentally observed Theodora, but in spite of that certainty his name came as a great surprise.

"Mr. O'Sullivan! of course." His hostess went forward to meet him with the miniature, and Theodora studied with the deepest interest, the famous Irish artist to whose portrait painting she had long since given her whole heart admiration.

"This is what you were speaking of just now?" he asked.

"Yes, this is a specimen she has kindly sent me of her work."

For fully two minutes he gazed at it, saying nothing, then, delivering it back, "I could kiss the hands of the heroic lady who painted that."

Such praise from him, thought Theodora, was indeed worth having. Would she ever be able to elicit anything like it for any work of hers?

What could this miniature be of which everyone spoke so extraordinarily well?

When at length it reached her she could hardly believe her eyes; it was only *Our Lady of Good Counsel*—a copy, "a very inferior copy," she thought, of some cheap oleograph.

In the disappointment of that first glance she failed to notice the sweetness of the expressions, the tender drawing about the mouth and eyes.

Why should Mrs. Lumley boast of her possession of such a thing? What did the world-famed portrait painter mean by admiring it?

"Compared with her I have done nothing—nothing," he was saying. "Would it be possible for me to obtain one of her miniatures, do you think?"

"Oh, I think so," said Mrs. Lumley. "I do not know, but surely if *you* asked."

Theodora stared in utter bewilderment. How could Mr. O'Sullivan actually be anxious for a little daub like that?

Finding she was still holding it in her hand she passed it on to Edith hurriedly, and Edith, attracted by the velvet lining of the case, the watered silk ribbon, and the gold frame, broke into indiscriminate praise without a scruple.

"How perfectly lovely! It's really too sweet! I don't think I ever saw anything so beautifully done before."

There was no response. Some of the ladies looked a little shocked; only Mrs. Lumley, aware of her ignorance and desire to please, smiled indulgently. Edith saw that she had somehow failed to strike the right note and helped herself back to harmony with the others by repeating their phrases.

"Quite marvellous! She must be a wonderful woman! I mean the way it is done."

"Yes, the way it is done," her cousin hastened to assist her. "Of course *that* is what we all admire so very much."

"But how on earth *was* it done?" asked Theodora, directly she and Edith found themselves in the street.

"Oh! don't ask me. I'm all in the dark," said Edith, helplessly.

"So am I. After what they said I expected something at least original—a study of a face, called 'Symphony in green and gold,' or a landscape with red grass and purple trees—one of those bits of modern art that startle you and open out new possibilities; whilst hers—"

"Any child might have done it."

"Exactly."

"Perhaps it was—somebody's grandchild—that would account for their raptures."

"But not for 'the wonderful woman.'"

"I forgot that. Then, perhaps, she's blind."

"Or does it with her feet! But I am really vexed. I flattered myself that if I could not yet paint really well, at least I never failed to recognize *the real right thing*; and here there was too evidently some quality of which I could not catch a glimpse."

"Never mind," said Edith good-naturedly, "you liked the house?"

"Enormously. That fire-place and over-mantle were more delightful than anything that I have ever dreamed of. And do you say that Mrs. Lumley designed it all herself?"

"She did."

"How could the woman who created those charmingly fantastic green hobgoblins also possess that little daub of a miniature?"

"Oh never mind."

"But I do mind—so much that I should like to sit down on the nearest doorstep and howl. To be frustrated at my first start off into the real world of men and women. Don't you see?"

"I only see, after a long experience of artists, that one can never be prepared for what extraordinarily hideous thing they will admire next."

"If this had been what you call 'extraordinarily hideous,' " said Theodora, "I should not have been surprised. On the contrary then I am sure that I should have admired it too. It is the infatuation of the great man for the abjectly commonplace that baffles me."

"O'Sullivan is a darling!" said Edith irrelevantly, "remember that you are coming with me to his private view on the 29th."

When that day arrived Theodora's gratification knew no bounds. She found herself, at last, within the studio of the artist who for eight years she had worshipped at a distance, and longed to know.

It was said to be one of the finest studios in London, and his work was bold, strong, and above all, like the man himself, sincere. His admirers found him equally wonderful when from the far side of the room they studied his masses of color, and the breadth of his treatment, or when at close quarters they came to examine into the details of the work. Theodora gazed around—feasting her eyes. What interesting portraits they were! She felt herself in the presence of those great personalities: the society beauty, the famous soprano, the Duchess and her children, the General, a brother-artist, presentation portrait of an old master of fox-hounds on attaining his jubilee, enormous picture of the Prince of Wales for some great hall in India. Measuring the canvases with a practised eye she realized what work the covering of them meant. "The man's a giant!" she exclaimed. Then, watching her opportunity, she pounced upon a moment when he was disengaged to pour out to him her intense admiration; and encouraged by the kindness of his manner she even went so far as to tell him in exaggerated language of the influence which his portrait painting had had upon her life—how from him came her first inspiration to work seriously—to offer all her homage at the shrine of art.

He cut her short. "I want to show you something far better than these," he said, drawing out a case from the breast pocket of his coat.

"Then you *were* able to get one!" exclaimed Mrs. Lumley, who had joined them.

It was another of "those extraordinarily common-place miniatures," to Theodora's indescribable dismay.

This time the subject was the Coronation of Our Lady, but she recognized it in an instant by the faulty, uneven touch. "No quality! no finish! what I should call hopelessly unconcentrated, done-in-odd-moments kind of work," she thought.

Mr. O'Sullivan held it out to her triumphantly.

"I have never in my life," he said, "done anything to equal that."

Theodora racked her brains to discover what he could possibly mean. She knew that he was a Catholic, and that he had never painted sacred subjects, but such knowledge offered an insufficient clue to his infatuation.

"What on earth do you mean?" she was on the verge of asking, but turned her question into, "Who is it by?" before it left her lips, hoping to arrive at some sort of understanding without having to confess herself so utterly at fault.

"It is by your mother, of course," said he, "how proud you must be of her!"

"My mother died when I was three years old."

There was pride in her voice, but a pride which in no way connected itself with the perpetrator of "the little daub."

Mr. O'Sullivan, however, had not heard, his attention being claimed by a late arrival.

"Your step-mother," corrected Mrs. Lumley, "did you not know she was an artist?"

"I only know that when my father met her she was copying some pictures at the Louvre. I had no idea that she found time to keep up her painting now."

The remembrance of her father's second marriage, the bitterness of her jealousy—unreasonable as perhaps it seemed, looking back across ten intervening years—her refusal to live at home, even to visit during the holidays, her application to

the study of art, all flashed before her in a moment—long-dormant thoughts awakened by the mere mention of her father's wife.

She had never seen her step-mother, never wanted to do so. "Young, pretty, and so charming," everyone had assured her. That only made it worse. "And so fond of Art. She will help you with your painting. You will be able to share a studio together."

"Many thanks," had been Theodora's proud reply. She was not of a temper to share a studio with anyone, let alone a step-mother! She boasted of never having yielded up her opinion concerning the pose of a model or the arrangement of the light. Perhaps she did naturally possess a little of the artistic temperament, certainly she had done all she knew to cultivate it by giving way to moods: sometimes, for weeks together, recklessly, defiantly, idle; at other times passionately absorbed, working all day, going without her meals, and lying awake at night to overcome some difficulty in the composition.

"The world *shall* recognize my talent," had been her cry, and she trembled now with envious emotion to see the great O'Sullivan displaying her step-mother's miniature to his illustrious guests. She would have given worlds to see him thus treasure any work of hers.

"*Why* does he prize it so?" burst from her before she knew to whom she spoke.

"Because of the way it's done," said Mrs. Lumley, quietly.

"I am afraid *I* shall never be able to admire that style of painting," remarked Theodora very stiffly, as she turned to go.

An hour later, in her own studio, before a large unfinished canvas, she gave vent to her disappointment in a torrent of tears.

What was the use of toiling day and night if *that* was what people who really knew admired? How vainly had she exercised her mind to keep her picture *together*, scraping it out from top to bottom, and running down the whole thing day after day for the last six weeks! If working bit by bit was

good enough, and patchiness no crime, her methods were a needless waste of energy and paint.

"Fool! fool that I have been!" she sobbed.

"I shouldn't worry, dear, if I were you," said Edith, coming in later in the evening when the mood had nearly worn itself away.

"But it *does* worry me—I can't understand."

"I don't think I ever do," said Edith, cheerfully, "in spite of Ruskin I never could admire *Giotto's Visitation* or *Cimabue's Madonna*, so why should you see anything in your step-mother's miniatures if you don't want to?"

"One can't compare her tu'ppenny ha'penny little daubs with the work of the old masters," said Theodora pettishly.

"I thought that Mr. O'Sullivan and Mrs. Lumley did. If you want an explanation why not ask them? Or if you are too proud let me."

"Unless one sees Mrs. Marchant at work perhaps it is difficult to fully understand," was Mrs. Lumley's explanation upon being appealed to.

"*That* I shall never do," said Theodora, throwing back her head, and settling her face into its hardest expression.

For years she had believed her determination never to set foot again in her father's house unalterable. It was impossible, she maintained, to forgive the wrong he had done her by his second marriage. But when she found within the cultured circle, which she had striven so persistently to enter, her step-mother everywhere spoken of with admiration and respect, her resolution faltered. Why not get to know her since it would be a link with them? It was embarrassing to have to confess that she had never seen Mrs. Marchant when the great people, with whom she was so anxious to be on terms of intimacy, congratulated her on the relationship. Honesty forbade her pretending to a friendliness which did not exist, and the awkwardness she felt, expressing itself in her manner—never one of the best—was apt to convey the idea of something worse than the actual situation.

Mr. O'Sullivan after having in the beginning declared himself "delighted to make her acquaintance for her mother's

sake," avoided her, she felt positive, upon discovering that his high estimate of Mrs. Marchant met with no response.

Towards the end of the year Theodora found herself pondering over the advisability of a reconciliation ; and when the usual kindly Christmas invitation arrived, the intimation that her father's health was thought less well of by the doctors, afforded her an excuse for accepting it.

"Your father is feeling so extremely weak that he begs, if you can possibly contrive it, you will spare us at least a few days out of your vacation." Mrs. Marchant always wrote as though some other pressing duties claimed Theodora's time. There had never been a word of reproach in her letters, nor was there a hint of it in her manner of greeting, when, after nearly ten years, she and her step-daughter at last stood face to face.

The embarrassment was all on Theodora's side, and she endeavored to hide it beneath a volley of enquiries concerning the invalid; enquiries which scarcely seemed to need an answer, and to which Mrs. Marchant only offered one now and then, when an opportunity occurred of putting in a word. After half an hour's conversation, his daughter had gathered that Mr. Marchant's health was in a very precarious state, he might live for two months or he might live for several years, the doctors could give no decided opinion, and chiefly insisted upon his being kept happy and amused.

"He is resting now. We will go up presently, if you do not mind."

"Then, in the meantime, will you show me your studio?"

Theodora had resolved upon becoming humble in the matter of art. All the way down in the train she had been conning over her determination to learn the secret of success which it had been so forcibly borne in upon her that her step-mother possessed. The request burst from her, almost before she was aware :

"Will you show me your studio?"

Mrs. Marchant smiled.

"But I haven't got a studio," she said.

"Then where do you paint?" asked Theodora, succinctly.
"I hear so much of your miniatures in town."

The color rose to Mrs. Marchant's cheeks.

"Oh, it is only dear Christina Lumley, and that kind old Mr. O'Sullivan who care about my little daubs!" That was Theodora's name for them! She felt the color mounting to her own face, too.

"They are not worth speaking of—all disconnected and patchy—just done in odd moments in your father's room."

"But, of course, he has a nurse?"

"No. He prefers to have me with him."

"Always?"

"Always." There was a suggestion of self-control, self-sacrifice and hidden strength in Mrs. Marchant's calm reply.

A light broke in on Theodora. The linen apron which at first sight she had mistaken for an artist's pinatore resolved itself into that symbol of long watching and patient ministration, to which she could be no longer blind.

Her father called. They went up to his room; and in the presence of the invalid, the perpetrators of those "little daubs" stood out more clearly. Theodora lost no time in mastering the situation, and whilst she sat beside her father's bed, holding his hand and speaking to him softly, her eye took an inventory of all the details in the room, reading too easily the cause of the results. Mrs. Marchant's painting table stood beside the bed, the larger half of it devoted to a wicker cage containing two tame doves, which flew in and out at will, alighting upon her tumbler of water, sometimes upon her hand, occasionally pecking at the brightest colors in her paint-box. The hen seemed moderately well-mannered and inoffensive, the cock, with masculine intrepidity, took daring flights across the room, intent upon resting at least one foot upon the cork of a medicine bottle on the mantle-piece.

Mrs. Marchant began to rise, when "Wait a bit, love, let us see if he can manage it," from the bed restrained her. The dove did manage it—for one brief moment—and the next the bottle fell with a smash of glass and splash of liquid on the hearthstone below.

"Not the first time, either," thought Theodora, noting the readiness with which a duster was forthcoming, the broken glass collected, and the delinquent put back in his cage.

"I never could stand doves," said she, aloud.

"Sometimes the cooing gets upon your father's nerves, and then I take them away, and he has 'Queenie' for a change."

"Show her 'Queenie,' dear," said the invalid.

Mrs. Marchant carried away the wicker cage and in a few moments returned with a toy Yorkshire terrier, that ran round and round yapping for biscuits, scratched at the cupboard door, had to be led in and out of the balcony several times to bark at the dogs in the garden below, and could only be reduced to tolerable composure upon his mistress' lap.

"Rather too much noise, love, take 'Queenie' up," said Mr. Marchant, after ten minutes or so.

Mrs. Marchant went on quietly with her painting, but the little wet nose seemed liable to rise and nudge her hand to a false stroke.

"Ah, 'Queenie,'" she murmured, but without a trace of resentment, "that *was* a bad one."

Her husband wanted to see.

"Not so bad as that time when she licked it nearly all off," said he complacently.

"Which one was that?" asked Theodora.

"Our Lady of Good Counsel."

"The one that Mrs. Lumley had!"

It flashed across her now what must have been that story to which the other visitors had listened before admiring the miniature.

"Weren't you fearfully sorry?" asked Theodora.

"Sorry for the inevitable delay."

"All the best people in London order her work," put in the invalid. "She can't supply the demand fast enough. She sells them, you know, for charity—the Nazareth Home."

"Why not, at least, give up the dog?" suggested Theodora.

"Oh! but she is the greatest amusement to your father, and this does not often happen," interposed Mrs. Marchant

quickly, fondling the dog, lest either she or her master might feel hurt at the occurrence.

"So good to your father," everyone had told her. Theodora realized it now, and felt what she had been spared in not having to nurse him all these years. Evidently he was too ill to be capable of any sacrifice. But why, she wondered, did her step-mother attempt to paint at all, when she had to be continually jumping up and down for one thing or another?

An hour of it, as an onlooker, tried Theodora sufficiently to make her glad to settle down in a comfortable chair in the library and read for the remainder of the day.

Next morning her father asked her to stay in his room. He hoped she would do some painting, too. There was a little colored print of Christ, aged twelve, found in the temple, which he wanted copied. "Your mother is rather slow," he said. "She will not be able to begin it for weeks to come."

"Under the circumstances," said Theodora, "I should never be able to do it at all."

"She takes sometimes as much as five months over one face," he continued, ignoring her remark, and Theodora with difficulty refrained from pointing out that he forgot to take into consideration the turning of his pillow, and the making of his broth, and the measuring of his medicines, and the thousand and one other trifles which kept cropping up to interrupt the artist's progress.

"Five months, indeed! it does not seem to me that she ever gets five minutes to herself." She was already for taking up the cudgels on the enemy's side. "What I have been spared!" was the thought that kept recurring to her mind. "No one but a saint would be able to do one stroke of work under such trying auspices!" She recollected, almost with shame, the quiet she had considered necessary in her own studio; how a knock at the door would disturb her equanimity and put her "off work" for the remainder of the day. Whereas her step-mother worked patiently, steadily on, from hour to hour and day to day, showing the little ivory to her husband as often as he asked to see it, which was very often, and never allowing

the sweetness of her temper to be ruffled. He took the greatest interest in her work, in his selfish, undiscerning way.

"I could not have borne," he said, "to feel that my ill-health was the cause of her giving up her painting."

Her patience was marvellous.

At the end of a week Theodora, watching her, would have given anything in the world for that miniature in memory of the sweet disposition.

"The way it is done ; but unless you have seen it for yourself you cannot fully understand."

"She paints with all the Christian virtues—not with ordinary colors."

"This is the summit of eternal art."

"I could kiss the hands of that heroic woman."

All the expressions that had puzzled her were quite luminous now. Of only one thing was Theodora still uncertain : did her step-mother *feel* it—as she would have done? Had she a mind above the copying of oleographs?

To put the question to the test she one day made a reference to the time of Mrs. Marchant's Paris study, asking, as a special favor, to be allowed to look through a portfolio of her "Academies."

The contents surprised her.

"You were a master of line!" she cried, "and quality! What clever studies! I never can get quality in charcoal."

"Her brush work was highly spoken of too. Show some of your sketches in oils," put in the invalid, "I am sure Theodora will feel I am right in not allowing you to drop your painting."

"Don't you miss it all most *frightfully*?" asked Theodora. "If I had drawn like you, I think it would have broken my heart having to give it up."

She liked her step-mother none the less for the tear which fell on the spirited composition which she was replacing in the portfolio. The charcoal had not been sufficiently fixed, and a great blotch spread as proof that the tear had fallen, but Mrs. Marchant's voice did not falter as she answered brightly

"Since my marriage painting has been our chief employment—a joint labor. Your father selects the subject, and advises me as to its treatment and assists me with his opinion all the while the work is in progress. They only used to correct our studies twice a week at Julien's, whilst now I get a score of criticisms a day."

"My love, you're making fun of me," chuckled the invalid, but he seemed to like the joke.

"Tell me, you don't really *like* doing those miniatures?" asked Theodora, when they were next alone together.

Mrs. Marchant thought—to be quite truthful—and answered bravely, "Yes, I really do." Then added, "They are such an interest for your father. Since his illness he has been obliged to give up so much—my giving up a little seems to bring us nearer together."

There was a pause. Presently Theodora burst out :

"Haven't you thought me a perfect fiend, never coming near you all these years?"

"Oh, never that! I think I understood. It has been the greatest happiness to us having you now, and perhaps we have all benefitted by the long delay."

"The tone of time," suggested Theodora.

"And I always knew you would come. I used to try to *paint* you here."

Theodora puzzled over it. "I'm sure you mean something charming, but I can't guess; please explain."

"The constant little opportunities of making acts of patience and resignation to the will of God, I offered up for you—your reconciliation with your father, feeling I owed you a great deal for having come between."

"So that your prayers for me have been the running accompaniment to all your work!"

"The only real value of any work is the *intention* with which it is done. Tony Fleury impressed that on me years ago—'Les valeurs, les valeurs, toujours les valeurs.'"

"I want your candid opinion, Theodora. You are an artist, and must have seen so much good work. Even before you went away to study, I remember you used to say you never

failed to recognize *the real right thing*. Tell me, what do you think of your mother's miniatures?"

"I think they are wonderful"; and she was so far won over that she meant it honestly. The painting and the "way it was done" had blended themselves together in her mind, so that her praise was heartily given to the work complete.

"I can't say that I understand very much about technique," continued her father, "but what I feel sure of is that she spares no pains. I daresay even you may have learned something from watching her."

"I feel as if I had learned *everything*," said she.

It was a far gentler, humbler Theodora who bent to kiss her step-mother "good-by."

Shyly Mrs. Marchant slipped a little packet into her hand. "I want you to accept this 'Mater Admirabilis,' as it was over that you came," she whispered. "I always wanted to give you one, but was afraid to offer it to a real artist."

Beside her Theodora felt unworthy ever to take a brush in hand again.

"Please go on praying for me," she said, "dear, admirable Mother."

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THE
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